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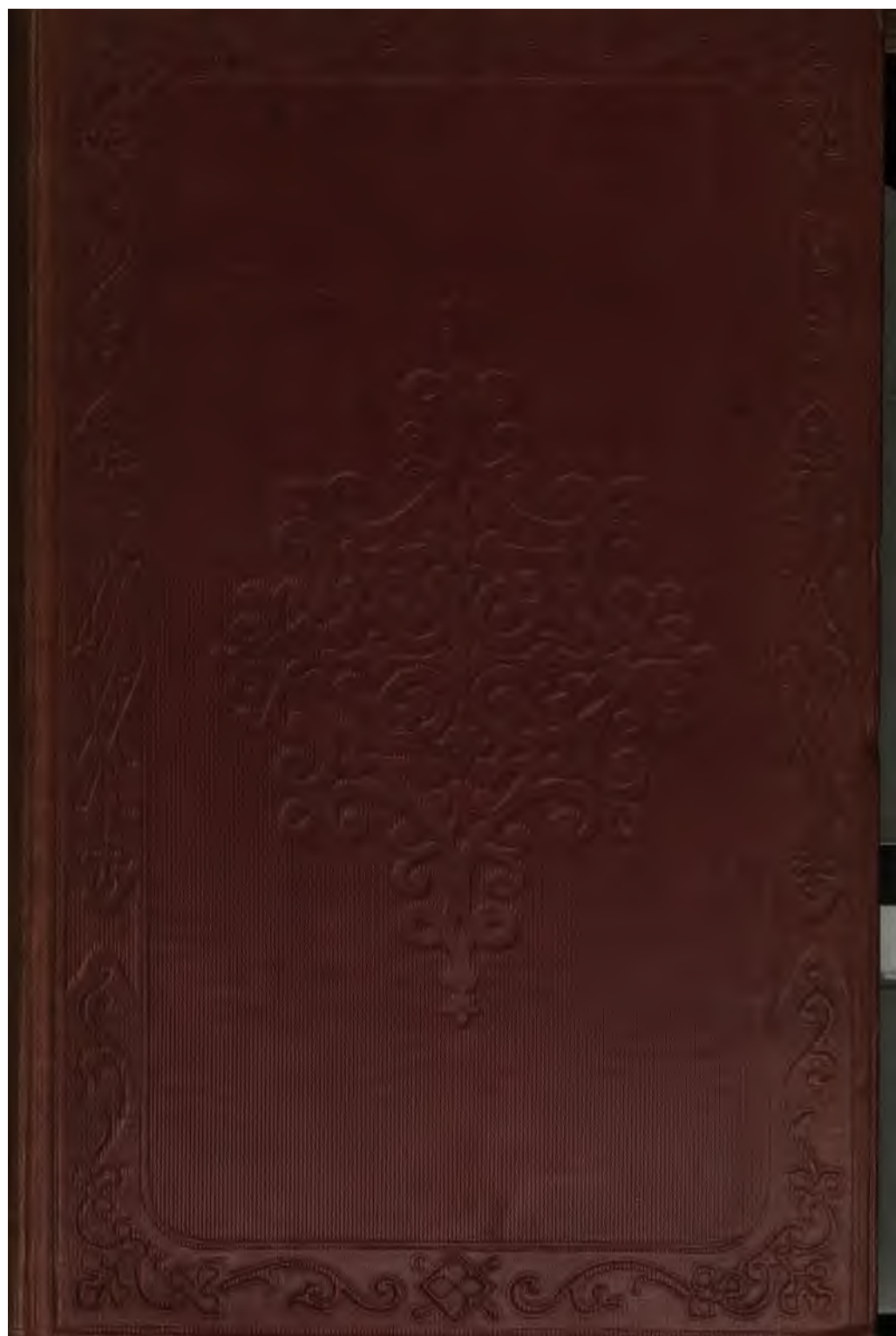
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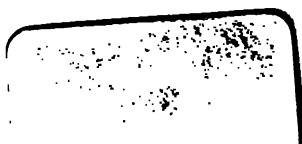
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ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL

IN THE SUMMER OF 1855.

By WALTER WHITE,

AUTHOR OF

"A LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END."



"Dem Snger heit es Burg der Treue,
Die andern nennen's Land Tirol."

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

MDCCLVI.

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As July came round once more, I felt the anticipation of a holiday among the mountains growing into a lively pleasure; making me impatient to be on the way—master of my time, and free to roam. I inclined for a wandering in the Alpine country between the Ortler Spitz and the Gross Glockner, where the promise of grand scenery appeared the more inviting, accompanied by the hope of an acquaintance, however

slight, with a remarkable peasantry. To see them in their native valleys, to note their ways of living, and compare their condition and character with what I knew of the similar class in other countries, might contribute to the interest of my ramble. Moreover, in the heart of the Continent there is much to be seen that sets actually before our eyes the olden time of England, such as we read of in the pages of historians and story-tellers. So I made up my mind for Tyrol.

The difference between home and foreign travel is felt in the very earliest preparations. In the one case you pack your knapsack or carpet-bag, and depart unquestioned to any quarter of the compass, caring for no man; in the other there is that indispensable instrument, the passport, to be provided, suggesting visions of interrogatories, delays, and vexations; some of which, as will be seen hereafter, I had to experience. And only on this account have I ventured to repeat what is so obvious a truism.

The Austrian Minister keeps you waiting half an hour for his signature; the Bavarian Minister not more than ten minutes. No objection was taken to my Foreign Office passport being already two years old, nor was any charge made. The Belgian Consul insisted that no one could land in his country without his sixteenpenny visa, the authorities having become excessively rigorous since the breaking out of the war; and the Baden Consul was yet more positive as to what unwarranted travellers had to expect on the Grand Duke's frontiers, perhaps influenced by the

prospect of a half-crown fee. And yet I saw passengers land in Belgium without a visa ; while in Baden your passport is never asked for.

To vary my experiences I took the route by Harwich and Antwerp, and paid 2*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.* for a "second-class and saloon" ticket through to Cologne, although the thought of riding the first stage in one of the low, uncomfortable, dungeon-like Eastern Counties Railway carriages was by no means alluring. We left London at half-past eight in the evening ; arrived at Harwich at midnight ; went immediately on board the *Cygnus*, and steamed out of the harbour. It was a glorious moonlight night, and the change from the dingy carriage to the broad, heaving expanse of sea, flashing and gleaming away into infinite distance, was a joyful surprise. The vessel was worthy of her name, and soon we saw the coast lights twinkling wide apart, and when I left the deck, after an hour's pacing up and down, we were well advanced towards the Gallopper.

At six the next morning the coast of Holland was visible, and the tall church tower of Ostend rising far away on the right. Then we passed the second buoy of the Scheldt, from which to the Gallopper light on the English side is sixty miles, and this distance is what some companies advertize as "five hours' sea passage," pleasantly ignoring the troubled waters on either side, which are so much like the sea that some unhappy voyagers cannot tell the difference. The whole distance from Harwich to Antwerp is one hundred and sixty-eight miles, of which sixty are in the Scheldt,

whereby passengers have time to recover from their uneasiness and the dejected look that accompanies it.

The dark, uneven line of the shore grows more distinct, resting on a level base of sand. Broad, pale slopes come into view, and here and there the whirling arms of a windmill, all the rest hidden by the embankments that keep out the sea. Now we pass the *Paarde* light-ship, from whence the mouth of the river is seen, ten miles wide, crowded with shoals, as indicated by the numerous buoys. In the distance, towards the west, we get a glimpse of the towers of Bruges, and in the opposite direction Middelburg steeple shoots up from the island of Walcheren, and ere long we stop for a few minutes off Flushing to take on board a river pilot. The brief delay gives us time to look at the timbered jetties, the entrance to the docks, the gables peeping above the walls, the fortifications of earth and brick, the conspicuous church-tower, all appearing very lifeless, and hardly worth the trouble we took some five-and-forty years ago to batter them to pieces. Quiet enough now. Then, while breakfast was served, we sped onwards between Walcheren and Cadsand, and South Beveland and Axel; and when we came on deck again we saw the banks greener, and here the tops of trees and a spire visible beyond them, and a few scattered masts in places at a distance from the river, where you would hardly think of looking for them, springing from unseen fishing-boats afloat in the creeks. The foreign aspect becomes more and more strongly marked, exciting lively attention; and yet it is remark-

able how soon you come to look on novel objects as things familiar. First impressions are quite lost if memory alone be trusted to for their preservation.

Then rows of stakes across the river, and numerous sand-banks, and strong lines of ripple, showing where others lurk beneath the surface, and buoys dancing uneasily in the rapid current. And wooded mounds showing their rounded summits along the shore, children playing, and parties of men and women strolling or sitting on the grass, watching the steamer that, with the English flag flying, urges her rapid way against the stream, under the bright sunshine. You might wonder where they live, but for the peaked gables and the chimneys that peep up here and there beyond the banks. And horses and cattle are grazing, or standing up to their knees in the water; and the peace and calm are undisturbed save by the beat of the paddles.

Presently, on our left, its tricolor fluttering in the breeze, appears the strong fort of Bathz, at the entrance of the channel that leads past Bergen-op-Zoom to Rotterdam. This channel is so shallow at low water that it can be waded across, and attempts are being made to reclaim large portions of the shore for cultivation. Already the dykes built out from South Beveland keep back the tide from considerable tracts. Opposite, stretches a broad expanse, seamed with shallows, known as the Drowned Land. Next we come to the Belgian frontier, marked by Fort Lillo on one side and Fort Liefkenshoek on the other; and after rounding a sandy spit, the spire of Antwerp Cathedral is seen beyond the

low green levels, seeming to shift its position as the vessel follows the windings of the river. Then, at intervals, three forts, in ruins; barges and river-boats frequent; and the distant city emerging more and more from the surrounding flats; and many detached houses, suburban villas, plantations, and gardens. A little farther and there is Fort du Nord; the straggling outskirts of a great town, and the long line of wharves crowded with shipping; throngs of people walking on the quays, while a tuneful carillon proclaims the hour of noon from all the churches. The Scheldt here is twelve hundred feet wide. Our vessel made a bold sweep, almost touching the Tête de Flandre, on the opposite shore, and brought up at the landing-place.

During this manoeuvre we got a view up the higher reach of the river, where, among the trees, a custom-house officer pointed out to me the situation of the citadel, in which old General Chassé with his Dutch troops once showed himself as stubborn as his casemates; in that eventful year when France, having achieved her own three days, helped to drive the Hollander out of Belgium.

Every one was ordered to the cabin for the inspection of passports. The names were taken down, and those who had no visa, or who had an old one, were permitted to land equally with those who exhibited one fresh from the Consulate in Adelaide Chambers. The baggage was promptly inspected, and then we were free to go on shore. There was much more of a French aspect than I had expected to see in the old Flemish city—cheerful

almost to gaiety. Numbers of well-dressed people were walking through the picturesque streets, the women in lively colours that heightened the animation; some with rich lace caps or collars, recalling the olden time. Flemish names are over the doors; the handbills and municipal proclamations on the walls are Flemish, with rare exceptions; and if you ask the way of a working-man, the answer will be in the same language. I walked hither and thither, looked at the cathedral; dined, and then being desirous to get to Cologne in time for the next morning's steamer up the Rhine, betook myself to the railway station.

Here I must give a few particulars which would be better omitted were it not that they may serve as a caution to other travellers. While buying my "through ticket" in London, I had diligently inquired as to the possibility of getting from Antwerp to Cologne by second-class on the day of arrival, and was assured of a train starting at half-past two. True enough, there was the train, but all first-class, and when I showed my ticket, and repeated the assurances made to me by authority in London, the answer was that I might pay ninety centimes, and go on to Malines and wait there till half-past five for a second-class train to Cologne. I adopted the alternative; and having two hours to spare on arrival at Malines, I strolled away to the town to see how the people were passing the Sunday.

The Sunday question was just then an animated one in England, and with the effect of showing that much may be said on both sides of it. But whatever the

arguments in favour of the Continental mode of passing the Sunday over our own, the sight of Malines as I saw it on that afternoon would perhaps have moderated the advocates of jocund recreations. The streets were alive with music and merriment ; girls in flaming skirts and on tall stilts danced to the sound of drum, triangle, and Pan's pipes ; wandering minstrels chanted melodious ditties in no timid voice ; and fiddlers kept up a furious round of their liveliest airs. And so the sports went on between the picturesque old houses stretching away in charming variety to the *Grande Place*, where all the din and hurly-burly of a fair burst upon me. Long ranges of stalls of fruit, cakes, eggs, salad, toys, and cooling drinks divided the attention of the crowd with target-shooting, twirl-about for gingerbread, swings, and shows, all in the very noisiest of excitement. The beating of gongs, thumping of drums, and volleys of r-r-r-r-r's from vociferating mountebanks, were almost deafening. One of the shows had the four sovereigns—England, France, Austria, and Russia—made of wax and large as life, to be seen for two sous. They were represented in a highly florid style on a large painting over the stage, with the Virgin in their midst ; our queen as ruddy and sturdy as a Welsh milkmaid, muffled in silken drapery. That sort of art does not appear to be more advanced among the Flemings than among ourselves.

The cathedral stands at one side of the *Place*. I went in. Service was going on, sonorous chantings and mighty rolls of harmony from the organ, but strangely disturbed by the noise of feet clattering in the whirl of

the roundabout not twenty yards from the door, and the uproar from the fair. Revelry and worship were but a step apart. And then coming forth into the noise again, I thought it would be long before English folk would consider such excitement the best recreation after the labours of the week. Our Christianity, truly, or that which passes for it, is not remarkable for cheerfulness; yet few who have thought on the subject would be willing to lose the privilege of one day in seven for reflection. On the other hand, if a choice must be made between what may be seen any Sunday in Lambeth or Whitechapel, in similar quarters of our large towns, especially in Glasgow, and the Continental mode, I should raise my voice for that of Malines. I saw no coarseness and no drunkenness, notwithstanding that rows of tables stood at the door of every tavern, round which men and women sat drinking wine, beer, and lemonade.

But to the journey. I sought the station-master, and inquired why the terms published in London to the effect that passengers purchasing through-tickets could proceed without delay, were not recognized in Belgium? His answer was, "No arrangement has been made for second-class passengers; the companies on your side know it; but they ship travellers over knowing they will have to shift for themselves." Mine was not a solitary case; he had complaints innumerable precisely similar.

I asked, "Can second-class passengers get from Antwerp or Ostend to Cologne within the day?"

"No; the train you are waiting for goes no farther than Aix-la-Chapelle."

My hopes for the next day were suddenly dashed; but there was no help for it, except, as the station-master remarked, I chose to go on by a train that reached Aix about three in the morning.

The train from Ostend came up; I took my place, and found the compartment nearly filled with Englishmen, who were complaining as only Englishmen can, about having been victimized. To have first-class passengers monopolizing all the consideration in England was bad enough; but to find the same thing after crossing the Channel was atrocious. Let others take warning by our fate.

It was near midnight when we arrived at Aix. I lay down on a bench in the waiting-room till the early train came at three o'clock. Again nothing but first-class; however, to save myself from further vexation, I paid the difference of fare and went on. The approach of dawn, the gradual spread of gold in the east, the lighting up of the marbled sky, brighter and brighter till the sun himself uprose, the cool fresh breeze, and the sight of the awakening earth, soon charmed away unpleasant reminiscences. The clocks had just struck five as we reached Cologne; there was opportunity for a quiet walk through the still slumbering city, and I was on board the *Hohenzollern* in time for her start at six.

Among the many English who thronged the deck some were sociable enough; others manifested what Teufelsdröckh's biographer calls "that talent of si-

lence." On we sped, the weather keeping its early promise till we got to Bacharach, when the clouds and thunder that had been lowering and grumbling among the distant hills, broke heavily over us, and showers fell during the remainder of the trip. I took possession of a recess on the fore-deck, from whence I could still see the swift river and its curving shores, and the slopes of vines through alternate mists and glooms, without getting wet. I noticed that three languages were used in the management of the vessel. As we approached a landing-place, "*Langsam!*" cried the captain, from the paddle-box; then came "*Schtop!*" our English *stop* Germanized; and last, "*Allons!*" from the French, for Go ahead!

Shortly before six we landed at Mentz. There was an hour to wait for a train to Ludwigshafen. After a glance at some of the streets, a hardware merchant from Iserlohn, travelling on his annual quest for money and orders, invited me to accompany him to a brewery for a glass of beer. He had been so gratified by his experiences in London during his visit to the Great Exhibition, that he could not help being civil to an Englishman. "Always go to a brewery," he said, "if you want beer fresh and cool." We entered a large dimly-lighted room, furnished with a double row of common pine tables and benches, at which sat a dozen men with the tall, straight glasses before them; and in one corner a small space partitioned off formed the bar. A heavy, clumsy cask, stood on end on the counter, from which, as we took our seats, the girl, without waiting for orders,

drew two glasses of beer, and placed them foaming before us, with two small loaves: and while we drank, my entertainer talked about the war. It was, he said, everywhere the great topic of conversation; the summary of English news was the first thing looked at in the papers, and with wishes for the success of the allies. There was more sympathy for us among the Prussian people than we in England gave them credit for. It would become apparent some day. The popular outbreak in 1848 had on the whole borne good fruit. Though suppressed for a time, it had made many think of constitutionalism as a possible reality. But it had brought many disasters, and had given rise to extraordinary manifestations of patriotism. Among these was the resolve, that the language, not to be less patriotic than the people, should be purged of foreign words that had been adopted, and native terms substituted. Some of the substitutions were simply ludicrous; a few judicious, of which, as an example, *Schriftführer* was to replace the hybrid term *Sekretär*, secretary. But habit proved stronger than patriotism, and the foreign words, chiefly French, remain in use.

The fares from Mentz to Ludwigshafen, forty-one miles, are very moderate: third-class, two shillings, and first-class not more than five shillings. The merchant being like-minded with myself, we chose the cheapest. We arrived about half-past nine; walked across the bridge of boats to Mannheim, and slept at the *Rheinthal* hotel. Frequent were the complaints (so said the landlord) at the other hotels, of a certain noisome insect

which had infested the beds within the past four or five years, but had not yet reached his house. No one had ever heard of them till railways and steamboats so greatly multiplied the throng of travellers.

From Mannheim to the Lake of Constance was my plan for the next day's journey. I took a third-class ticket for Stuttgart, and quitting the Basel train at Bruchsal for the Würtemberg line, was at once struck with the superiority of the Würtemberg carriages. They are constructed after the American manner: folding-doors at each end, a passage-way along the centre, and are high enough to permit of walking about without inconvenience. The windows are of glass, not wood, as is too much the case in this dear old England of ours, where with highest fares we have the shabbiest accommodation. The passengers not being numerous, we gathered into little groups, looking out now on this side, now on that, or at the open doors at the end, chatting with the conductor. After Bruchsal the landscape was all new to me, and I was surprised by its cheerful aspect. With few exceptions the stations are built of pine, left unpainted, which gives them a barn-like appearance, and the platforms are paved with small pine blocks. Easy to see that wood is cheap. And in some places there are piles of firewood built up like a wall for hundreds of yards by the side of the line: fuel for the locomotives and the towns on the railway.

The route lay up a pleasant valley, where the red roofs of frequent villages clustering round the church tower, nestled among the trees. The little fields and

meadows, the haymakers at work, the women with their hair hanging down in two long plaits, the strips of linen laid out to bleach, give you a pleasing view of the homely German rural life in a Protestant district, every minute changing as the single line of rails curves along between the low green hills, where beds of poppies are frequent among the fields of beetroot, or the slopes of a cutting planted with acacias. On our left we saw the Maulbronner See, on the shores of which, as one of the passengers told me, a pack of wild dogs are kept. Then we crossed the valley of the Elsenz, and passing Bietigheim saw the viaduct of many arches along which runs the branch to Heilbronn. Now the valley of the Neckar opens, and ere long the high hill of Hohenasperg is seen on the right, and the old state prison on the top. Then Ludwigsberg, crowned by its castle, one of the royal residences, looking down on a landscape more hilly and woody than that we have travelled over. From hence, should you incline for a brief pilgrimage, an hour's walk will bring you to the birthplace of Germany's greatest poet—the village of Marbach, where Schiller was born. A few miles farther, and all on a sudden we saw Stuttgart lying in the hollow beneath, the new quarter gleaming white in the sunshine, while the conical-roofed round towers of the old palace peering above the rest, and rows of bright green acacias, showed in agreeable relief to the dark, irregular mass of the old town. Beyond, on a height springing from the Neckar, stands the royal summer residence of Rosenstein.

We had more than two hours to wait for the train to Ulm. I plunged at once into the narrow, crooked streets of the old quarter, sauntering from one to the other, now threading an alley, now traversing a cloistered court, and finding in the various features of the shops and houses much that makes a stroll through a foreign town so interesting—saving always the perpendicular drains, which, descending down the front of the houses, discharge the drainage of every flat into the street, with odours too offensive for any but native nostrils. The view of the market-place surrounded by antique fronts, with the perspective of the streets branching off in different directions, is particularly striking; and taking a turn among the numerous stalls that occupy the area, you will see, besides bread, vegetables, and fruit, a display of coarse, common crockery, heaps of nails, trays of small hardware, brooms and brushes, and cast-off garments. There is something in the form and workmanship of most of the articles that gives them an old-world look, quite in harmony with their environment. What enormous tuns stand round the gateway of the brewery! and the iron bars that protect many of the windows spring forward in curving lines as if to form a balcony. But though antiquated, the place is not lifeless, the signs of business and activity being such as befit a metropolis. In the printsellers' windows maps and engravings of the "*Krim*" and of "*Ssebas-topol*," were numerous as in London print-shops, and detained many a passer-by. I bought a travelling map of Tyrol, one of those published by *Mey and Widmayer*,

of Munich, which are scarcely inferior to *Keller's* map of Switzerland, and cost but three florins. Then returning to the new quarter, you may cross the quadrangle of the old palace, and saunter along the acacia avenues, or up the *Königsstrasse*, the principal street, stopping by the way to look at Dannecker's bronze statue of Schiller. And on either side, the hills hung with vines, rise high enough to look down into the city, and form a verdurous background, visible from almost every street. I had not time for even a glance at the royal gardens, which extend for two miles along the bank of the river.

Off again at four for Ulm. A second-class train, but the fare still very moderate—two florins twenty-four kreutzers—four shillings—for fifty-three miles, and the carriages as tastefully and comfortably fitted as mahogany, paint, and soft cushions could make them. And the elegance of the first-class carriages was something to wonder at. Each compartment contained handsome velvet-covered couches, with polished mahogany tables between. Who is there in Würtemberg to pay for such luxurious travelling?

Passing Kannstadt, away we go up the valley of the Neckar, at times close to the river, and under the vineyards that produce the favourite wine known by the name of the stream. For some miles the scene was one of glad abundance—pastures, fields, gardens, and orchards, leafy woods, and numerous villages, and at times a long narrow raft shooting down the river, reminding you of the pine-forests far away in the hills.

"There's enough this year for everybody," said an old farmer who sat by my side. And to complete the picture, there are famous edifices and sites of especial interest on the neighbouring hills, among which Hohenstaufenberg will attract your attention.

Beyond Gingen the railway makes a bold sweep from one side of the valley to the other, giving you a fine panoramic view as the train follows the curve on the hill-side: you look down the valley for miles. At Geisslingen the scenery grows romantic. The village stands at the foot of the Rauhe Alp, in the entrance of a gorge, where rock, wood, and water combine to charm the eye. Here, as soon as the train stopped, a troop of women came up with trays of ivory toys and knick-knacks for the work-table. How assiduously they called our attention to the pretty carvings, or to the various uses in which the articles might be employed! and failing to find purchasers for the most expensive, they gradually came down to "*Nur ein Kleinigkeit*"—only a trifle. One venerable dame, a very model of good temper, was a striking specimen of what Mrs. Beecher Stowe calls the beauty of old age. And besides the ivories there were circular stands with foaming glasses of freshly-drawn beer, baskets of cakes and fruit, borne by nimble lasses, who gladly give you the opportunity of refreshment without the trouble of alighting, and cheaply too. For two or three kreutzers you get a cool draught of a light and pleasant beer which never vexes your head. A similar practice prevails on all the railway lines in Germany.

On runs the line up the Geisslingenthal, a narrow valley, the beauty of which fully rewards the expectations you had formed at its entrance. Gray cliffs and piles of rock burst through the dense foliage of the lower slopes, and above the dark pines stretch away to the summit. The Fils, here a mere brook, zigzags fretfully along the bottom between little wedges of sward, and cottages here and there, each with its patch of garden. All the passengers stood up in admiration at the sight, and then more than ever we appreciated the benefit of the numerous windows of the carriage. As we went on, the valley became narrow and steep as a glen, and an extra engine was linked on to drag us up the ascent. The line runs along a shelf excavated from the cliff, for all the rest of the available space is occupied by the old highway, and side by side the two roads rise out of the valley. Now you understand why a notice posted up in the carriage cautions passengers against putting their heads out: the shattered walls of the cliff are not more than a few inches from the train. Soon after reaching the summit level we saw sloping earthworks, bastions and batteries, sentries pacing to and fro, and groups of soldiers: we dashed through narrow ways between high stone walls, and Ulm, with its old square cathedral tower, lay before us.

Here we changed to a third-class train going on to Friedrichshafen. The refreshment-room was thronged with people drinking beer and eating sausages and *Kirschenkuchen*—cherry cake: a mixture which may,

perhaps, adapt itself to a Bavarian stomach. It was near seven when we went on again, skirting the town, getting another view of the cathedral, which is being restored, as a church devoted to Protestant worship ever since the days of Luther ought to be. The aspect of the place belongs rather to the past than to the present. And for a few minutes we saw the broad stream of the Danube on our left, with barges moored at the wharves, or lazily floating; boys bathing, and men rowing with pipes in their mouths. A few minutes more and we were speeding across the great Bavarian plain, which, for the most part coarse and desolate in appearance, stretches far, far away to the mountains of Tyrol. Here and there near the villages the patches of cultivation and the plantations of fruit-trees look the more attractive by contrast. At Warthausen, a low, swelling hill on the distant horizon catches your eye; and at Biberach the piles of firewood are of such a length that you begin to wonder when you are to get past them. Save these objects, and a few peculiarities of costume, there is little to engage your attention; and had not History done something for the great plain it would be dreary indeed. From time to time, since the days of the invading Huns, she has left her footprints on it; and some will recur to your memory. Across this plain Luther took his way on his memorable flight from Augsburg; and where it borders "Isar rolling rapidly" was fought the battle that inspired Campbell's "Hohenlinden." As twilight came on, a lamp was lit at each end

of the carriage, notwithstanding that we were only third-class passengers. I record the fact with the more satisfaction, as it proves others, as well as ourselves, to be in the "foremost files of time."

Broken rest the two previous nights made me sleepy; and as the evening darkened I fell into that half-unconscious state in which you still hear what is going on around. A group of passengers near me were in animated conversation, all German, and yet it seemed to me their speech was English. The stream of words and sentences flowed without a break; the sense to me was perfect in English; but the instant that, reasoning with myself, I opened my eyes, it became German. No sooner, however, did my eyes close once more than it was again English. Again and again the same thing occurred; and my being fully aware of the illusion did not preserve me from it.

Darker and darker grew the great plain as we hurried onwards. We stopped at many stations; but no time was lost. Scarcely had the train ceased to move than "*fertig*," cried the conductor as he slammed a door; "*fertig*," answered the driver; "*fertig*" echoed far off out of the gloom in the rear, and on we went again, keeping time to the minute. Brightly the stars twinkled. Presently our tickets were collected, and a few minutes after ten we came to the terminus at Friedrichshafen. Outside the gates, gleaming in the darkness, swung a group of lanterns. "Post," shouted a passenger. "Post," answered a lantern-bearer, who approached

and conducted us to the hotel, where a well-furnished supper-room awaited us, and a landlord who took pleasure in supplying our wants.

Thus, on the night of my third day I slept on the shores of the Lake of Constance, from the upper extremity of which my walk was to begin.

CHAPTER II.

A Trip to Rohrschach—The Sentis—The Vorarlberg Mountains—Traffic on the Lake—From Rohrschach to Lindau—A pretty Custom-house—Across to Füssach—The Delta—Bregenz—Under the Austrian Eagle's Wing—An Inquisitor—An Escort to the Custom-house—The Gebhardsberg—View from the Summit—Life in the Fields—Growth of the Land—A Place for Enjoyment—Visitors' Names—Civility with a Passport—Begin to walk—Black and Yellow: Emblems of Authority—Dornbirn—Religious Emblems—Working and Praying—Change of Manners—Hohenems—Fire! Fire! Fire!—Emulous Fire-engines—Jews—Strange Dialect—Gützis—A *Halbe* of Beer—Honesty—A gay Churchyard—Feldkirch—The *Wochenblatt*—The Valley of the Ill—Mischievous Torrent at Frastanz—Nenzing—Thüringen—The Spinnery and the Spinners—Prices of Provisions—A Three Hundred Feet Fall—The Bregenzerwald—The Landmote—How to elect a Governor—Feats of Bravery—The Night-folk—Legends—Plainness of Speech.

AT six the next morning I was on board the *Olga*, steaming out of the harbour, bound for Rohrschach, on the opposite side of the lake. The snowy head of the Sentis rose clear into the bright morning sky; but heavy mists hung about its breast, and on the sides of the nearer hills, where they stretched in long white banks for miles. They rose and fell almost imperceptibly, as if under the influence of some slow oscillatory movement; and, as the sun rose higher, thinned off into fleecy streaks. I looked curiously at the throng of

Vorarlberg mountains in the south, hoping to be among them ere the day was over. The country round Friedrichshafen is pleasantly diversified, and you will be quite ready to approve the site of the villa from whence the King of Würtemberg looks forth over the inland sea during a few weeks of the summer. As the vessel increases her distance you can look at once upon five dominions—Baden, Würtemberg, Bavaria, Switzerland, and Austria, and only in the last is your passport asked for. Trade has done wonders in breaking up restrictions. The two great lines of railway terminating on the lake bring merchandize and manufactures from Germany for the southern provinces and Italy, and in such abundance that twenty-five steamers are employed for transport to the different towns on the lake, and others are being built. A few years ago no one was permitted to enter Bregenz by water; now you may voyage from one place to another three or four times a day. The lake, being more than forty miles long, affords access to a considerable extent of territory. Opposite Friedrichshafen the width is thirteen miles.

Rohrschach looks pretty from the water—white gables; masts with little flags flying; a red-capped church tower, and green hills and woods behind. At half-past seven we steered into the little harbour: the fare for the trip was forty kreutzers. After a Swiss breakfast at the *Gasthaus den Anker*, I walked up the heights in the rear of the town for the view. A muslin factory, driven by a furious brook, repays you with a sight of its busy works; and from thence, as well as

from the ancient Statthaltery, once a palace, you get peeps through the tree-tops across the landscape. Strolling afterwards through the street, I saw *Combinirte Armee Marsch* in a bookseller's window, showing that in one sense the allied armies were sympathized with.

After a stay of two hours, during which four steamers had come in, I left by the *Ludwig* for Lindau. Rohrschach, though a little port, receives large quantities of corn, chiefly from Suabia; and you may see the warehouses around the harbour stored to overflowing with various kinds of produce. Our vessel was laden with timber, hides, cotton bales, and beer, the latter in small, long casks, of which the staves are so thick and clumsy that you might fancy them of Robinson Crusoe's workmanship. By this crossing and recrossing I saw more of the lower part of the lake than by going direct to Bregenz. An hour brought us to Lindau. It is a place that rather imposes on you from the water, with its four towers, stone piers, and lighthouse. The vessel was made fast to the wharf close to the large building distinguished by the Bavarian arms emblazoned above the entrance, and a sentry in Bavarian uniform pacing up and down. Never before had I seen a custom-house and police head-quarters wear so smiling and attractive an aspect; for flowering creepers run up the front, and fuchsias, roses, and other flowers in pots profusely adorn the steps and the terrace, where a fountain throws up a slender column of spray. It is possible to unite the ornamental and the fiscal; to cloak authority with

beauty. There was time for a little run on shore. The town is built on two small islets, connected with the mainland by bridges a thousand feet long, and by the massive railway viaduct. In one place you may see the remains of ancient masonry, black with age—the *Heidenmauer*, or Heathen's Wall—said to have been built by the Romans. Being the terminus of the Great Bavarian Railway from Munich and Augsburg, Lindau is daily growing in importance. A colossal statue of King Maximilian is to be erected. A dozen or more steamers arrive and depart every day; and new stone piers, extending far into the water, enclose a harbour commodious enough for the increasing trade.

The half hour expired, and we steamed across the lake once more to Füssach, in the Austrian territory. On approaching, you see long beds of rushes, and a low, half-drowned shore. The Rhine falls in here, and depositing the mud and gravel washed down from the mountains, shallows are formed that threaten at no distant day to stop the navigation. The process has been going on for ages, and the land has won some miles from the water. We made towards a low, long causeway, built across the swamps to the firm shore, and having landed a passenger and a bale, the vessel was steered for Bregenz. The beauty of its situation becomes more and more striking as you draw nearer: the broad lake in front, and a sweep of hills in the rear, among which the Pfänderberg rises pre-eminent. And the bright green of the pastures in contrast with the dark hue of the pines, and the shady walks zigzagging

up the slopes under these masses of birch and walnut, form a scene which you long to be exploring. The boat stopped at the landing-place, where the black and yellow flag was flying: I stepped on shore, and for the first time found myself under the wing of the Austrian eagle.

My foot was not off the plank before a man asked me if I had my passport, and requested to see it. As he wore no uniform, I inquired in return whether he was an official with authority to make the request, and being answered in the affirmative, gave up my credentials.

"Where are you going?" was the next question.

"I wish to go wherever I please in Tyrol: so if you make the visa for Venice, that will give me room enough."

"Where are you going to stay?"

"Nowhere."

"But travellers stay somewhere. They go to an hotel to dine. What hotel shall you go to?"

"None."

"What do you mean to do then? for it has just struck twelve; we are going to dinner, and you cannot have your passport till two o'clock."

"I shall go up the Gebhardsberg."

"You can't do better." And away walked my examiner, with the passport in his hand.

A soldier marched me to the custom-house, where the clerk was just locking the door to go to his dinner; but he stayed for a minute to ask me if I had anything for duty, and to peep into my knapsack without dis-

turbing its contents ; and gave me leave to deposit it there in safety, under lock and key, until my return from the hill.

I made my way out to the zigzags which I had seen from the lake. Seats are placed at commanding points, where you may rest and contemplate the gradually widening prospect. It is one that fills you with glowing expectations of the wider prospect to be seen from the top. The last stage of the ascent is the steepest ; but the path runs under a forest of larches, where the green shade strikes cool and grateful after the burning sun. At length a small grassy level, from which a few steps lead up to an arched doorway. You ascend, and entering the tavern, the hostess says, *Grad oben*—straight up—and mounting to the upper floor you find yourself on a spacious balcony, looking down on the most magnificent view to be seen anywhere around the Lake of Constance. Immediately beneath, a surging forest of firs, birches, walnuts, poplars, stretching from summit to base, where it appears to mingle with the orchards. Here and there grim, weatherbeaten crags burst through, higher and higher, till they join the mighty Pfändler which rises on the right, feathered with pines, tier above tier, disputing possession of the summit with the hoary rocks. Thus is formed a grand semicircle behind the town, and carrying your eye onwards you have hills on hills on both shores away to Constance and the Suabian Alps. And the broad blue lake stretching between, blending with a faint twinkling haze in the distance, dotted here and there with a sail,

or clouded with the trailing smoke of a steamer. Füssach and Lindau seem but a mile distant; and many a scattered gleam from wall and window denote a teeming population on the German shore. Turn and look towards Tyrol: you see peak on peak crested with snow, towering aloft in groups, that excite your imagination as to the wonders you are to see when walking under their shadow.

Around you is the pleasant noise of wind among the branches; and from below the voice of Nature and of labour ascends to your ear. The secrets of both appear to be laid open to you. Cottages are thickly strewn around the base of the hill, and over the broad level, the delta of the Rhine; and you see the hats of the women, who are hoeing among the vines or maize, or tossing the hay, shining like disks of gold. Some are singing a homely song, which sounds musical in the distance. The roads seem pale brown ribands stretched across the levels, or curved along the hill-sides. And there lies the town, apparently indulging in a siesta. And why not? Here is the place for enjoyment, if anywhere. And then the river, the Aach, immediately beneath: it seems almost a deformity, brawling along of a muddy hue, in the middle of a bed of sand and gravel, fringed with driftwood, and here and there a few huge boulders. You now see to what a distance the land has encroached on the water. There is reason to believe that the lake once extended to Hohenems, a village through which we shall pass by-and-by. But

though not beautiful, the stream roars a sonorous bass to all other sounds.

After a lingering gaze, I called for bread, cheese, and wine, and dined on the balcony in presence of the glorious scene, felicitating myself on such a happy beginning of my wanderings. Everything conspired to give delight—the fresh cool breeze, the sense of freedom, the glow of expectation, made my visit to the Gebhardsberg an incident to be remembered.

The host brought the visitors' book and placed it before me, with pen and ink. I turned over a number of pages and saw but two British names, and one of those written with a wretched attempt to be funny. But among the hundreds of names scribbled on the wooden wall of the house not one was English, all German or French. So we are not the only people who have the habit of inscribing their epitaphs as they travel.

The cool breeze tempts you to wander about the summit, or to take a peep at the church, which stands near the tavern, where, as I saw, some of the guests pass a quarter of an hour on their knees. I met a number of visitors on my descent: one, panting laboriously and wiping his brow, inquired eagerly whether there was any chance of a breath of air on the top. I reassured him. It was three o'clock when I got back to the town. On presenting myself at the Passport Office, the clerk, who was speaking to a rustic, immediately left him and came to me. The poor peasant is always made to wait

and give place to others whose time is regarded as of more value. I saw that my passport was signed for Venice, and I asked if I might now go whithersoever I would in and through Tyrol; and particularly whether there was any danger of my being molested by the gendarmes while crossing the Stelvio.

The answer was, "You may choose your own route. No one has a right to stop you; and whether you get to Venice or not, makes no difference." I thanked the gentleman, and as I went out he wished me a "*glückliche Reise*"—pleasant journey. German is here the universal language; not one of the officials spoke anything else. I got my knapsack and started on the road leading across the delta for Feldkirch.

Looking back from near the bridge, the Gebhardsberg is seen to terminate in a long bold cliff, rising abruptly from the plain. And having crossed the stream, you are at once among fields and orchards; and there are the cottages with the high, far-spreading roofs, the outside galleries, the projecting windows, and ornamental coating of shingles, and other characteristics generally described as Swiss—a style that you gladly renew acquaintance with. Every house is numbered; and on many you see the plate of an insurance company inscribed MILANO—a sign that Italy cannot be very far off. Beyond Lauterach you come upon emblems of authority erected at the road-side, the first of many, as you will afterwards discover: two posts painted in diagonal stripes of black and yellow, after the manner of a barber's pole, with the double eagle atop, and on

one *Bezirksamt Bregenz*, on the other *Bezirksamt Dornbirn*—equivalent to our parish boundary stones. You will find them useful in defining your topographical knowledge. The great beam of the toll-bar, swinging vertically, poised by a heavy block at the pivot, is similarly decorated.

Dornbirn, a large scattered village, more populous than any town in the Vorarlberg, comes next, and presents you with a crowd of characteristics, architectural and artistic. Quaint carvings—the jutting ends of the girders fashioned into eagles, dogs, and other animals not easy to describe—spout-heads resplendent with gilding, and paintings on the house-fronts. Here is a life-size Christ looking anything but compassionate; there the Apostles look down on you from among panels bearing coats of arms, and the Virgin is to be seen on all sides. Here, too, you will become aware of the care bestowed on the church—of which more striking proofs as you go farther into the country—you read on the pediment *Domus Dei et Porta Cæli*, while in the interior are graven images and other adornments, displayed so as to produce an effect on the mind of the orthodox worshipper. But that you will not find the same skill in all, may be seen at once, in the smaller church as you leave the village. Working and praying is, or was some years ago, the universal practice. The whiz and rattle of three or four large cotton factories, and the snarl of stocking-weaving in many a cottage, and the busy operations of dyeing, bleaching, and smelting, testify that work is still vigorous. And some

of the old folk will tell you it was an evil day for the province when cotton-spinning was introduced from Switzerland. It changed their manners; made them lay aside their ancient distinctive costume; brought in coffee and potatoes instead of their good bread, milk, and wine; and the young people, no longer content with music by the paternal hearth, must throng to the dancing-floors at the public-houses. And look at the consequences: though they earn more money, they miss their former training; the fields are not so well cultivated as in times past, and frauds and vices have crept in which were unknown to their fathers. No more simplicity of character, or trustful belief. The very teachings of the clergy are questioned, and made to bear unheard-of interpretations. So say the old folk, full of fond regret for the days of their youth.

The frogs were beginning their evening croak in the swampy meadows that border the road when I reached Hohenems, about three and a half hours from Bregenz, where, content with a short walk at the outset, I halted for the night. Before ten I was startled from my first sleep by loud shouts expressive of great alarm; the sound of hurrying feet, and answering shouts from a dozen voices at once, some faint and far off. I jumped out of bed, and there, beyond the orchard, about fifty yards from my window, saw tongues of fire darting through the gable of one of the large wooden houses that had so much charmed my eye a few hours earlier. Now here, now there, flashing and quivering, the flame spread with inconceivable velocity, bursting out at distant

crannies, and crackling and roaring as a mighty furnace fed with thorns. For a moment I stood transfixed in surprise; but recalled by the heat scorching my face, I hastily dressed, and ran out to lend a hand if needful. The landlord was hurrying down stairs; and as clouds of sparks were falling on his roof, I charged him to shut every window on the side towards the fire, and station himself aloft with buckets of water. Although not more than two minutes had elapsed by the time I got out, the whole house was then in a blaze, from door-sill to roof-tree. The big church-bell was boom—boom—booming its sonorous alarm far and wide, and hundreds of villagers were on the spot, wild with apprehension, for the houses across the road began to scorch; the shingles curled and smoked, and if they took fire what was to become of the village? But there was order amid the apparent confusion: some tore up the planks that covered the swift road-side brook; others brought huge poles armed with hooks to match, and tore down whatever they could of the blazing walls; others again, running into the nearest houses, helped to bring out the household gear, while troops of little children rushed shrieking forth in their night-clothes, followed by their parents, and grandfathers and grandmothers, each bearing a chair, a bundle, or a coffer to a place of safety. Boom—boom—boom went the bell: the cocks crew; and a flock of pigeons flew circling round above the burning mass, looking weird and unearthly through the lurid atmosphere. The opposite houses seemed about to burst into a flame, when an engine rattled up, and the

supply of water being copious, a stream was quickly playing on the threatened roofs. How the shingles hissed under the sudden gush! Then a second engine; then a third, all belonging to the village, and the fire itself was attacked. At times a lumbering chest of drawers or a bedstead would be seen to fall amid the fierce light crashing to the basement, and a jet of sparks flew up as from a volcano. The chimney-stack stood bravely for a while, the flame roaring out, as if in mad triumph over the destruction; presently it leant a little to one side—then it sank a little, leant yet more, and fell with a mighty shock. The apple-trees in the orchard were singed and scorched, and heaps of young apples fell roasted to the ground.

Now, fast as horses could draw them, came the engines from Dornbirn, and a few minutes later two from other villages; and the seven all playing at once, while the gangs at the hooks worked with right good-will, the fire began to abate. These gangs knew their duty well, and never flinched in their work of levelling, proving how well they had learned the best way of subduing such inflammable materials. One engine was still playing on the smouldering heap when I went back to my bed.

The destruction was complete; but, happily, no life was lost. Of the three families who tenanted the house, one was uninsured; and I saw a tall, rugged, sunburnt man weeping like a child. Tears and perspiration mingled, poured down his face, and he shook his hands above his head despairingly: he had lost his all.

Nearly every village has its engine, in compliance with what is certainly a salutary law; and the people come to the rescue knowing how best to set about it. Terrible fires have, however, at times occurred, which defied all efforts to put them out, leaving a whole community houseless. The villages round about the scene of disaster vie with each other in hastening with their succours; and the Appenzellers will hurry with their engines across the Rhine, emulous to be first at the conflagration.

Among the groups who stood looking at the blackened beams and heaps of ashes when I started early the next morning, were a few of unmistakable Hebrew feature, belonging, no doubt, to some of the ninety-two Jewish families who reside in the village, where they maintain a good school and a rabbi. The law forbids an increase of their number, and allows no more than eight families besides to remain within the limits of the two provinces; of these seven dwell at Innsbruck and one at Botzen.

Turn aside for a few minutes from the main road to the church, from whence the alarm pealed so sonorously last night, and you may see among other note-worthy objects preserved within it a cardinal's hat that once belonged to Carlo Borromeo. Then, on leaving the village, you pass under tall limestone cliffs, bearing on their summit the ruins of the old Castle of Ems: hence the name Hohen-Ems. Those bits of wall date from the tenth century, and they tell the old story of unhappy captives whom they once immured—Tancred

of Sicily's blinded son was one of them—and of warrior knights, who made them famous.

Every one you meet on the road salutes with a friendly "*Morgen*," and everywhere you see signs of industry—the rattle of looms in the cottages, and women at the doors, making their spinning-wheels hum again, while keeping up a lively gossip. There is something screeching in the tones of their voice like what may be heard among the women of Caernarvonshire; and their dialect is a strange one, abounding in corruptions and contractions, puzzling even to a German. In some words of two syllables, the second is entirely dropped; now and then you may hear "*Atte*" and "*Omme*," for father and mother: and the diminutives of baptismal names are some of them amusing; Johann Jacob, becomes *Hansjok*, and Maria Margaretha, *Marigret*. The Vorarlbergers, indeed, are noted for their plainness of speech, and away from the high-roads you will find them addressing the gentleman and the peasant with equal familiarity: nor do they scruple to speak their mind concerning their rulers.

The morning was very hot, and the *Engel* at Götztis so invitingly clean, that I could not help calling for a *Halbe*, half-measure, of beer. It was brought in one of those heavy tapering glass tankards, covered by a bright pewter lid, which you find everywhere in use on both sides of the Bavarian frontier. Here the numbers of different sizes ranged on the shelves made one corner of the room glitter again. Two small loaves lay already on the table, and while resting I read in the *Schwa-*

bische Merkur the telegraphic despatches from London of the previous day—July 4—great prominence being given to the news from the *Krim*. Presently you discover the lid of the tankard to be useful as well as ornamental, for the flies swarm round in such clouds, that but for the protection your foaming draught would become thickened by the worrying pests. Patience! you will find them ten times more numerous farther south. At first, the large earthenware stove in one corner of the room, and the crucifix hanging in the other, strike you as unaccustomed objects; but they will become things familiar before your ramble is over, and you will find the crucifix meant for something more than mere ornament.

On paying, I was made aware of the difference between paper and silver money. Eight kreutzers was the sum asked; but the hostess seeing that I produced specie, said, "Only six kreutzers, silver money;" a little instance of honesty which made a favourable impression on me, and the more so as occurring by the side of a well-frequented high-road. Other equally favourable touches of character came before me afterwards.

The interior of the church here is resplendent with gilding, and, decorated with images, banners, and green branches, has quite a lively appearance. But the churchyard is dazzling—gaudy as a bazaar; for the low gravestones are surmounted by iron or wooden crosses, of various size and shape, painted red or blue, touched off with gold, and embellished with pictures of Christ or the Virgin,—gay and glittering memorials which—

ever way you look. The wall tablets are not less showy : to some a small holy water basin is affixed ; and scarcely one but bears a passage of Scripture by way of epitaph, and the prayer, *Gott gebe ihnen und allen die ewige Ruh!* Here grief erects no sombre monuments ; and the *Friedhof*—the Inclosure of Peace, as the Germans touchingly name it—becomes a place for sorrow to decorate.

But I must not loiter too much by the way. Beyond Altenstadt the hills come nearer together and form a defile, and going onwards you find every slope not already in possession of the rocks and pines teeming with luxuriant vines, and something forest-like in the maze of graceful tendrils seen at different elevations. How prettily they embower the few road-side villas that indicate your approach to Feldkirch, the chief town of the Vorarlberg, where history and scenery combine to detain you for a while. The strong wall, with its round towers ; the ancient church ; the old knightly edifice in the corn-market, with a shield on its balcony ; and on the heights above the ruins of Schattensburg, once the abode of the Counts of Montfort, will arrest your attention. The Ill roars and rushes through the town, dashing into the basin through a rocky cleft in the hills on one side, and dashing out to join the Rhine through a similar cleft on the other. Stroll to the bridge, and gaze around on the scene from thence. Call to mind that Massena was there driven back in 1799, by a band of patriot defenders—native militia, students, and wo-

men, all fighting valiantly, and your impression will perhaps be quickened.

I turned my back to the Rhine, and took the road to Innsbruck, up the valley of the Ill. This river, about forty miles in length, is the largest in the Vorarlberg; and here, at its entrance into the town, drives three or four large cotton spinneries, built in a picturesque spot at the foot of beetling cliffs. While dining at a tavern opposite, I saw on the table the *Feldkircher Wochenblatt*, a small quarto sheet of four pages, filled with advertisements, scraps of news, and the rates of exchange. That even such a paper should be published every week is a fact highly creditable to the little town. Here, as elsewhere, I found twelve o'clock to be the dinner-hour, not to be disturbed or encroached on by business—a very sensible practice. Government offices are closed for two hours, which gives the officials time for a stroll or a nap after their meal.

Then out through the gap, where the impetuous stream leaves scant room for the road under the crags, and ere long you see the ridgy mass of the Rhätico, streaked and capped with snow on the right. How inspiring to come nearer to the hills; to find them closing more and more around you! Here is the Wallgau—Wälsch or Italian district—abounding in traces of its former inhabitants and their Romansch dialect, in the names of villages and other places. To those who study history as a science the Vorarlberg is a singularly interesting country, from the diversity of races and of

tongue yet discoverable within its borders. The ancient Rhaetian, the Burgundian, the Italian, Swiss and German, have all contributed to the present stock.

Your eye will be attracted by the breaks and gorges on the right, looking wild and gloomy where they disappear in the recesses of the hills, running back to the frontier of the Grisons, from whence at times rush devastating torrents. A remarkable instance occurred at Frastanz, the first village on the way, in 1846. The weather had been exceedingly hot and dry until August, when twelve days of nearly continuous rain flooded every ravine, and all the lower valleys and roads; and fields and pastures were obliterated by the avalanches of mud and gravel that came pouring down. The small stream that flows from the gorge behind Frastanz and drives a spinners on its way to the Ill, brought down such a prodigious quantity of stones as to form a bank twenty-five feet high, on the top of which the stream ran in a broad, shallow channel. The bridge and the road had both to be raised with a steep slope on either side; and the inhabitants were kept constantly on the alert, with pine logs, beams, and branches, to establish an embankment for the protection of their village: the stream was flowing high above the houses and the lowest floor of the mill. The channel cut to feed the wheel was filled with pebbles as fast as it could be cleared out, day after day, for a fortnight. In the second week the bank had risen three feet higher, and the road and bridge had again to be raised. All this time the great torrent of pebbles was in ceaseless motion, rolling down from a

landslip seven miles up the stream, caused, as was believed, by too many trees having been cut down at once along the bank. The roots and stumps having decayed, the loosened soil was furrowed by the heavy rains and washed away. By November the stream had worn its way down to its former bed, and carried the mass of pebbles into the Ill, the bed of which was raised as far as Feldkirch. In 1848, a smaller stream, flowing from the same hills, buried a hundred acres of the valley beneath stones and mud to the depth of fifty feet. Not least astonishing is the very small quantity of water by which such wide-spread ruin may be accomplished. Dwellers near the mountains must make up their minds for calamity as well as the picturesque; bad weather to them is fraught with consequences unknown elsewhere. The past winter (1854-55) having been not less severe all over the Continent than in England, great mischief ensued on the breaking up of the frost, as we shall see in the course of the next few days on our way to the Stelvio.

At Nenzing, a village on the Mängbach, noisy with rushing water, I turned off to the left for Thüringen, glad to leave the unsheltered road, where the heat was overpowering, for a narrow lane bordered here and there by a ragged hedgerow. About half an hour's walk brought me to the approaches of the Walserthal, and in sight of a spinners high up among the trees, and near it, on the top of a vine-mantled slope, the delightful residence of the proprietor. I made haste up the steep path, and was soon assured of a hearty

welcome, such indeed as might have been expected from the representative of an ancient Scottish family, as renowned for its hospitality as its valour.

Here I stayed till noon of the next day; too short a time for all that was to be seen and talked about. The view from the garden walks is magnificent, backed by a mighty spur of the Rhaetian Alps, the summit of which, the haunt of chamois, leads your eye to snowy peaks and purple cones rising one behind the other far away into Tyrol. Below spreads the green floor of the valley, running here and there up the lower slopes of the hills, where the clearings encroach on the pine-forests. You may imagine it a vast amphitheatre, furrowed by a mountain brook; a lake reposing in the curve; a few firs scattered about among the fields; vines and meadows which occupy every available spot; out-lying barns and cottages, and a village, with its church, to give human interest to a scene that you might gaze on for hours. It is characteristic: the white ridges and streaks of snow, the patches of bright green alp—emerald pastures, among the dark masses of forest and gray rock on the rugged hill-sides—make an impression on the mind not easy to describe; one often to be repeated as you wander on through other valleys. What a privilege to live day after day in presence of such a prospect!

The signs of prosperity in the landscape are mainly due to the establishment of the spinnery. Since then, land has greatly increased in value, and is now worth eight hundred florins the acre. To purchase a *Mitmel*,

about a quarter-acre, is generally the height of a villager's aspiration; and with this for his estate, he will live on contentedly. At first, the people were shy of the work, and awkward enough when they ventured to try; but under the instruction of a few Swiss spinners, they learnt the method, and once habituated, they soon found in regular wages an agreeable spur to industry. The number employed is three hundred and forty, and I saw troops of men and women, lads and lasses, going to or returning from their work, many of them singing, and all decently dressed. Taking a general average, each earns somewhat less than six shillings a week; and, as is the practice at all the mills of the Vorarlberg, wages are paid every four weeks. Many of them save money, or assist their parents, and live comfortably in other respects; not a few eat meat frequently, and keep pigs. A notion of their resources may be gathered from a few particulars of prices: the price of beef in Bludenz and Feldkirch is from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$ kreutzers the pound; veal, 11 k.; mutton, 13 k.; pork, 16 to 18 k.; butter, 30 to 32 k.; bread (middle quality), $6\frac{1}{4}$ k.; and salt, $4\frac{1}{2}$ k. Three kreutzers are equivalent to a penny, and the pound in each case is heavier than ours: 81 pounds being equal to 100 English. Eggs vary in price, but may often be bought at twelve kreutzers the dozen. Pine firewood sells at from six to eight florins the *klafter*; that is, a pile six and a half feet in length and height, and three feet in width. But in the common woods fuel may be had for the trouble of felling and carrying home. The daily pay of a carpenter is

one florin; of a cabinet-maker, half as much more; but both suffer from want of work in the winter.

The Austrian Government takes some pains to encourage the establishment of productive industry, wherein the population may find a resource. Foreigners resident in the country may own land without being naturalized, and are at the same time exempt from military service.

The spinnery is as well situate for water-power as for prospect. A fall of three hundred and fifty feet in height tumbles down a rocky chasm immediately behind; and of this, a three hundred feet column, descending through a twelve-inch iron tube at the rate of six cubic feet per second, feeds a turbine that drives the machinery with the energy and regularity of a hundred horse-power steam-engine, roaring all the while in its dark vault like an imprisoned demon. I could not help starting back when the door was opened to give me a sight of its swift revolutions. I climbed the rude step-ladder which leads up the side of the hill to the top of the fall, where a man is constantly watching in a little hut to keep the grating free from weeds, as even a small stoppage makes a sensible difference to the power of the turbine below. Here, too, are the reservoirs for maintaining a proper flow, dug out of the turfy plain, which forms, so to speak, a great step on the hill. Beyond it you see another fall, and darksome hollows in the hills, rising higher and higher, shutting in the valley as an amphitheatre. Among them you may explore an old ruin or two, and from their summits over-

look the Bregenzerwald—a forest region well worth a visit, notwithstanding that, as in most of our English forests, the trees are but few. There you may hear plainness of speech and peculiarity of dialect in unsophisticated vigour. A German traveller relates that he heard some of the old folk talking of the De Montforts as of nobles still within remembrance, and yet it was in 1290 that Hugo von Montfort mortgaged the forest to Kaiser Rudolf for a thousand marks silver. That game was once abundant is evident, from the names of many of the villages, such as Hirschau, Schnepfau, and others.

A hardy race were the foresters, with a grim love of liberty—not to be trifled with, yet associated with a remarkable love of order. Up to the middle of last century their Landmote used to meet in a wooden building on the top of the Bezeck, a hill near Bezaeu, to which the members mounted by a ladder. When all had assembled the ladder was taken away, and not replaced until the Landamman showed himself at the entrance, waving a flag and crying that all were agreed, and ready to maintain the ancient liberties. Under such circumstances there could have been little fear of debates prolonged till past midnight. The Landamman was chosen in the early days for seven years—later for four years only, by the folk assembled on the meadow at Andelsbuch, in presence of the Vogt of Feldkirch, who attended with a guard. Four trustworthy householders were selected, and each stationed under a tree a short distance from the others; and then,

on a given signal, the electors ran every man to the tree where stood the candidate of his choice, and he who, on counting heads, was found to have the greatest number around him was declared Landamman. Then followed a fortnight's rejoicing, with music, dancing, and tippling, the more enjoyed as the new ruler paid for all. Not always, however, did the election terminate peacefully: in 1741 much discontent was created by a departure from the old customs, and a shot fired through a window killed the newly-elected Landamman as he sat at supper: nor was the murderer ever discovered.

The Vorarlbergers, indeed, have always shown themselves ready to fight in the hour of need, offering more volunteers than the authorities have been able to pay. But at all times, and even when their province became an Austrian Circle, their allegiance was sworn only on the condition that their liberties should be respected. As before remarked, they use much freedom of speech, and are not molested on that account. It was in the Vorarlberg the first signs of that effervescence appeared which preceded the rising against the crushing power of Napoleon. What must the men be, when we read of the women, that during the Thirty Years' War they drove a Swedish division out of the Lechthal and killed them to the last man! The place of slaughter is still called the "Red Corner," and the church bells of Schwarzenberg and Egg are rung on every anniversary to celebrate the victory.

Among peculiarities of language the foresters make

much use of "*fein*" and "*unfein*" to express admiration and dislike ; for baths, they say "*Bädeln*," and Nesselwängle for Little Nesselwang, forming the diminutive by a final syllable. Some can tell of the sprites and fairies that used to haunt the solitary hill-tops, or the secret places of the mountains: how that a herdsman, going back to his mountain hut for something he had forgotten, after quitting it at the close of the season, found a ghostly neatherd in possession, and busying himself with spectral dairy utensils and cattle ; of another who, having befouled a fairy ring on his way homewards, was awake at midnight, and made to carry a red-hot hammer in his hand to the scene of his offence. At times a lonesome wanderer has beheld a cloud of dollars floating with enticing glitter in the air, and always just out of reach, mocking his desires : such appearances are said to be a sign that treasures are buried somewhere in the ground beneath the silvery cloud. Stones rolling down the hill have slipped from the grasp of unhappy sprites who, toiling without repose, must roll them up again. The malignant ghost, watching his opportunity, sometimes lets the stone escape, when it will strike down a peasant or an unfortunate cow in its descent. Many are the freaks of the "Night-folk:" one instance mentioned by Steub may suffice. A villager very fond of music went one night upon the Brunnenberg, where the fairies used to meet, and listened to their wild music, and watched their dancing and other diversions until daybreak. Towards dawn one after the other slipped

away: the last, however, before going, stuck his knife into the plank above the door of the dancing-shed. So, at least, it seemed to the amazed spectator; but when he began to walk he found the knife sticking in his knee. Unluckily, no one could pull it out, and the curious fellow had to carry it about in his leg, though without pain, for a whole year. But the twelvemonth over, he went again to the same place, where, as before, he saw merry pastimes and jocund feasting, and a sudden flight as the morn grew red; when the last reveller saying, "I must take my knife, though," snatched it from over the door, and the watcher returned to his home without the blade in his knee.

Many other legends may you hear during a patient travel through the Bregenzerwald. Now and then you will meet with a woman famous for her skill in needle-work, or a peasant artist expert in sacred subjects; a villager who has made a piano, or a rustic antiquary. Something to reward your pains besides scenery, even up to the farther boundary—the Bavarian Alps—where you will find the hill-folk not less given to plainness of speech than the foresters; they say "*Du*"—thou—to their king.

CHAPTER III.

Bludenz—Duke Friedrich—The Montavonenthal—Migratory Folk—A Storm—Schrüns—Costume—"You can't stay here"—The Village Inn—The Villagers, and what they talked about—The Gendarme—Bedroom Furniture—Paper Money—The Klosterthal—Waterfalls—A meagre Breakfast—House-front Inscriptions—An Innkeeper's Sentiments—The Oratory—Dalaas—Stuben—Up the Adlerberg—The Snow—Road-menders—The Summit—The Frontier—Enter Tyrol—St. Christof—The Rescuer—Striking Scenery—St. Anton—*Kalbsbraten*—Friendly Salutations—Costume—Going to Church—A Litany—Glad-some Feelings—Log-houses—Road-side Pictures—Flirsch—An Organ Polka—The Sunday Question settled—Wagons—Fiddles—The Rosanna—Castle of Wiesberg—Paznaunenthal—Skulls at Ischgl—The Innthal—Cross the Inn—Landeck—Swarms of Flies—The Sunday Question again—England's Downfall—The Miracle of the Wolf and the Bear—The Ragged Minstrel—The Schrofenstein.

MY kind friends saved me the trouble of walking the six miles to Bludenz. Our ride took us round the head of the valley, away under overhanging cliffs, and the ruins of the old Castle of Blumenegg, across the Lützbach, and to the entrance of the Montavonenthal, or valley of Montafun, which opens on the right of the high-road at the extremity of Bludenz. The town, with its two thousand inhabitants, contains nothing particularly remarkable; and when you have looked at the house-fronts, the church, and the old nunnery of St. Peter, which stands where the roads diverge, there is

nothing more to detain you. One of the most noteworthy facts in its history is, that Duke Friedrich, Count of Tyrol, of whom we shall hear more by-and-by, when, flying under ban and outlawry from that benignant Council of Constance, arriving here after dark, was refused admittance by the gate-warder. The little town had a few years previously sworn allegiance to the Duke, and he remembering one of the burghers, had him summoned, and on his recognition the gate was opened. Then the warder, in dread because of his refusal, fell on his knees, craving pardon; but the Duke invited him to supper, and gave him a handful of money.

I wished to see part of the Montavonenthal, and cross over the Christberg to the main road again at Dalaas. Less than half a mile brought me under the high steep hills between which the Ill roars along, now on one side of the road, now on the other. Here and there the hills approach and form a rocky defile, with scant room for the road and furious river, and retiring between, leave space for farms, villages, and cherry orchards that resemble small forests. Far and wide is the valley renowned for the *Kirschwasser*, made from the cherries. See how every available spot is brought under cultivation, even high up on the hill-sides; and how numerous are the cottages and barns, scattered in all directions! You have before your eyes an instance of population treading too close upon production; where, compelled by necessity, the men swarm off and seek subsistence in foreign countries; while the women, with spinning-wheel on shoulder, cross the mountains and help the

Swiss to spin their flax during some weeks of winter. Everywhere signs of industry. The migration has diminished, since the establishment of cotton factories has provided employment nearer home; but still one-third of the inhabitants wander forth every year—boys as cowherds, men as gardeners and masons. As soon as the snow melts they begin to move, and return with their savings late in autumn. Girls used to go and pass a few summer weeks gleaning in the fields of Suabia, sleeping at nights in the hay-sheds, and make their way home again with bags of meal—acceptable stores for the winter. The boys were as well informed concerning the character of employers beyond the frontier as English beggars are as to the comfort of certain unions and prisons; and when once a farmer was cried down, he watched in vain for his messengers of spring. The Vorarlbergers are said to have a passion for wandering, but strongest in the Montavoners: some travel into distant lands, and remain away for years; but the old instinct, love of home and fatherland, which never dies, drives them back to end their days within hearing of the bell that chimed at their baptism.

The pleasure I felt at finding myself once more deep among rocks and hills, under wild precipices and wilder summits, listening to the plash of fountains and gurgle of rills, a pleasing harmony with the deep roar of the river, was damped in a double sense by heavy rain. I took shelter in a barn while the thunder growled about the hill-tops, and the noise of falling water swelled every moment into a louder bass. The stakes hung with hay

in all the fields, looked like so many dripping scarecrows; but, as I could see, had the hay been piled in cocks, much of it would have been washed away by the little freshets pouring down from the heights.

Owing to the delay, I had to stop for the night at Schruns, about three hours from Bludenz. With Tschagguns, which lies so close that the two appear but one village, it constitutes the chief place of the valley. Grim cliffs shut it closely in, and a furious stream dashes through, sawing timber and grinding corn by the way. Some of the women wear a black hat, similar in shape to the Turkish fez; and on the heads of one or two I saw a curious tall cylinder, contracted half-way up, so as to resemble a big hour-glass.

At the first public-house I entered, a woman came forward. "I can't receive you," she said; "my mother is ill." At the next sign, a few yards farther, a man met me with, "You can't stay here; my daughter is dying." A singular coincidence it seemed to me; but I was not sorry, for an unbearable smell pervaded both houses. Fortune favoured me the third time, at the *Lion*, where a portly, good-humoured hostess made me thoroughly welcome. While I ate my supper, some half-dozen men, who sat smoking and drinking at the other end of the table, showed they were true Vorarlbergers by their inquisitiveness, and we chatted as I finished my *Schopf* of Hungarian wine—a very agreeable vintage, by the way, not thin and sour, as so much of the red wine is on the Continent. On hearing that I came from London, an ejaculation of surprise

burst from the party: "London! that is a wonderful city!" And when I told them how much bread was eaten, and how much beer drunk in the great city every day, and that it contained more inhabitants than the whole kingdom of Denmark, they lifted up their hands in amazement; and one answered shrewdly enough, "That cannot be a city, it is a province of houses." The war, too, was an interesting topic: that was something like fighting, at Inkermann; but Russia was too mighty to be beaten; and now that the English Field-Marshal was dead, Sebastopol would not be taken. "*Ja*, powerful is Russia!" was the burden of their talk.

Presently other guests came in, who appeared by their dress and manners to be the chief personages of the village—among them two priests—and all sat down to their evening measure of wine, and cigar or pipe. One of the priests had just left the death-bed of a young woman—the innkeeper's daughter above-mentioned; and there was something solemn in the tones of his gruff voice as he spoke, after a preliminary sip, "In my life-long I have never witnessed so terrible a scene as her last hour."

Then a small tallow candle was lighted, and placed on each table; and the hostess bringing the "Travellers' book," I duly entered my name, age, birthplace, where from and whither going, and the "*Zweck*," or object of travel, under which latter head I wrote "pleasure." The worthy dame watched me attentively while I wrote, carried the book off with a grunt of satisfaction, and seizing her hammer, knocked off lumps from the enor-

mous sugar-loaf that lay on a side-table, to fill the little basins for the coffee-drinkers. Half an hour later a tall, moustachioed gendarme came in, and beckoning her into a dusky corner, spoke for some time in a low, apparently earnest tone, looking ever and anon at me, as I could see by the gleam reflected from his eyes. She answered, and he retorted; but at length he went away, and as soon as he was out of hearing she told me, laughing heartily, he had blamed her for not having required more particulars of myself than I had set down in the book. Who was to know whether I had written the truth? 'Twas easy to say anything. What did I want in that out-of-the-way village? and other of the like remarks. "But," she concluded, "I gave him an answer that sent him off. Those fellows are always suspicious."

There hung on the walls of my bedroom a crucifix, two images of saints, a large painting of the Virgin and Child, and a *bénitier* on the door-post; and I may as well say, once for all, that with rare exceptions my Austrian sleeping-quarters were everywhere similarly decorated. Never did I see so many religious symbols as during this ramble.

I had provided myself with paper-money at Thüringen, and owing to the depreciation got nearly five pounds' worth for my four sovereigns, sufficient, I thought, to last me all through Tyrol, and made first use of it to pay my bill the next morning. It reminded me of the days when the so-called "shin-plasters" were so abundantly current in New York, to see notes for

ten kreutzers,—about threepence farthing: the largest amount I had was for two florins. Then you have to remember that each note is worth one-fifth more than the sum named on its face: thus, the ten-kreutzer note passes for twelve, and the florin note, not for sixty kreutzers, but seventy-two, all of which is a little puzzling at the outset. The ten-kreutzer notes, which are four inches long and less than two inches wide, have their value printed in six different languages or dialects, as they circulate all over the empire, except Italy. For supper, bed, and breakfast, the charge was eighty kreutzers; and the hostess, on my departure, gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and wished me a pleasant journey.

The Christberg was out of the question, for the morning was showery, and the hills were hidden with dense mists nearly to their base. To climb a mountain when all the footpaths are running streams, and everything is invisible beyond the small damp circle of which you form the centre in the heavy pall, is a task not to be voluntarily undertaken; so I retraced my steps to the ancient nunnery. I might, indeed, have kept on up the valley through St. Gallenkirch, and over the Zeinis, to Landeck; but my mind was set on the route by the Adlerberg. The church bell was tinkling, and the women were trooping to the seven o'clock mass as I left the village, some of them wearing what were to me novel specimens of head-gear: one, an extinguisher-shaped black-worsted cap; the other a globular cap of long black fur, all

standing on end, and far from graceful. Frequent showers fell, and the Ill, swollen by the night's rain, rushed along, hoarser and louder than the day before; and the way, especially under the walnut-trees, was miry. However, once on the main road, the ground was harder, and it began to be hilly—a great relief to one's muscles, for nothing is so wearisome as a continuous level. I was now advancing up the Klosterthal, by the side of the Alfenz, a noisy stream, that enlivens the scene here and there with a foaming cascade. The scenery becomes grander; now a broad sweep of fields and meadows, fringed with elder-trees; now a ravine, up which the road curves with a steep ascent, and on either side waterfalls come tumbling down, their frothy plunges veiled in dancing spray. Here and there you see a plunge of a hundred feet before the torrent breaks; scarcely have you passed one than you begin to hear the sound of another; and beautiful are the glimpses of the white, living streaks through the screen of firs, or against the slopes of sward. In the course of a few miles the desire of your eye will be fully satisfied as regards waterfalls.

Still upwards. The rain ceased, and fitful gleams of sunshine darting through the mist, made the green turf look almost dazzling; sparkled in the foam; and here and there a rocky summit showed itself for an instant, and then was hidden again. I halted for a few minutes at a tavern, where the landlord made his breakfast of coarse rye bread and a pint of thin, sour wine—nothing else—and told me he was quite content

therewith. An English labourer would make a wry face at such fare; and yet this man was a farmer as well as innkeeper. A little farther, and you may read on a house-front one of those inscriptions—half prayer, half proverb—which, common to many parts of Germany, appear to find their fullest expression in Tyrol and the Vorarlberg. I insert this one as a specimen:

Am Gottes Segen ist alles gelegen. Bitt fur uns, Maria!

Ach, Herr, auch hier ter ein
Und lass diesem Haus Heil widerfahren;
Mich und alle die hier gehen ein
Beschütz vor Feindes gefahren.

Ach! so ruf Maria an. So hast du Flug und wohl
gethan.*

And lower, along a beam:

Ich hoff auf Gott und gutes Glück,
Und das alle Stund und Augenblick.

Then another fall on the right, leaping from the very top of the precipice, and the valley, still adorned with elder-trees, assumes more and more of a mountainous character. On the next public-house the landlord tells his sentiments in a quatrain over the door:

* On God's blessing is all laid. Pray for us, Mary.

Ah! Lord, even here turn in
And let prosperity befall this house;
Me and all who enter here
Protect from danger of foes.

Ah! cry then to Mary: so doest thou well and wisely.
I hope in God and good fortune,
And that each hour and moment.

**Goldne Gäste liebe Ich
 Die freundlich diskuriren :
 Essen, trinken, zählen mich,
 Und friedlich abmarschiren.***

Presently one of the little oratories by the road-side, of which we shall see many in the course of the next two weeks, with a crucifix in a railed recess, and two or three seats and kneeling-benches in front for the use of the faithful, and on one side a caution written up against injuring the image. These things make a strange impression on the mind on renewing acquaintance with them, especially on one from a country where symbolic aids to religion have lost their significance. If the inclination to pray be as ample in Tyrol as the means and appliances, we may expect to see a people prospering under the joint influence of work and worship ; but not if genuflexions count as devotion.

Near Dalaas I passed the path of the Christberg, where I should have descended, but for the mists that still shrouded the upper half of the mountain. The village, traversed by the Alfenz, stands, surrounded by a wild kind of beauty, on the lower slope of the Adlerberg. I dined on bread, cheese, and beer for twelve kreutzers. Had the amount been florins, the hostess could not have expressed greater thankfulness; for, as

* Which may be rendered :

Such the guests are that I like,
 Who with friendly talking
 Eat and drink, and pay their score—
 Then off in peace go walking.

she said, travellers were comparatively few since the completion of the railway to Munich. The *Innsbruck Bregenzer Post Stellwagen* arriving as I finished, I rode the next stage to Stuben, up-hill all the way, and the pace slow enough for observation of the changing scenery, of which rocks, firs, and waterfalls, and the rude little village of Klosterle, form the chief features. Stuben, which we came to after a three hours' ride, harmonizes well with its still wilder neighbourhood. It has many public-houses, for here the ascent of the mountain begins in earnest, and wagoners are thirsty. I walked on without delay between the two massive bastion-like piles of masonry at the end of the village, built to ward off avalanches, which in certain seasons rush threateningly from the slopes above. Then taking a short cut to avoid the zigzag, I scrambled up on the road at a point where it commands Stuben, the valley below, and a deep ravine on the right, bridged in many places by large banks of dirty snow, under which roared a muddy torrent. Here the telegraph poles are of large size, some a foot in diameter, the better to defy the wild weather of the mountains. Wherever possible the wire is stretched in a direct line up the steep, and across the hollows, avoiding the deviations of the road. A Latin inscription on the face of the limestone cliff out of which the highway is hewn, records its completion in 1787, after four years of hewing and blasting. The zigzags once passed, the ascent is long and easy across a bleak, dreary-looking region, heaved here and there into rocky ridges, dark with heath and mosses. A few

patches of brighter vegetation appear in the hollows, and cold white peaks are seen afar; but the general aspect is melancholy, which even the half-dozen houses and a little *Wirthshaus* fail to relieve.

Beyond this, the snow lay in many places twenty feet deep, cut away perpendicular as a wall by the road-side to keep the thoroughfare open. Men are continually employed in clearing and repairing; for besides the snow, every rain brings down great stones and heaps of mud and gravel upon the road, at times with injury to passing travellers. Two labourers were busy clearing away the falls that had come down from a steep slope on the right during the morning; hastily shovelling off the lighter portions, so that at least one-half of the road might be free. Each wore a rough uniform, and a long canvas apron, with a bib drawn nearly up to the throat; and both had that serious, almost solemn look, which to your surprise you find to be the characteristic expression of the Tyrolese. The notion certainly prevails that they are a joyous, music-and-song-loving people; but if so, the vivacity lies so deep below the surface as to escape observation, even on close acquaintance. The men told me they were always at work, winter and summer, keeping the way open, for fifteen florins a month; out of which they have to live, and find their own clothes. In some districts they are allowed to cut the grass by the road-side, and sell or use it as fodder. But for the bitter winter, said the men, they would be well content; and though not easy to provide all that was wanted for the cold season out of

small wages, they preferred steady labour to migration. To a remark I made as to the great quantity of snow still lying, they replied that the various falls during the past winter amounted altogether to seventy-two feet.

Presently a broad hollow opens, the road still gently rising, and the views around widen. The sky had now cleared, the breeze came fresh and lively, and on either hand swelled a chorus of many waters, under which inspiring influences I stepped briskly onwards, and soon reached the summit, 6200 feet above the sea. Here stand, on one side, a tall crucifix, on the other two more of the striped posts: *Kreisgericht Feldkirch*—*Kreisgericht Oberinntal*, and passing these you leave the Vorarlberg and enter Tyrol. The descent begins at once; becomes rapid, and in a few minutes you are in the little hamlet of St. Christof—some half-dozen houses and a chapel.

Here it was that Heinrich Findelkind, a foundling herdboy, erected a Hospice for the benefit of travellers in 1386. The sight of the dead bodies of those who had perished in the snow, lying with their flesh torn by birds of prey, so affected him, that he devoted himself for the rest of his life to the rescue of wayfarers. Beginning with only fifteen florins, ten years' savings, he saved seven lives the first winter; and then travelling on foot to collect alms, he returned with sufficient to carry his pious design into execution, and to maintain it afterwards. Fifty individuals owed their lives to his self-denying labours, of which the memory has been preserved in chronicle and ballad.

As if to heighten the pleasure of going down, the scenery is no longer bald and dreary, as on the ascent. Now all the tiny threads of water mingling with the stream of the infant Rosanna, which will be our companion for the morrow, are running away to the Inn and the dark rolling Danube. Then scattered firs; anon clumps, expanding a little lower into forests; and masses of alpine rhododendron, and thousands of flowers, among which a profusion of cowslips, buttercups, and forget-me-nots. And ever the grand mountain country beyond opening into a glorious landscape; wild gorges; snow-streaked, weatherbeaten peaks, glowing with the ruddy beam from the west; and torrents plunging down the hill-sides, leaping from crag to crag in swift surges of foam. There, before me, lay the beauty and glory of the mountains; the sights and sounds which, once seen and heard, are never forgotten. I was fain to sit down a while, and give myself up to the joy and the charm of renewed impressions.

Higher rise the slopes on either hand as the road descends with sudden windings into the Stanzerthal, where each turn reveals a broader section of the valley, patched here and there with sward of so bright a green that it seems to shine amid the dark masses of firs, and gives you at the threshold a characteristic of the scenery of Tyrol. Without these verdant spots, the aspect of the forest would be oppressively melancholy.

Still down. Another bend, and there is the rickety-looking village of St. Anton, where the Post offers a comfortable resting-place. *Gasthof zur Gemse* and *Al-*

bergo alla Camozza inform the traveller, in two languages, that here is the sign of the *Chamois*. The *Kellnerinn* lost no time in placing before me a small loaf and a *Halbe* of beer, that I might have something to amuse myself with while waiting for supper: a Tyrolese practice, not unacceptable to the hungry or impatient wayfarer. Then followed soup, fricaseed veal, and potatoes, all excellent; the nimble maiden wishing me "the best of appetite." I began with veal at Stuttgart, and scarcely any other meat could I get for three weeks. *Kalbsbraten* was the cry everywhere. The bread, being sprinkled with caraways and aniseed, has a peculiar and not very agreeable flavour. Up-stairs I found another kind of excellence—a bedroom with walls, floor, and furniture all of pine; the coverlids and pillows of a large scarlet and white chequer pattern, and all beautifully clean. The roaring *Rosanna* lulled me to sleep with a noise that I was to hear for many nights to come.

The next morning, Sunday, while waiting at the door for my cup of coffee, I saw the villagers going to six o'clock mass. Scarcely a soul remained at home; and as all were dressed in their best, notwithstanding the early hour, there was a display of costume. The conical and globular caps, fluffy steeple-crowned hats, and red stockings distinguish the women; the men wear a broad band round their hats, terminating in a gold fringe and tassel; velveteen breeches, bright blue stockings, or trousers made of leather below the knee, and ornamental waistcoats, with the suspenders outside,

curiously embroidered. Tall, stalwart fellows, most of them; manly-looking men, of serious countenance, arched eyebrows, and sunburnt complexion. It was quite refreshing to have got into a region where Paris fashions are not yet submitted to.

The church, when I passed shortly afterwards, was thronged, and many were grouped bareheaded round the doors. I took off my cap, and stood with them for a while. Nearly all had books, and seemed devoutly attentive; when all at once a litany was struck up, which produced a perfect gabble, men and women alternately. The men, gruff and inarticulate, I could not understand; the women's part began every time with "*Heilige Maria*"—Holy Mary—and ended with "*Sterbestund*"—hour of death; and curious was the effect in the successive repetitions by the different voices. And all the while there came the fitful roar of a fall from the other side of the valley: some notes of Nature's eternal psalm mingling with the hum of human worship.

It is delightful walking down a valley on a breezy morning, when the sun shines brightly, and grass and flowers and drooping branches twinkle with dewdrops, and the damp shadows slant across the road, and the sky rounds the landscape in with a blue deeper and more transparent than we ever see overhead in our own island-home. The trees increase in number and variety; cultivation becomes more fruitful; the river widens and brawls down a succession of rapids and cascades, where in places the rocky sides come so near together as to

leave space only for the road. Now a hamlet; now a village; now a few scattered hovels, and meadows in which the impaled haycocks look like tall beehives. Log-houses are numerous at Petnen, and the few cottages built of stone are painted at the corners to represent the ends of logs piled one above another. Nearly every mile you see a crucifix by the road-side; and small pictures set up on a short staff level with the eye are frequent. On the first of these was a woman kneeling before an angel, who responds (literally)—

O wanderer! stand thou still.
Hear what I of thee will.

Farther on, in an oratory, there is a painting, the lower half of which represents a sea of flames tossing two men and two women, who, with clasped hands and agonized look, call on the Christ seen above, "Ah! help us, we pray thee, O Friend!"

I met scarcely a soul during the two hours' walk to Flirsch. Here the nine o'clock mass was going on, and I joined the throng round the church-door, who stood listening in profound silence to a prayer. No sooner was it concluded than a lively polka was commenced on the organ and kept up for ten minutes; and uncommonly well played too, considering the instrument. I could see a slight sympathetic movement in the crowd keeping time with the sprightly cadence, which, judging by their composure, was quite a matter of course, though to me such an interlude in a church service was a surprise. Then for five minutes the

priest intoned, with organ responses, and a long prayer followed. I went on to breakfast at the *Post-house*, where, besides the sign of the *Grapes*, a handsome painting of the Virgin appears over the door, terminated by the words SUB TUUM PRESIDIUM. It was the first time I had seen such a religious demonstration on the part of an innkeeper. The open casements were covered with a screen of wire gauze, to keep out the flies, which hover about in such swarms as to be a real torment, especially while you are eating. The chairs and sofa, much too tall for me to sit on with comfort, were, perhaps, constructed only for natives, many of whom came in as soon as the mass was over, each one wishing me "a good appetite" as he entered. There were three services in the day, said the landlord, when we had talked a little, at six, nine, and one, the last a half-hour only; after which, "the people let another half-hour go by, and then they can go to the *Wirthshaus*, and play at cards or ninepins for all the rest of the day." Here, at all events, the Sunday question appeared to be settled.

Going on again, I met a train of the long, narrow wagons drawn by six or eight horses each, which carry on the "goods traffic" of the country, from the plains of Italy to the German frontier, crossing the Adlerberg and the Brenner, creeping laboriously up the hills, and checked on the descent by the powerful break which is made to press on the two hind wheels. The cogged wheels and winch that regulate the pressure are kept in good working order, for Tyrolese hills are not to be

trified with. Some of the winches have handles of highly polished brass. In the most critical places, indicated by a shoe painted on a white board by the roadside, the drag is used as well as the break.

On the walls of many of the cottages you see a rudely-drawn outline of a fiddle and bow—a sign that within are manufactured those cheap violins which are sold all over Europe, if not all over the world, for a few shillings. Employment for the long, cheerless winter months. In some of the villages on the Bavarian frontier there are factories where the instruments are fabricated in large numbers.

The Rosanna, which we saw yesterday a wimpling brook, is here a thundering cataract, heard afar. Down it shoots to a hundred feet below the road, there to meet an island and hiss and rage in deeper plunges. A torrent leaps in on the right, falling on a rock from which it rebounds in a graceful foaming curve to the river. I sat down under the shade of a clump of firs opposite to gaze on a scene that fascinated the eye as well as the ear; and gratified another sense by the wild strawberries that grew plentifully on the bank. There is something to me inexpressibly refreshing in the mighty roar of a river after months of the roar of a great city.

Next we come to the ruined castle of Wiesberg crowning a steep hill at the entrance of the Paznaunenthal, where our noisy river's impetuosity is quickened by the pouring in of the rapid Trisanna. The Paznaun valley down which it flows is the route I should have followed had I crossed the Zeinis from the Montavoner-

thal. The road, lying deep under tall cliffs and precipitous slopes, is said to be dangerous in places during rainy weather. Your eye will trace its windings for a short distance along the rugged side of the wooded defile ; and the sight will, perhaps, inspire you with a wish to explore it. Among other peculiarities you would see in the bone-house of the church at Ischgl—the chief place of the valley—rows of skulls, with the names of the former owners printed on the forehead in gold letters. To get to the castle you must descend a steep path and mount a steeper, and then, though you have a new and striking point of view, you will find but little of interest in the ancient building. Part of it is tenanted by a peasant family, who cultivate their garden under the walls.

Now the two streams united form the Sanna, rushing along deep below the road. Another mile, and at a sudden bend round an overhanging crag, you get a glorious view for miles down the valley of the Inn—mountain beyond mountain on either hand, and the magnificent cone of the Tschurgant rising in the central distance, where brilliant snowy peaks shoot from cloud-like masses of red and purple—one of those scenes that become a part of your being for ever.

“ I feel the heart within me dance and sing
Oft as at morn I see the mountains blue.”

And the valley itself is a picture : villages, houses, and churches scattered along its floor or perched on the slopes, among pear and apple orchards, thickets and

hedges of blushing barberry, and broad fields of maize, all basking in the genial sunshine. The river, too, leaving its fury behind, flows through the rich pastures with a sobered current to join the Inn a few miles below.

On through this cheerful landscape, and another hour brings you to Landeck, a large village, which, with its signs of life and fifteen hundred inhabitants, might pretend to be a town. While crossing the Inn, which here comes rushing down from Finstermünz and the Engadine, you see the castles of Kronburg, Landeck, and Schrofenstein, and the steep wooded heights which make the situation picturesque. Around here, too, are historical sites, as we shall presently discover, of lasting interest: consecrated to liberty by the blood of the patriot.

The *Post* was thronged with guests and swarming with flies: the walls and floor of the first two rooms I entered were literally black with the familiar insects, which buzzed unmolested about the faces of the peasants and villagers who sat drinking. Two o'clock had struck, and now they (the men) were free to enjoy themselves if they could. The landlord beckoned me into an inner room, where but a faint gleam of daylight being admitted it was possible to dine without irritation. While resting here for three hours till the fierce heat had somewhat abated, I read in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* an account of the riots in Hyde Park on the previous Sunday; and was not a little amused at the grave conclusions, the boding tokens which the German editor

drew from that demonstration in favour of fair-play on the part of the Londoners. The downfall of England could not be otherwise than imminent. The editor of a Trieste paper, in his remarks on the question, recommended British statesmen to think about lessening the wide interval which separates the highest and lowest classes of those for whom they legislate ; and held up the social usages of Austria as a pattern. The Sunday's recreation in the Prater, where distinction of class is all but imperceptible, compensates the people of Vienna for their week's labour. What said Goethe?—

"Tages Arbeit, Abends Gäste,
Saure Woche, frohe Feste."

The zealous writer chose to ignore the insurrection of those same happy people of Vienna not so very many years ago; as also the abundant means offered to the working-classes in England for their elevation, and which they care not to use. If the many are unwilling, the few alone cannot remove social distinctions.

But this is a digression. I took a stroll through the village: all the population seemed to be out of doors, grouped, wherever house or tree threw a shadow; children frolicking, women laughing and chatting, men smoking, and watching the ninepin players. A few white-headed patriarchs sat apart and smoked their pipes with long-drawn puffs, that disturbed not their repose. The church stands on a pleasant eminence, and tells you its history in a few paintings on the walls. Six hundred years ago, two children were carried off by a

bear and a wolf; the affrighted parents ran with agonizing supplications to "Our Lady of the darksome forest," who was then worshipped on this spot, and vowed to build thereon a church, if she listened to their prayers. Their beseeching was not in vain, for the animals brought back the children, and dropped them unharmed before their father and mother. So a little church was built, and pilgrims came to it for many years, until it was replaced in 1506 by the present edifice.

One day, in 1415, an aged wandering minstrel tottered into Landeck, and placing his harp under the lime-trees near the church, he drew his fingers sadly across the strings. Though in beggar's garb his mien is noble: his ragged cloak and hoary locks excite pity. The villagers gather round him. He strikes with a firmer hand, and begins to sing of a land where the mountains rise aloft in glory, where the valleys teem with abundance, where the peasant and his field were once alike free, but where, through strife and feud, both people and land are now enslaved. Their prince a fugitive and a beggar, wanders in obscurity. Then, changing his mood: "Shall such things be?" he sings amain; "as of yore, O people, arise! Awake, fatherland, awake!"

"The old man sang. Then circled gladly,
From ear to ear a whispered name;
While paused the gray old harper sadly
Who kindled up the eager flame.
And thinking on their own oppression,
They grasp their sword, and clench their hand:
And all demand with fierce expression—
Name thou the prince, and name the land!"

"And shall I name the land—the nation?
Do not your hearts within you speak,
Nor feel the shame of desecration
Burn in the soil, and in your cheek?
And name the prince? Behold the singer!
Look in his eye!—in tattered stole
Before you stands—can doubt yet linger?
A beggar—Friedrich von Tirol."*

The minstrel was the same Frederick whom we read of at Bludenz; his contemporaries knew him, and he is still remembered as Friedrich Empty-pocket; but the people loved him well, and soon after the incident recorded in the song, he was seated at Innsbruck, Duke of Tyrol in reality as well as name.

Some of the footpaths winding away into the woods look inviting; one must not, however, attempt too much when the thermometer marks 90°. But for that, I should have climbed up to the Schrofenstein for the sake of the view. There was once wine of four hundred years old in the cellar, which the visitor was permitted to taste as a reward for his labour; but the uninvited Bavarians drank all that was left some fifty years ago.

* Otte tells the whole story in the ballad commencing "*Zu Landeck tritt, die Harf' im Arme.*"



CHAPTER IV.

The Upper Inn Valley—Pious Salute—A Gap in the Road—Memorials of Calamity—Twilight—The Pontlatzer Bridge—A Reminiscence of 1703—An Ambuscade—The War of Independence—A National Football—Scandalous Usage—The Cow-heads—An Insurrection—Ways and Means—Preparations for the Enemy—"T is time"—The Outbreak—Capture of Innsbruck—Enthusiastic Triumph of the Peasants—Restoration of Plunder—The Enemy again—New Efforts—Another Triumph—The Fatal Pass—A Detachment made Prisoners—Prutz—Ried—Sunday Evening Guests—Tüsens—Work and Wages—Price of Land—"What shall I do with the Sheep?"—Pfunds—Leisurely Travelling—A New Road—The Lofty Arch—Pass of Finstermünz—Grand Scenery—A Torrent of Stones—The Fortress—Nauders—A Cabinet-maker—The Blind Sculptor—Naudersburg—The Snowy Summits—Ober Vintschgau—Source of the Etsch—Many Crucifixes—A Crown of Thorns—A Friar—The Yellow *Wirthshaus*—A Tramping Tailor—Prayer before Supper—The Ortler Spitz.

THREE great highways meet at Landeck, from Bregenz, Innsbruck, and Milan. I took the latter, and started at six in the evening to walk another stage. The road, hewn out of the rocks which form the right bank of the Inn, runs close to the river, an almost uninterrupted ascent for miles. On the ledges high above my head I could see narrow footpaths, short cuts to the mountain pastures; and in the War of Independence in 1809, for swift-footed scouts and messengers. We shall come ere long to the scenes of heroic struggles.

Most of the Tyrolese valleys are narrow, not a musket-shot in width, as invaders have often found to their cost, and this of the Upper Inn is no exception; the crags in many places overhang the river. The signs of human life and habitation are too few to relieve the gloomy pine woods and savage cliffs; the cots and small patches of meadow seem rather to heighten the solitude. A woman who was washing her supper-salad in a spring, saluted me with "*Gelobt sei Jesus Christus*,"* as I passed, to which I answered, "Good evening," not having then learnt that the proper response would be, "*In Ewigkeit, Amen*."† Many times was I greeted with the same salutation afterwards.

In one place the furious river had washed out a huge morsel the whole width of the road, and a breakwater constructed of branches and logs, hastily felled on the heights above, had been put down to prevent further mischief. The thoroughfare was kept open by a track scooped out from the slope above, an awkward place to come upon after dark. The memory of accidents is preserved by little pictures fastened to the rock or a stake. One informs you of a death from a falling tree, another by drowning, and you see the effigies of the men on their knees, with green jackets, broad belts, velveteen breeches, and blue stockings, precisely as in life.

There was yet light enough for me to see the view up and down the valley, when I came to the statue of the Bohemian saint, John of Nepomuck, which stands at a

* Praised be Jesus Christ.

† For ever and ever, Amen.

commanding point. Mighty peaks were in sight, all aglow as they watched the sunset. Twilight came on rapidly, deepening the gloom beneath the fir-trees almost to darkness; and in the evening silence, the roar of the river became impressive. The scene and the circumstances alike disposed to thoughtfulness.

At the Pontlatzer bridge, the road, stopped by the wall of rock, crosses to the left bank. As I leant for a few minutes, looking from side to side, and down at the swift stream, I saw how well the wild spot is suited for defence. When, in 1703, the Elector Maximilian Emanuel sent a detachment of three hundred men, French dragoons and Bavarian grenadiers, with despatches for Marshal de Vendôme in Italy, they found, on arriving at this grim gateway, no means of crossing. Six hundred brave peasants, forewarned by the warden of a neighbouring village, had carried away the bridge, and converted it into a breastwork on the hill-side. "Treason!" cried the Marquis de Novion, forced to halt with his troop, and commanded a retreat. But it was too late. The Tyrolese, firing from behind the breastwork and the crags overlooking the place, brought down an enemy at every shot; and trees, rocks, and volleys of stones hurled from the heights, swept numbers into the river. Soon more than half of the three hundred were slain and drowned, and the rest finding their retreat so rudely harassed, fell on their knees and begged for quarter. They declared afterwards, that half a dozen engagements in the open field would have been less to be dreaded than such another skirmish. The mar-

quis, with some of his lieutenants and a score of men, succeeded in escaping from the fray, and rode with loose rein back through Landeck to cross the Inn at Zams. But there also the bridge had been removed, and the fugitives were made prisoners. This was one of the most noteworthy events of a campaign which purged Tyrol of its invaders. The affair having been planned at Landeck, the village has been named by a patriotic writer the Tyrolese Grütli. A golden beaker is still preserved and used on memorable occasions, which Kaiser Leopold presented to the Landeckers in acknowledgment of their energetic proceedings.

Again, within the present century, did this valley of the Inn prove fatal to the invader, the first success being as it were but the rehearsal of a second on a greater scale. The struggle for freedom in 1809, with its fierce enthusiasm and heroic incidents, its triumphs and disasters, appeals strongly to the sympathies of all who hold liberty as their birthright. Let us, while pacing slowly along the bank of the darkening river, recall a few passages to memory.

Tyrol, sharing the fate of some other small states, has often been treated as a football by its powerful neighbours, but has always remained devotedly loyal to Austria. When Napoleon was playing his great game with king and kaiser, he thought for a moment of uniting the mountain province with Switzerland; but by the treaty of Presburg, in 1805, Tyrol was once more, and for the third time, kicked over to Bavaria,

whose rule was the more hated at each return; and the land was occupied by French and Bavarian troops. The latter outraged the sensibilities of the Tyrolese on the tenderest points—their faith and usages: they suppressed monasteries and confiscated the revenues. Hofstetten, who stormed the Capuchin convent at Meran, once walked into church with his hat on and smoking his pipe; and at an auction of the sacred vessels and vestments, he hung the chasuble on the backs of Jews, and chased them round the room with his cane, and defiled the chalice in a way not to be mentioned. He invited priests to breakfast, and scandalized them by his debaucheries. Murmurs were checked by wanton military executions, or transportation to Elba; and the usurpers boasted that a few squadrons sufficed to keep down the whole people.

Grim feelings began to rankle. The Tyrolese peasantry thought it time to trust to themselves, for nobles and famous captains had been unable to stay the conqueror. With good commanders, said the plainspoken mountain-folk, the case would have been different; and hearing the numerous names of officers ending in *vich*—Davidovich, Poppovich, Quosdanovich, and others—they cried, playing on the word *vich*, “In Heaven’s name, another *cow*! We shall have nothing but cow-heads.” At length, in 1808, when Napoleon had the war in the Peninsula on his hands, an insurrection was organized. Tyrol would again strike a blow and offer herself as a bulwark for Austria:

*"In unsern Bergen wächst ein Baum,
Heißt Treu' für Gott und Kaiser,
Da bricht Tirol zum Ehrenkranz,
Die immergrünen Reiser,"*

sang the people, with blind attachment.

The rising once planned, means were forthwith taken to insure its success. Every Austrian province lent troops and promised reserves. Spirit-stirring songs were written and distributed; a South-German Plutarch was published; and scarce a valley but put forward a leader. None were traitors; but any among the peasants known to be indiscreet, or to talk in their cups, were sent away to the mountain châteaux. In defiance of the Bavarian law, the number of public-houses was increased, as tavern-keepers could lay in stores and forage without exciting undue suspicion; and so considerable supplies of powder and lead were provided. Hofer and other leaders had money conveyed to them for keeping up the Sunday shooting-matches. Trusty messengers who knew all the paths from valley to valley were appointed. Dwellers near streams had to maintain roads and bridges to facilitate the passage of Austrian troops, and were furnished with tools to break down and destroy when the enemy appeared. Others had charge of the beacon-fires, and of the signals to be conveyed by throwing blood, or charcoal, or sawdust into the rivers. The completion of the arrangements was favoured by the unanimity of the people; the cause was national, and their courage rose in proportion


to the danger. The old Teutonic spirit woke up—brave in the hour of trial and stubborn to resist. So well was the secret kept that many of the highest Austrian functionaries knew nothing of it till the outbreak took place; and when everything was planned, the peasants returned to their houses, and wintered their cattle, waiting in quiet the moment for action.

Tyrol being one great network of defiles, ravines, gorges, and valleys, each of which has its torrent or river, and a road or path shifting from side to side, is possessed of formidable capabilities for offensive or defensive war. From Bavaria it is comparatively easy for an enemy to penetrate as far as Innsbruck, but not farther. The valley of the Drave, or Pusterthal, is the main approach from Carinthia, and that of the Adige from Italy. Unless an invader can keep his communications open from one to the other, he can have no assurance of conquest.

The preparations were recommenced with the earliest melting of the snow in 1809. Mountain passes were fortified in such a way as experience in daily conflict with rude nature had shown to be the best. Wherever a blow could be successfully struck, there breastworks of logs and stakes filled in with earth and moss were constructed on the heights, and large stones laid on the top ready to be pushed over at the critical moment: an operation frequently left to women and children, while the men harassed the enemy by their unerring rifles. Large flats of wicker-work filled with stones were balanced on the edges of cliffs, where, by the chopping of

the withes that held them, they tilted up and discharged their contents. Tree-stems, piled three or four together in places overlooking the road, were similarly prepared; and slides, such as those used for sending down timber from the slopes inaccessible by roads, were now employed for the deadly purposes of war. Built to command important points, a bridge, for example, or the bend of a gorge, and kept watered by a rill streaming from top to bottom, trunks of pines or rocks could be shot down them with incredible velocity; and thus an appliance of industry became a formidable means of thinning the enemy's ranks. In this way the bridge at the entrance of the Zillerthal was menaced; and of the huge pile of stems felled in readiness, three were placed in the slide held only by a wedge till the word was given to let go. The crash, the whirl, and rushing uproar of such missiles struck dismay into the troops on whose heads they descended. Cannon-balls were less terrible.

On the night of the 9th of April a division of Austrian troops began to advance along the valley of the Drave: fires blazed on the hill-tops, and bells pealing from one end of the land to the other, announced the day of deliverance. The march of the troops was an ovation; thousands thronged to hail their approach, waving green branches; women held their children aloft to see the warriors, and many rushed forward to kiss their horses or their boots. Proclamations were scattered broadcast in every valley; and women and children carried little billets from house to house, on



which were written the significant words, “’s ist Zeit” —’Tis time. The men of the Passeyrthal gathered round their *Sandwirth*, Hofer, and marched five thousand strong over the Jauffen, to intercept the foe on his way from Brixen to the Brenner. The peasants came down on Sterzing Moss, pushing wagons laden with hay before them, from behind which they picked off the Bavarian gunners and officers, and forced a battalion to lay down their arms. A girl who tended one of the wagons danced and capered at every shot, crying, “Fear not the Bavarian smoke-pellets!” Not a man but showed himself fearless and elevated under the influence of the sentiment—

“ Who for fatherland die
Their souls are on high.”

On the 10th of April, sawdust and blood, and small boards decked with the national flag, were seen floating on the river Inn, and the people of the valley flew to arms. The Bavarians began to feel uneasy; and orders were issued from their head-quarters in Innsbruck to shoot on the spot all persons found armed, and to burn down any village that showed signs of discontent. A dozen or two of executions, they thought, would strike a wholesome terror, and show who was master in the land. On the morning of the 11th, all the heights round Innsbruck were occupied by fifteen thousand peasants, who drove in the Bavarian pickets, and resolutely advancing the next day, seized the bridge and suburbs, hemming in the enemy with a deadly fire. Wild with excitement,

they shouted the pig-call to the Bavarians, and replied to their cannon-shots by waving of hats, leaping, and singing. From every roof and tower they fired down on the detested invaders; and watching their opportunity, made a sudden rush and captured the cannon. At nine o'clock they were in the city, and by noon the fighting was over. In less than forty-eight hours after the publication of those orders which were to convince the people of their folly in mistrusting a "friendly" neighbour, the city capitulated, and eight thousand French and Bavarians laying down their arms, surrendered at discretion, with their eagles, their colours, and munitions of war; while of the Tyrolese there were but twenty-six killed and forty-two wounded. The cavalry took to flight, but were stopped and made prisoners by Speckbacher in the meadows near Hall. Dittfurt, the Bavarian commander, fell mortally wounded, his dying moments exasperated by hearing that the Tyrolese had no leader. "All had alike fought for God, the emperor, and fatherland," was the answer to his inquiry: "one for all, and all for one." He remained incredulous, affirming that he had seen the peasant chief mounted on a white horse; and the news of this hallucination spreading among the people, they believed that St. Jacob, the patron saint of Innsbruck, had fought for them, and could hardly contain their enthusiasm.

The city was no sooner won than the peasants, hastening to the Court Church, took down the Austrian eagle from Maximilian's tomb, tied a red riband round its neck, and set it up in triumph on the Post-bureau of

the Taxis palace. Hundreds thronged to kiss "the dear old bird," with tears in their eyes, and happy was he who could prolong his embrace. Their joy became extravagant: they leaped, shouted, danced, and fired volley on volley of musketry. They found the portraits of the Emperor—*Franzl*—and of the Archduke John—*Hannes*—and testified their love and loyalty by equally noisy demonstrations at sight of the venerated features. They assembled in front of the Imperial Palace, and shot down the Bavarian lion from over the entrance; and wherever the blue and white stripes were seen, the colours of the hated invaders, painters were set to cover them with the Imperial black and yellow. And then, to celebrate their victory, having no other instruments than two fifes, two fiddles, two rusty iron pot-lids for cymbals, and a few Jews'-harps, the Bavarian band were made to play triumphal music over their own defeat.

From all parts of the country came news of success; and the discovery that Napoleon's eagles could be conquered, was as much a cause of wonder as of exultation. A panic seized the enemy. Women, one of whom carried a captured eagle on her hayfork, escorted a troop of French prisoners to Salzburg. Men could not be spared; for being the spring season, they had to hurry from the battle-field to the plough, and from tillage to skirmishing, with the briefest delay. It was a holy war, and for the people, who, spilling none but enemy's blood, would not disgrace their cause by the foul crimes of common hostilities. A few of the Innsbruck Jews were pillaged, and some other excesses committed

in the first burst of excitement ; but the plunder was in many cases restored. A peasant of Fulpmes, in the Stubay valley, carried off the heavy iron door of a Jew's strong-room, and with plodding endurance bore it to his home, a walk of fourteen hours. But the next day, on being reproved by the priest, he took the ponderous load again on his shoulders, and trudged patiently back to the place from whence he had taken it, and made restitution.

Kuffstein was the only place that remained in possession of the French at the end of April. But with the varying fortune of war, the Austrians were defeated at Worgl on the 13th of May, and on the 19th the Bavarians were again masters of Innsbruck. On the 31st they were once more driven out by the furious valour of the Tyrolese. In July, the diplomatic wires having been pulled, the armistice of Znaym was proclaimed, and the Austrian army withdrew from Tyrol. The peasantry, angered at the turn of affairs, resolved to trust to themselves : their mode of fighting was quite contrary to the tactics of troops of the line ; one impeded the other, and they always succeeded best when left to their own resources. They turned out thirty thousand strong, and chose Hofer leader by acclamation. From their mountain heights they watched every movement of the enemy in the valley below ; and by their knowledge of the country sometimes cut off detachments in two different valleys on the same day. The scouts would go out with a bag of maize on their shoulder for all provision ; if fire was to be had, they cooked it ;

if not, they ate it raw. They could sleep in a pine clump; under a rock; in a crevice—anywhere for the sake of faith and fatherland. Not a peasant would act as guide or spy for the invader; threats were tried in vain; some were shot or stabbed for their refusal. Old men and women, left alone in the houses, put on an air of great stupidity when questioned, and answered all inquiries by, "*I woass nit*"—I don't know.

On the last day of July, Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzig, rode into Innsbruck at the head of a French army. At once his communications with the south by the route of the Brenner were stopped; his best troops were crushed and shot down in the grim defiles of the valley of the Eisack. He himself failed to force the passage, and on the 13th, brought to bay at Berg Isel, he, with his army of 25,000, was defeated by 18,000 Tyrolese. Three times within four months did the peasantry drive out the invading legions, and regain possession of their capital.

It was during the fierce contests along the route of the Brenner, in August, that Lefebvre, disregarding the warning of the Bavarians, who had not forgotten their former disaster, resolved to send a detachment up the valley of the Inn, from thence to descend the Vintschgau, and fall on the rear of Hofer, who lay encamped near Sterzing. Burscheidt and Vassereau had the command; and on the afternoon of the 8th they passed the Pontlatzer bridge with a column of 1400 men—not ten thousand, as is commonly printed—and advanced towards Prutz, a village about a mile beyond.

Suddenly an alarm rang out from the church tower, and as the troops were crossing a meadow, about fifty peasants began to fire from the heights of Ladia. Storming parties were sent against them, and failed; for the keen marksmen picked them off as they approached. Meanwhile, women mounted the cliffs and hurled down stones; night came on; the guard left to secure the bridge was overpowered, and their gun captured; and advance or retreat was alike cut off. The troops bivouacked for the night in the meadow, and were preparing for further demonstrations the next morning, when the villagers, whose numbers had increased, out of patience with a desultory fire at long range, armed themselves with axes, clubs, spears, and scythe-blades, and charging suddenly while the sharpshooters poured in their fire, the enemy hoisted the white flags and surrendered—700 foot and 150 horse. Most of the staff officers had escaped at the first check, and retreated on the previous day, preceded by Vassereau himself, who was the first to carry the news of his defeat to Innsbruck. The total loss in killed and prisoners was twenty-five officers, twelve hundred men, and one hundred and seventy horses: the more remarkable when compared with the handful of peasants to whom it was due. Of all the ambuscades, however, that in the gorge of the Eisack was the most formidable and the most destructive, as may perhaps be explained when we arrive on the spot.

I traversed the fatal meadow, passed under the heights of Ladis—famed for medicinal springs—and crossed

the river once more at Prutz. Darkness hid the landscape; the frogs croaked; the wind blew chill; and deep and solemn sounded the roar of the stream through the evening's stillness as I walked on to Ried. On entering the *Post* the change was striking. The *Kellnerinn* showed me into a large room (the *Gasthammer*), where the long table was crowded with guests of both sexes, finishing their Sunday with a supper of cakes, bread, salad and sausages, beer and wine; all apparently in the best of spirits. A continual round of jokes and laughter was kept up, the ladies not less noisy than their companions. A dense cloud of tobacco-smoke filled the room nearly to the floor, and compelled me, in spite of my wish to see what was going on, to a hasty retreat, and I had to sup in my bedroom. Among the sacred emblems hanging on the wall, I was somewhat surprised to see three English engravings: *Betsy in Trouble*, *The Favourite Rabbit*, and *Tom and his Pidgeons*.

When I started the next morning the glaciers of the Kaunserthal glittered before me under a cloudless sky. The hills about here being bare, with a chalky aspect, there was nothing to relieve the already fervid heat, and I was tempted once to stray up a side valley to the shelter of a fir-wood. Near Tösens a gang of men were digging up large granite boulders from the road-side, to be used in the building of two new bridges at the end of the village, and with the usual friendly "*Guten Tag*" they asked me for news from the *Krim*. Their sympathies were not on the Muscovite side. Was it true, they inquired with some earnestness, that the

Russians had landed in England? and my answer, "Not true, nor likely to be," called forth a general "So! it yet goes well." Then we had a little talk about work and wages, in the course of which they came to the conclusion, by questions as to prices, that English workmen's savings would scarcely exceed their own. They did not think much of being able to buy meat and books: for reading there was no time, and for meat little need, seeing that they were strong and hearty without it. Some of their acquaintances had once emigrated to America, but sent home such very dismal accounts of their over-sea experiences, that no one felt inclined to follow. I did my best to confirm them in their attachment to fatherland, and cautioned them against seeking fortune beyond the Atlantic. The price of land about Tösens is forty-two kreutzers the klafter. The meadows yield two crops a year: the first in July, the second in September.

As an example of how little the thought of animal food is entertained over great part of the Continent, an incident may be mentioned that occurred to an English agriculturist travelling in Silesia. Observing the centre of a rye-field bare of crop, the soil apparently too light for grain, "Why," he inquired, "not try to grow turnips, and tread it into closer texture by feeding off with sheep?"

"I might do that," was the farmer's answer; "but what am I to do afterwards with the sheep?"

While I was eating my second breakfast at Pfunds, the *Stellwagen*, from Landeck, arrived, and though


ten had but just struck, all the passengers alighted to dine. They made themselves comfortable; for no impatient driver broke in upon them with a quick summons to start, and they ate, and talked, and took their ease, just as passengers did on the journey from London to Oxford a hundred years ago. To witness this was like getting a peep back into the olden time. And here, as in all the villages, the tradesmen's signs, with their pictures of heaped measures of meal, loaves of bread, candles, sausages, jugs, brushes, and so forth, appealing to the eye in a double sense, will remind you that a custom long past in England is yet present in Tyrol.

The broad open bridge beyond Pfunds shows you a good specimen of timber-work, and of the precautions taken against the destructive influences of weather. Even the beams on which the floor is laid are capped with small, neat shingles to throw off the drip. Now begins an interesting part of our walk. Leaving the old track, you cross to the new road, rising by a gradual slope to a considerable height above the river. Austria being so hilly a country, road-making in the hands of her engineers has perforce become a science, and this pass of the Finstermünz is an admirable example of their skill. Hewn and blasted for the most part out of a stubborn granite precipice, the evidence left on the exposed surfaces of the prodigious masses that have been removed offers you something to wonder at in the results of well-directed labour, as well as in the scenery. No pains are spared to ensure safety and durability. Wherever the soil is loose, a solid wall of

granite blocks is built up, and the slope above is reduced till its angle is no longer dangerous. The frequent springs are rendered harmless by drains, and a free passage is left for the torrents that rush down the ravines and chasms from the mountain above. While passing these you will observe corresponding gaps in the opposite hills.

Up, still up! the valley narrows; the roar of the river becomes less and less audible; the mighty cliff overhangs your head, and at last you come to a point where the projecting crags, pierced to open a passage, bestride the road as huge arched buttresses. If the cool spring which here tumbles into a basin does not tempt you to halt, the view will, embracing as it does the valley to the rear, its mountain-slopes striped by devious footpaths, and enlivened by human habitations nestling here and there among the trees, and the swift stream flashing and foaming along its tortuous channel.

Here the masons were still at work, finishing the parapet of a magnificent arch, bearing the date 1854 on its keystone, by which the road is carried across a wide ravine. The width (so the foreman told me) was ten klafters and a half, but he had forgotten the height, which, measuring by the eye, I judged to be about two hundred feet. At the fourth and last tunnel, or gallery, the hills rise precipitously, and are so near together that you may well fancy they have only sundered a few feet to leave a way for the river, of which, though so far aloft, you faintly hear the complaining as it chafes and plunges through the rocky barrier, to begin its course



of a hundred miles through Tyrol. You look down on the old road, the narrow covered bridge, the ancient tower and gateway, and the *Wirthshaus*, well known to travellers; and henceforth a thoroughfare used from the days of Kaiser Max will be neglected for the route which, avoiding the gulf and the difficulty of climbing out of it, commands the widest prospect. The scenery around is savagely grand. Peaks, crags, and wild mountain-slopes, broken by wilder gorges, frowning in spite of the sunshine, hem you in, and overawe you by their impressive features.

The road still rising makes another bend; another reach of the valley opens, and presently you come to a new and commodious tavern, three thousand feet above the sea level; and this, as the inscription over the door tells you, is *Hoch Finstermünz*. A large opening has been blasted in the rock to make room for the spacious outbuildings, and a garden is laid out on an artificial slope—with what success remains to be seen—for numerous are the visitors attracted by the fame of this grand Alpine defile.

A mile farther, and coming to where the road turns away from the valley of the Inn, looking up the course of the stream you feel tempted to follow the smugglers' footpaths to its recesses among the hills, and over into the Engadine, where you may hear the Romansch dialect spoken, and see lively demonstrations of Protestantism. We shall not be far from the frontier for the next day or two. I was brought to a halt at the turn by a continuous fall of roots, gravel, and large lumps of

rock upon the road, where they lay in heaps or bounded over the precipice. Something the matter on the mountain, I thought; but a boy seeing me approach, bade me stand still, blew a shrill whistle, and shouted a long-drawn, peculiar cry. The hill-slope was being reduced to a safe angle by a party of labourers, who on hearing the signal, paused in their task. The fall ceased, and passing on I saw them far above my head, with spade and mattock uplifted, and falling to work again before I was well out of danger. I could not linger to look at the torrent—misnamed the Stillebach—thundering down into the Inn, for a few yards farther there was another rapid fall of thin slabs of stone, of which some, lodged on the descent, were continually breaking loose and completing their leap.

Here the road leaves the valley by a rocky gorge: strong by Nature and the defences of the Austrian Government. A fortress, built partly in the living rock, with loopholed towers and embrasured walls, commands the pass in either direction. Whoever holds it is master of one of the most important lines of communication between the northern and southern provinces across the Central Alps. The Brenner route is equally well defended in the defiles near Brixen. The magazine is a chamber excavated out of the rock behind the masonry, where hostile shell or rocket can never penetrate. You see a sentry pacing up and down at the drawbridge, and groups of soldiers busy in the barracks and storehouses, or drinking at the canteen. All had on the light canvas coat which Austria, not

having a prejudice in favour of cloth, permits her troops to wear during the hot season.

I struck up the old road, and shortened the distance to Nauders by a mile. The village, with its three church spires, looks best at a distance, for there are log-houses and other rickety structures in its by-streets, pierced with dark passages leading to cattle-stalls in the rear. Seeing a cabinet-maker at work, I went in to have a chat with him. He could always earn a florin a day in summer, at times as much more as made seven florins in the week ; but in the winter trade was very dull, and he often went out woodcutting. It was easy to haul the logs home when snow lay on the ground. He rather liked going to church on Sunday, and never thought there was any harm in filling up the rest of the day with card-playing and ninepins. I found his tools of a very primitive form and construction, such as we see represented in the earliest of wood-engravings ; but his workmanship was of the soundest. Some of his contrivances for framing and glueing were more ingenious than any I have ever seen in England. And here we may remember that Nauders is not without celebrity for handicraft. Joseph Bartlmä Kleinhaus, a baker's son, born in 1774, lost his sight at the age of five by an attack of small-pox, which carried off seven of his brothers and sisters. To beguile his darksome hours the boy used to frequent a cabinet-maker's shop, where, in time, he succeeded in carving small wooden images, following a model by his sense of touch. In his thirteenth year he finished a

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crucifix that filled all who saw it with astonishment; and from that time he earned a slender livelihood by the sale of sacred images. Moved by religious feeling, he learned also to play the organ, and officiated occasionally as organist in the churches. Some of his carvings are preserved in the Ambras collection at Vienna, others at Chur and Brixen, and a few, in a decaying condition, yet stand by the wayside in different parts of the country.

On—the road still ascending—past the castle, Naudersburg; and soon a prospect opens in the rear that repays you every time you turn round to look at it—a throng of mountain-peaks, bronze, and purple, and silver. The valley widens, leaving room for meadows ruddy and golden with flowers, and watered by frolicsome streamlets, running away to the Inn. “Pleasant enough in summer!” said a road-mender; “but in winter!” His pay is three florins a week. So, for about two hours; and then, looking along the last slope of the road, there appeared above it a small silvery cone, which rose more and more into view; and, arrived on the top, I saw the giant range of the Alps glistening under the western sun. First the Laaser Spitz, then the Ortler Spitz, came into view, their towering forms from midway white with snow, outshining the clouds heaped up beyond with outlines borrowed from the mountains.

I was now on the dividing ridge, 4800 feet above the sea, gazing down upon the Ober Vintschgau, from whence the streams flow to the Adriatic. On the left rises a magnificent rocky cone that looks into the savage Oetzthal, from the roots of which the source of

the Etsch (Adige) bubbles up, and on the right the boundary hills of Switzerland. Ere long you cross a rill on the descent; it is the infant river hurrying to lose itself in the Reschen See, the first of three lakes, and to flow from the last, a considerable stream. At Nauders I had seen signs of getting nearer the South in an altar profusely gilt, and a Christ, too gory, as it seemed to me, to excite either a sorrowful or a devotional sentiment; and here, in the first little hamlet, I counted ten crucifixes scattered by the road-side—one to every two or three houses. At Graun, a village on the Mitter See, the Christ wears a formidable crown of thorns; the spines about five inches long. And presently there came along the road, with tonsured head and sandalled feet, and rosary hanging from the girdle of his brown serge gown, a Capuchin friar—the first real monk I had ever seen out of Charnwood Forest. He walked slowly, and looked up for a moment from his breviary to salute me as he passed. I could not help stopping to look back at him, and thought him well in keeping with the graven images.

At six o'clock I came to St. Valentine-on-the-Heath (*auf der Heide*), where the *Post*, from its colour, is known as the *gelbe*, or yellow, *Wirthshaus*. The entertainment is poor; but after my walk I was not disposed to be fastidious. A tailor sat in one corner of the room, busy over a boy's suit, and eating his supper of bread, cheese, and beer without pausing in his work. He tramps the parish from house to house, staying wherever his services are required, and earns about fifteen kreutzers a day besides his food. The hostess,

inclining to be talkative, plied me with questions concerning my history and intentions, and was hard to satisfy. Presently a smoking bowl was brought in, containing her children's supper. The three boys ranged themselves in front of the crucifix, gabbled a prayer, during which the youngest, who would look round at the tailor, was pulled round to face the image by the eldest, and before the last words were off their tongues they made the sign of the cross and hurried to the table, where each one dipping his spoon into the savoury stew, the bowl was speedily cleared.

From the window I looked out on the Heath (*Hoad* in the vernacular), the third lake — Heider See — and a waterfall tumbling down the opposite hills: a tame scene. From Reschen to St. Valentine the road is comparatively level, passing large swamps, beds of reeds, and damp pastures, where the numerous bells of grazing herds make a musical clang in the distance. But, looking southwards, there was the Ortler Spitz full in view. I sat long scanning its snowy features through my telescope. Every minute the shadows altered as the sun sank lower; and horrid gulfs, and grim icy caverns and shelving wastes were in turn revealed as they caught the light; and I could scarcely repress a shudder at this distant exploration of the realms of death. At length I was glad to put away the glass, and watch the mighty cone as it came out cold and gray against the evening sky. I gazed with the more curiosity, as my morrow's walk would bring me upon its base.


CHAPTER V.

The severe Winter—Terrible Consequences—The Road swept away—The Flood—The Flowery Heath—Burgeis—Havoc in the Village—A horrid Gap—Busy Villagers—Loss and Suffering—Five Bridges carried away—Succours—Mals—A symbolical Fountain—The Virgin and seven Daggers—The Kitchen—Things in the Churchyard—View from the Hill—*Helf-mir-Gott*—A Murderous Battle—Glurns—Remains of the Flood—Lichtenberg—The cheapest Land—An Avalanche of Mud—Meadows overwhelmed—Agums—Industrious Peasants—Brad—The great Road of the Stelvio—A furious Stream—Gaps in the Road—Sullen Scenery—Stilfs—Gendarmes—Gomagoi—Landslips—Zig-zags—Madatsch Spitz—Trafoi—The Two Officers—The World's End—Sociability.

THE winter of 1854-5 was as long and severe on the Continent as in England, with extraordinary falls of snow ; and when the frost broke up, the torrents and rivers, swollen to an unusual height, tore open new channels, and ravaged the country along their banks for miles. The havoc in some parts of the mountain lands was terrible, and, following close upon the vine-disease, proved doubly calamitous to the inhabitants. What I had seen in the valley of the Inn was nothing, compared with the ruin that brought me to a sudden stand at the foot of the lake, shortly after leaving the *Yellow Wirthshaus*.

Where there should have been a road and a bridge, yawned a horrid gap, with the Etsch dashing and sprawling after its own unruly will among the stones. On this side and that fell the ragged ends of the highway, some twenty feet perpendicular, and a hundred feet apart : all between was clean gone. Only three weeks before, a rush of water from the melting snows on the mountains swept down the valley from lake to lake, fed by numerous tributaries on the way, and accumulating in the third till the dam and sluices, become weak and useless from long neglect, gave way, out burst the mighty flood, carrying terror and devastation for miles. The huge gap—on which I stood looking, amazed at the power of running water—was but the beginning, the first trial of strength in a career that soon proved more destructive.

I found a footpath leading to Mals across the Heath, as it is called, though carpeted everywhere with luxuriant grass, so thickly strewn with flowers that no garden could be more gratifying to the eye. Many were the handfuls I gathered to carry for a while, inhale their fragrance, and then fling them away for others that seemed fresher and fairer. But there, on the right, were the signs of havoc ; bits of the road curving in the hollows at the hill-foot, looking very forlorn, with only two or three of the granite posts left standing of the once continuous fence ; and the little torrents, no longer under the discipline of drains, now spread themselves out, run-
thithersoever they would, giving finishing touches
mischief.



Turning aside towards the graceful and slender church spire of Burgeis, I mounted a slope, and there was the gap again: but what a scene of ruin! This village was the first to feel the shock of the flood, and with lamentable consequences, as was still but too apparent. Full fifty feet deep and a hundred yards wide, the gap itself presented a sight, of which it would be difficult to form an idea—a very chaos of mud, sand and gravel, pebbles, rocks and boulders; here and there a heap of weeds, or a shattered tree, with its roots bleaching in the sun. Gathering strength in its run of two miles, the furious torrent had swept straight through the solid earth as if it had been straw, and left a measure of the waste in the tall cliffs standing on either side.

Military engineers were at work with their theodolites and red and white signals, measuring the extent of the damage; gangs of labourers were busy opening a new road on the Heath above; and the villagers, men, women, and children, were re-establishing the communication across the gap. Forty-nine houses, with the bridge and mill, had been swept away, besides gardens, fields, potato-plots, and little meadows—gone for ever. On the opposite side, overlooked by Schloss Furstenburg, and the Monastery of Marienberg, stands the remains of the village; and there dips down the end of what was the rough narrow street. And the houses nearest the margin! one has lost its back, another a corner, another half its foundation, and leans over as if about to fall; and others, stripped of their outer shell, are mere

skeletons of beams and rafters. The partitions and floors are all awry, and the sun is shining into nooks and corners never before visited by his beams. Such tenements, some little better than hovels, must have fallen before the rushing water as if made of paper. Still they had been the homes of hard-working folk, the birthplaces of their children, and the scene of their domestic joys and sorrows : and now, nothing left to them but the recollection of the past.

The villagers were working, busy as bees. While some sorted the huge heaps of joists, boards, and shingles, laying aside the useful, others were bringing the road by a sharp turn down the face of the cliff. Ox-wains, but little larger than an English wheelbarrow, went slowly up and down the steep, and their loads were discharged by turning them bodily over. A temporary bridge was already built over the snarling stream, and some of the men brought big stones on a handbarrow, and the women and children baskets-full of pebbles, to raise the causeway to the proper level, and strengthen its border. The work went on systematically, but in a subdued and silent manner, as if the memory of the visitation were yet too painful for expression in words ; and there was no pause, except when the can filled from the river went round from mouth to mouth, for though still early it was a broiling day.

Having made my way down, I remarked to one of the men that at least they had work enough. "*Ja, Meinherr,*" he answered, "that is true ; but we are in poverty. Our houses, our beds, and household gear are

all snatched away by the frightful flood. And we have no pleasure in the summer, for while we work here we can't work in our fields, and so we feel a double loss. Where we are standing was a green little meadow—look, now! Yes, we have work ; but where are our potatoes, our buckwheat, and rye? Ah! *Meinherr*, it was a terrible event.” Happily, no lives were lost. The flood came down about six in the evening of the 17th June, but having been preceded by a warning, the people betook themselves to the high ground, out of the reach of danger. By nine o'clock all was over, and the river had subsided into its new channel. Sad, indeed, must have been the sense of poverty, to call forth such superabundant thanks for the trifle I gave to the man as he finished his story.

The Ober Vintschgau suffered most from the flood ; but the country below was inundated for miles, down even to the neighbourhood of Neumarkt, where vineyards and fields of maize were swept away or buried beneath the drifting sand. Schleiss and Laatsch, the next two villages, felt the shock after Burgeis ; but as the valley widens there was less destruction. Five bridges were swept away, three from the high-road, and two from the villages: the estimated loss in this district alone was half a million florins. “Let us prove our compassion by our deeds,” said the *Innsbrucker Tag-Blatt*; and from all parts of the country, from nobles and peasants, came an answer to the appeal in money, grain, food, and clothing, to succour the unfortunate.

I took the footpath again, and in another half-hour dropped down upon Mals—*Markt-Mals*, as runs the inscription over the entrance, denoting the place to be something between a village and a town. Just within, a fountain exhibits a strange combination of the useful with the sacred: behind the trough stands a life-size Christ, wanting the legs, pouring out a stream of water from an iron pipe inserted in its left side, at which a boy was drinking. Here women come to fill their buckets, and wayfarers and cattle to quench their thirst; and, under the circumstances, there seemed to me a risk of that familiarity which breeds contempt. In another street the tall cross bore the Virgin, in addition to its usual burden, with seven daggers sticking in her heart.

The *Post* is one of those comfortable houses where you may find good entertainment as well as rest. I took a survey of the kitchen, and was surprised by the culinary preparations, until I remembered that the *Stellwagen* would arrive, and carriages of visitors going to Finstermünz. The hostess and her two cookmaids were busy around the oblong mass of brickwork, which you may see in the kitchens of all Tyrolese inns, watching the multifarious pots and pans and savoury preparations that bubbled and steamed over the numerous fireholes. From the furnace, at one end of the masonry flues lead to the several openings, at one or other of which your early cup of coffee, or your noontide cutlet, are alike prepared. No time was lost in fetching water,

for in one corner of the room a fountain spouted a ceaseless stream.

Having time to spare, I halted here two hours, and strolled into all the nooks and corners of the place. The churchyard lacks that which to an English eye is poorly replaced by attempts at ornament—green sward; but contains some showy tombs, their railings tipped with gilt hearts, and deaths' heads painted of a bone colour at the corners. The most frequent emblems are an hour-glass or broken taper. Marble tablets are numerous on the walls; and others of tin, similar in appearance to coffin-plates, with rows of little pendants hanging loose, that swing to and fro in the breeze; and a hinged central piece covering a shallow recess, in which, when open, appears a painting of the deceased, led to glory by an angel. A few had, besides, the whole family of survivors, in their ordinary dress, kneeling, and with eyes fixed on the aerial travellers.

Then you may remember that Mals was a Roman station; and pry around the old circular watch-towers, dating from the middle ages; and into the mill, with its rude and simple machinery, and queer archways and alleys, all interesting enough to repay your exploration. And here and there in the streets you come upon cherry orchards, and little fields of rye, and swift brooks overshadowed by willows and elders, all of which conspire to show village life under a pleasant aspect.

Then up the hill on the north, from whence you can gaze afar up and down the valley. Numerous villages

are in sight from Burgeis to Tartsch; the course of the Etsch; the road bending round the hill towards Meran, and the ancient town of Glurns. Behind Laatsch you see the Münsterthal, leading to a pass over the mountains into Switzerland. In that valley, four houses, two smithies, fields and gardens, were swept away by the turbulent Rommbach; while the Etsch, on this side, robbed Laatsch of eleven dwellings and two mills. There, on the heights, you can discern the ruins of Rotund and Reichenberg, once the strongholds of knightly robbers; and there is the weatherbeaten tower of *Helf-mir-Gott*, so named, because, in the olden time, a damsel, crying "Help me, God!" leaped from the summit to escape a lewd marauder. And there, where the fields and meadows lie open to the sun, between Glurns and Mals, a murderous battle was fought, in March, 1499, when the Tyrolese peasantry, badly commanded, fell in heaps before the Engadiners, who had swarmed down the Münsterthal. Nine hundred wives were made widows by the defeat. So terrible a loss had never occurred on this frontier; and when, a week afterwards, Kaiser Max came from Landeck and rode over the field, and saw the yet unburied corpses of his trusty defenders, he could not restrain his tears. The conquerors burnt down the surrounding villages as they retired; and in revenge, fifty Engadiners detained as hostages at Meran were put to death without pity. As often since, the bravery of the peasants was sacrificed for want of skilful and resolute leaders.

Another day's walk along the highway, which you

see disappearing in a curve round the hill, would bring you to Meran, among vines, and under the shadow of chestnut-trees. Here it is yet too cold for grapes; but the elder, with its clustering blooms, growing thickly in many parts of the landscape, supplies a softening element of beauty. Mals itself, with its towers and enclosing wall, is pleasantly embowered.

Now and then women passed, bearing a load of hay on their heads, from the little fields higher up the hill, and exhibiting such a circumference of leg as only continual exercise along mountain-paths can produce. Singularly enough, it is confined to them, for the men display no such enormous developments. Their speech is rustic as their appearance: *koa—zwa—jo—na*, for *none, two, yes, no*, may be taken as examples of the difference from true German. I found it hard at first to understand a man who had come up the hill to enjoy the breeze, and sat hammering his scythe-blade on a short iron bar fixed in the ground. Click—click—click, heard from below, told that the process of thinning the edge was going on in many places at once. The blades, which are shorter and broader than ours, cost forty kreutzers each, and last four years. They all come, said the man, from the Stubayerthal, the great iron district of Tyrol. In winter his only resource is the “fearfully cold” work of woodcutting.

At two I started again across the fields to Glurns, the nearest way to the Stelvio. The little town is entirely surrounded by a wall, washed on one side by the river. Here a temporary bridge led across to the arched

tower, and on entering you see that the level of the street is some four feet below the sill of the gateway, owing to which the interior suddenly became a lake during the June flood. The townsfolk rushed and shut the gate when the alarm was given; but water is an enemy not easily kept out, and I could still see the effects of the inundation,—drifts of sand and gravel, and stagnant pools in the street, and people here and there pumping the water out of their basement-floors: the whole place looking dull and desolate.

On, through pleasant lanes, to Lichtenberg, high enough above the valley to see the swamps, and the large brown patches left by the outflowing waters. And now you understand why, while the slopes are well cultivated, the bottom of the valley is left to nature: the floods are feared. Hence the lowest land is the cheapest, thirty kreutzers the klafter; but on the slopes the price is one florin.

When in sight of Lichtenberg, and its castle on the hill behind, a great cloud of dust attracted my attention. It was not progressive; but remained whirling over one spot, and my curiosity being excited, I took a path across the fields that led towards it. The explanation was somewhat startling. For the space of half a mile, and nearly as much in breadth, the fields and meadows were buried beneath an avalanche of mud, stones, and gravel, and the miscellaneous rubbish of a mountain-side. On the day of the great flood this torrent came pouring from behind the hill on which the castle stands, down the course of a small brook, and

spread itself over the lower slopes, as I now beheld, leaving the village untouched. A strange and distressing spectacle! Walnut and apple-trees in full foliage apparently without stems, imbedded up to the branches; elders more than half buried, their topmost masses of white blossom still waving in odorous beauty, as if to inspire hope amid disaster; and in places the ends of a few slim branches, not yet withered, show where young trees have been borne down. Here and there large upturned trees stand reversed, with gaunt pale roots in the air; others prostrate, bearing marks of a rude struggle; and everywhere huge boulders, slabs, long pale streaks of pebbles and gravel, and bits of timber scattered over the surface, in lines traceable with some degree of regularity amid apparent confusion. The mud in some places has a smooth, lava-like appearance, but now hard and firm beneath the foot; and in spots where fully dry, the breeze catching up and whirling the light particles forms the dust-cloud I had seen from a distance. The stream thins off towards the margin, and terminates in a smooth rounded edge, as if produced by cooling pitch; and it was curious to see the grass struggling out from beneath towards the light, and the leaves of the reversed branches shooting into their natural position. Fertility and barrenness were here close together, and in melancholy contrast. "It is destroyed for ever," said a woman who knelt to cut the grass by handfuls from under the rim of the mud, "gone for ever, *Meinherr*; we shall never see our fields again." Truly might the Innsbruck editors say that a cry of

distress and lamentation was heard out of the Etsch valley, for the ruin was great; and only by the charity of the nation and remission of taxes for a time, could the unfortunate peasants hope to retrieve their losses. The Government is always considerate on such occasions; and in time the calamity, receding in the past, becomes a tale to be told by the winter-hearth.

By wading and striding from one big stone to another, I crossed the brook that had served as conductor to the avalanche. It was brawling along, still turbid, in a straggling channel which, worn deeper and deeper, will perhaps open in time the former bed. When seen in contrast with the breadth of wild waste on either side, it seemed almost incredible that so small a stream could have assisted in such wide-spread devastation.

On to Agums, across meadows where the second crop of grass, fed by numerous watercourses, was already some inches high, and webs of coarse linen lay bleaching. Here, again, women on their knees were minutely mowing in nooks and corners and under the rail-fences, and the click of hammers upon the scythe-blades, mingling with the brisk sounds of the loom from open cottage-windows, indicated a spirit of industry unsubdued by disaster. Indeed, few signs of idleness are to be seen in German Tyrol: if you meet a woman walking on the road, tending a cow, bearing a load of fodder on her head, or in any employment that leaves her hands free, she is sure to be knitting. In the little *Wirthshaus* the hostess knits or sews, with no other pause than to wait on her guests; and the desire to im-

prove every moment is manifest. This plodding kind of industry appears to stand both men and women instead of sprightliness; it is, however, a kind which, persevered in, supplies their wants and promotes their comfort.

A mile farther, and I came to Brad, a village on the great military road of the Stelvio, leading to the highest inhabited pass of the Alps, exceeding the St. Bernard by a thousand feet. The Austrian Government, keenly alive to the necessity for uninterrupted communications with Lombardy, keep it practicable for wheeled carriages or sledges all the year round. From the brink of the Etsch it rises into a region of perpetual winter, where, by dint of watchful and persevering labour, a successful contest is maintained against the ravages of frost, storm, and avalanche. There is something bordering on the marvellous in such a triumph of daring skill over the elements, and I betook myself to the ascent, full of lively expectations of what I should see while traversing the wastes of snow on the morrow.

The road, at first broad and almost level, narrows about a mile from Brad, and turns into a steep defile, shut in by precipitous walls of rock, between which the Munderetschbach rushes in ungovernable fury,—raging against the barriers that check its destructive propensities. Signs of mischief are already apparent: at one of the bends, although protected by a thick stone wall, a large piece of the road has been washed out, and the gap is temporarily filled with fir branches and lumps of rock, and the track passes round a hollow

scooped from the bank. The scene becomes gloomy; the roar of the stream overpowering; sullen forests frown in the distance; huge boulders gray with age peer up at the wayside, their scowl unrelieved by the graceful harebells that grow from their crevices. For once, it seemed to me the beauty of flowers was wasted.

Now the gaps in the road occur every hundred yards or oftener, and while trudging over the loose ground between the rough fence of poles and the treacherous bank, I began to doubt of finding the way open. Presently, for nearly a quarter-mile, the highway is nothing but a thick layer of branches, shaking beneath the feet, and covered in many places by the water,—the road itself had been washed away. And here the river is more furious than ever, its uproar accompanied by stifled thunder from the big stones rolling along the rugged bed: a mad and ugly torrent ever gnawing away on either side the soil that would screen it with niggard vegetation. Seeing how forbidding are the features of the landscape, your imagination anticipates grim scenes in mounting higher.

Always upwards; and ere long the snowy peaks of the mighty Ortler Spitz come in sight. Then you pass little copses of hornbeam, overhung by ranges of dark firs; and little terraces, staked up here and there on the slopes for potato-plots; and small fields of flax and rye, and little patches of meadow, where the first crop of hay is lying newly mown. Above, on the right, hangs the village of Stilfs, from which the pass derives its name, Stilfser-joch—in Italian, Stelvi and Stelvio. Here the

bridge and houses are of stone—wood perishes too soon in this inhospitable region, as shown by the decayed state of many of the low posts that border the road. Now and then a gendarme comes in sight, helmet on head, and musket slung on shoulder, and looks inquisitively at you as he passes. You meet one or more at every mile, for as the road leads to the Italian provinces, it is rigorously watched, lest political emissaries, as well as smugglers, find their way across the frontier. Then you cross to the left bank, and look down into a deep glen, where the graceful ash relieves the stiff masses of fir, and the river struggling far below sends a softened roar through the trees; but in either direction the gloomy aspect still prevails. Then the hamlet Beidewasser (Two Waters), from whence you get a peep up a side valley; and next, the village of Gomagoi, where, as at Brad and the other villages, you see the *K. K. Gendarmerie Caserne* (Royal and Imperial guard-house), and more of the vigilant gendarmes. Here, brake-fern, and stonecrop grow in abundance on the slopes. Higher and higher rises the road above the stream, and numerous gangs of labourers are busy over the repairs, some of them as I passed wishing me good evening in Italian. At one place, they had just cleared away a landslip—a chaos of mud, roots, broken stems, and trees, tossed in all positions, as if still falling—and arrested in its farther descent by rows of stout stakes and strong wattled fences. And to the first succeeds five others, for the slopes are steep, and the rains have been heavy, presenting an intermingling and confusion im-

possible to describe. Then, more stone bridges, and frequent crossings from side to side, and sharp zigzags; and the scene grows wilder, the trees fewer, and the brooks more rebellious.

Another bend, and a wider view of the great mountain, and the huge dark cone of the Madatsch Spitz, and I got a glimpse of Trafoi, my intended halting-place. Another climb, and then—welcome repose. When near the houses, I saw a stranger, wearing an ordinary black hat, leaning against the fence with his hands in his pockets, who, as he remained dumb in reply to my salute, I set down for an Englishman: nor was I mistaken. Soon after seven I came to the *Post*, the *Weissen Riesel*, disposed to enjoy rest and its accompaniments. Two Austrian officers, who had preceded me in a carriage, were at supper in the *Gast-kammer*, and I had not long been seated when they began to question me concerning my journey. It was unusual for a foreigner to cross the mountain alone; the ascent to the summit was very laborious, and hardly to be attempted if storms should threaten. What did the English nation generally think of Kossuth and Mazzini? To harbour such “miserables” was disgraceful: what did it mean?

I replied, “To be able to believe what it means you must go and live in England. We love our own rights and liberties too well to endanger them by expelling fugitives who respect their asylum.”

Then, “did we mean to take Sebastopol?”

“Of course we do. When the British Lion makes

up his mind to do a thing, he does it. His mind is made up to take Sebastopol, and take it he will."

"We shall see," they retorted, with a laugh.

We have seen.

Before the road was made, Trafoi was the "World's End" of the Tyrolese: fit name for a spot so wild and lonely. The village consists of about a dozen scattered houses and a little church, in the hollow beneath the road, surrounded by a few small fields and pastures, all shut in by horrid cliffs and sombre forests. By a path across these fields you may walk to the very foot of the Ortler, and visit the chapel dedicated to the Virgin, built in that wild solitude. The inn itself is on the edge of the road, overlooking all the other houses, its broad eaves projecting far enough to shelter a wagon; and opposite the door a copious fountain leaps from the rock into a capacious trough where horses drink, men wash, and the cook cleanses her pans. As I walked about after supper, while the sky darkened with clouds and the wind blew chill, a feeling of being indeed at the world's end crept over me, and I could easily believe that many had turned back from hence when a rugged and rarely-trodden footpath was the only thoroughfare. Here, five thousand feet above the sea, conventionalities lose their force and give place to sociability. A party of wagoners and car-drivers lounged among their vehicles in the great shed, amused by the officers' Hungarian courier, who was telling them wonderful stories of his travels and adventures. Of all the places he had seen Trafoi was the worst, and chiefly be-

cause no beer was to be had there, and wine was dearer than at Innsbruck.

Heavy rain began to fall, and presently poured down as if mountain cataracts were tumbling on and around the house: ominous of delay. It drove me into the house to another talk with the officers, who were by no means disposed to be taciturn. As for the Englishman, he kept himself to himself somewhere in a room apart; we saw nothing of him in the travellers' room.

We all went early to bed. Thinking over the incidents of the bygone hours, it seemed to me scarcely possible that but a single day had elapsed since I left the *Yellow Wirthshaus*.

CHAPTER VI.

An early Start—A bright Landscape—More Zigzags—Savage Scenery—Views across the Snow—The Glaciers—Fearful Chasm—Franzenshöhe—Wild Prospect—The Refuge—A Ruin—Steeper Cut-offs—A Hailstorm—Shelter under the Gallery—Fall of Stones—The Two Gendarmes—Their suspicious Inquisition—A Debate—"You must go back!"—A surly Specimen—The Englishman conquers—The Road-menders' Fire—The Polenta Kettle—Bone and Muscle without Meat—More Zigzags—Cost of the Road—The last Gallery—The Summit—Waste of Snow—The Ortler Spitz—The Descent—A Squall—Santa Maria—Enter Lombardy—Lake of Brauglio—Grim Scenery—A Tale of Terror—The Chief of the Gang—The Würmsersloch—Spondalunga—Gloomy Vaults—Fir-trees again—Fairyland—Baths of Bormio—Pleasant Valleys—Bormio—Its Waterspouts—A dirty Inn—The Mystery explained.

WHEN I looked out soon after five the next morning, patches of blue were visible among the clouds, and the drops left by the rain on the spreading branches of the firs and the edge of the roof glistened with rainbow hues from the early sunbeams. The two military gentlemen, who were just on the start, returned my greeting, and away they drove up the hill. Ere long I was on their track. My coffee was served in a tureen-shaped cup with two handles, presenting a curious variety to the specimens I had already seen of German crockery. The usual practice in Tyrol is to drink coffee from a thick and heavy ale-glass.

Cheerfully tinkled the bells of the cows as they hastened up the slopes, cropping the scanty patches of moist grass on the way; the air was cool, the sky brightening, and the landscape that looked so dismal and dreary the evening before, now appeared with features of a wild kind of beauty. Goethe says that landscapes are only beautiful in sunshine; and here his theory was verified, but with the addition of overpowering touches of the savage and sublime. As the road rises, more and more is the great glacier seen, and the Madatsch, in itself a mountain. Then you come to sharp zigzags up a formidable and precipitous buttress, and a steep path leading directly to the highest—a short cut—but one that will make you pant again with climbing it. Once up you come upon savage crags, on a level with the foot of the great glacier. The sight will arrest your steps for a while, for the stupendous mass rises clear on the farther side of the gulf, and you survey it from base to summit, half-shuddering at the view of its frozen surges.

Then a dozen short quick zigzags, mounting suddenly to a higher level, all of which may be avoided by another cut-off, near the top of which I saw the first rhododendron—an index of the elevation. From hence your eye takes in a wider expanse of snow; here tossed into ridges resembling breakers just about to plunge; there sunk in mazy furrows; there smooth slopes and level plains of exquisite purity, their cold beauty undefaced by cloud or tempest, and yawning caves gleaming brightly in the sunlight, some so proudly arched that

they become in imagination the porticos of a mighty temple. And from hence you see how the sun, peeping into the crevices of the glacier, discovers its patches of blue ice, and sprinkles the wan, desolate surface with countless sapphires; and far below the stream struggles from beneath the icy precipice; too far for any but a faint murmur to rise to your ear. And all enclosed in a dark setting of firs, some of which send out straggling ranks away up the white slopes till you lose them in the mists drifting across the summits. And at times, through momentary openings, you get dim glimpses of lofty peaks, and as a shower sweeps past, followed by streaks of sunshine, the effects of light and shade are marvellous. A spectacle to be gazed at with deep emotion, that henceforth remains as a new element in your being. A charm against weariness in the present; a solemn joy in memory for the future.

The road returns upon itself so often that Trafoi reappears more than once in the backward view, and a curious effect is produced by catching here and there the points of zigzags which appear to have no connexion with each other, and project in such unexpected places, that you half doubt whether you really passed them in the ascent. Around me all was clear, but far down the valley dense mists whirled and tossed in wild commotion, yielding slowly to the solar ray.

More zigzags, and then you look down into a fearsome chasm, which seems to be the refuse-pit of the mountain. Yonder an arch in the limestone cliffs cheats you with the idea of a tunnel. Then you pass the ruins

of a house, shattered some years ago by an avalanche; and in two hours of hard walking the *cantonniere* of Franzenshöhe appears on the left. A large solitary building, which serves as inn, refuge, and shelter for cattle, standing in a very bleak and desolate situation a little off the road. The vegetation around is of the scantiest; a few patches of grass among the rocks and screes, bestrewn with mounds of houseleek and a few flowers, where the cows and sheep graze during the genial months. The fir-trees are left behind; and now we are near the line of perpetual snow, and yonder, far aloft, is the summit of the pass, and a singular sight it is to see the dark zigzag lines of the rail fences, stretching away till they meet the darker lines of the galleries, and disappear in the clouds. There lies our path—
Courage!

I found the enclosed court of the house ankle-deep in stable refuse, after crossing which there was a dark stair and a dark passage, leading to a smoky kitchen, from which the mistress led me along another dark passage to a light bedroom, where everything was scrupulously clean. Ceiling, walls, floor, chairs, tables, and bedstead—all of unpainted pine—looking as good as new, and in agreeable contrast with the dirty basement and smoky kitchen. One of the tables was what is called a *Falltische*, which hinged to the wall, and with hinged legs turns up out of the way when not in use. Two mould candles stood ready, and the stove was prepared for a fire should a chance traveller arrive at nightfall. Everywhere in Tyrol they know how to

make excellent coffee; and this lonely place was no exception, as I soon proved by the steaming can that was set before me. The woman stayed to have a little chat; she had not seen many travellers since the season opened; in winter the snow was up to the window-sill, twenty feet from the ground, and passages had to be cut for egress. It was very dreary then. "But as you hear, *Meinherr*," she added, "some of the men can play the fiddle, and with that and the cards the time goes by."

Fortified by this second breakfast, I betook myself once more to the ascent. Here the road is on a level with the glacier's breast and towering cliffs of ice; and so keen a wind swept down from the snow, that I was glad to button my overcoat. The cut-off leads across the screes and turf; and here and there, in little sheltered nooks, grow buttercups, thistles, gentian-bells, wild thyme, and forget-me-nots:

"Spots that lie
Sacred to flowrets of the hills."

Then another ruin: a *cantonniere*, built, as was believed, strong enough to resist any shock; but one spring the rushing snows crushed it, and buried the unfortunate postmaster under an enormous rock. Then more cut-offs, steeper and steeper. I was picking my way along the highest on a precipitous slope, when a heavy, rattling hailstorm burst, hiding everything beyond the distance of a few yards; and, as if by magic, the green patches changed to white. A flock of sheep

rushed past me with piteous bleatings, seeking a shelter. The first gallery was not far off; I made a push, and gladly found myself under the roof. At the same moment I saw a gang of *rotteri*—road-menders—running to a gallery a short distance beyond.

I unslung my knapsack and walked briskly up and down, for the cold was severe. The hissing, pelting storm continued unabated, and the wind blew with prolonged and dismal howl. I foreboded the worst: winter was triumphing in his own domain. At times a lump of rock rolling down the slope fell bump on the roof, and bounded over to the road, or, clearing the fence, disappeared in the depths below. Every minute seemed colder than the last, and I had much ado to keep warm by running to and fro, and beating my arms, when two gendarmes, in thick great-coats, appeared descending through the drift. They came straight towards me, and asked, "Have you a passport?"

"Certainly. You know that strangers cannot enter the land without one."

"Let us see it."

"Have you the right to demand it?"

"Have we not?" Whereupon, not to vex their suspicion, I produced the document.

The taller of the two, a hirsute fellow, with an exaggerated moustache, looked at it for a minute with a self-important air, and said, "'Tis not good, *müss' herunter*—You must go back."

"Not good!" I exclaimed, and pointed out the ambassador's visa, the double eagle, the Bregenz stamp,

dwelling with emphasis on the legible name *Venedig*—Venice, and asked, "What is good, if that is not?"

Parrot-like came the answer: "'Tis not good. You must go back."

Then I repeated what had been said at Bregenz; how that I had leave to choose my road, and had been assured that no one would have a right to stop me on the Stelvio.

"All very well to say so; but you must go back."

"No, I won't go back. Moreover, I have a perfect right to go as far as the frontier; and they will tell me at Santa Maria if I am an unlawful intruder."

"*Müss' herunter*," retorted Surly, with a jerk of his head towards Gomagoi. "There isn't a word in the passport about the Lombard provinces."

I persisted in my refusal, and made him inspect the visas again, one after the other. Meanwhile his comrade, who was neither harsh nor hairy, broke in with "Can you speak Italian?"

"About forty words."

"Are you a pedler?" with a glance at my knapsack, that lay on a pine log. "What have you in your pack?" I explained. "What are you, then?"

"An Englishman!"

My answer satisfied him; but Surly, keeping up his character, once more ejaculated, "*Müss' herunter!*"

"Not on my own legs," I rejoined. "You will have to carry me. It cost me too much trouble to get up."

Whether he hoped to extort a fee, or was really sus-

picious, I know not; certain it is, that after another inspection of the passport he gave it back into my hands, and muttering something through his moustache to his comrade, they both went on their way down the hill, very much to my satisfaction.

The storm still raged, and I had resumed my tramp to and fro, when a man, running from the upper gallery, cried as he came near me, "Why don't you come? We have been shouting to you this half-hour. Come up to us, we have a fire. You will be frozen if you stay here."

I followed him forthwith, and found a party of ten ensconced in a gap between piles of timber, protected by a bank of snow, on the inner slope of which the fire was kindled. They sat around on straw, spread on the planks, and made room for me in the warmest place, and offered me a drink from their kettle of polenta. I felt sorry that my abhorrence of anything resembling gruel made me seem to slight their hospitality. However, they took no offence, and congratulated me on having escaped the gendarmes, he who had run to invite me, speaking a little German, serving as interpreter to all the others, who could speak nothing but Italian. Of course I had to satisfy their curiosity as to why I came, where I was going, and my country. On the latter particular a debate arose, some contending that I had not told the truth, and a majority remained incredulous. Their diet, they told me, as the kettle went round from mouth to mouth, was mostly polenta; at times soup, or bread and cheese; and yet they were

sturdy, muscular fellows, well able to work, and apparently willing. And here on the mountain their labour involves some degree of risk as well as unusual exertion. An English labourer would require at least his bacon.

After about an hour specks of blue sky reappeared, the opposite mountains loomed faintly through the thinning hail; the men said "*addio*," and went to their work, some scrambling down the steep to recover the rails dispersed by the winter storms, while others set up posts to renew the fence; and I took the upward route. No more cut-offs, nothing but a constant succession of zig-zags, and scarcely one without a gallery. The snow lay in places thirty feet deep, with a passage cut through it just wide enough for a carriage, the rest being left to the chance of melting. Now it is that you perceive how ceaseless must be the vigilance, and how indomitable the industry that keeps a road open in such a wild, wintry region! The galleries, or literally pent-houses, are built about half the width of the road; a sloping roof of planks, resting on solid pine pillars a foot square, meeting the pitch of the hill behind, so that the down-rushing snow or earth is frequently shot clear of the road to the slopes below. You see that in places the roofs range in a line one above another, offering a free descent; but in spite of all precautions the avalanches at times crush and carry away the timbers, as is manifest by the many new patches, and the frequent gaps in the fences. And being always wet, the wood decays rapidly, necessitating continual repairs; so that the summer barely suffices to repair the winter's destruction.

No wonder such large piles of timber are kept stored up! Disheartened by their struggle with the elements, the authorities have at times considered a project for piercing the mountain by a tunnel a thousand feet below the summit; but as yet without result.

The traffic route from Tyrol into Italy formerly passed by Glurns, up the Münsterthal to Santa Maria on Monte Brauglio, or Würmser-joch, and so down into the Valteline. But after the battle of Waterloo, Austria having become aware of the importance of a direct communication with her Lombard provinces, and the people of the Grisons having refused to let or sell a thoroughfare through their canton, she resolved on making a road within her own territory. The ablest engineers were set to survey the Stilsfer-joch, and the road, commenced in 1819, was finished in 1825, at a cost of three million florins.

I kept on, striding through the sludge formed by the heavy drip from the roofs, fancying myself at times in danger of burial from the impending masses of snow. A freezing blast swept through some of the galleries, that made me shiver again, and I was glad to turn into a different angle, or step into the gaps in the snow, and look out on the peaks, showing strange through the ragged mists. The last gallery is nearly a quarter-mile in length; and emerging from its damp shelter, a few yards brought me to the summit. I stood for a while looking back on the view, one of the grandest in the Alps. Before me rose the gigantic form of the Ortler, seemingly increased in bulk by the rolling mists that

partially concealed it; and pale white bluffs and peaks rising up into the clouds. All was calm. Not a sound could I hear, save what seemed but the whisper of a far-away torrent, and now and then a flit of wind, like the quick, sharp flutter of a sail: no sooner heard than silent. Nowhere is silence so impressive as on the mountain-tops.

Looking up at the Spitz of the Ortler you will admire the courage of the Austrian engineers who made it one of the stations of the Ordnance survey. The height is 14,000 feet. At the beginning of the present century, the first attempt was made to ascend it, by orders of the Archduke John, and without success, until September, 1804, when a hunter out of the Passeyrthal, Joseph Pichler by name, accompanied by two Zillertalers, reached the highest point. The next ascent was accomplished by an engineer officer, who lit a bonfire on the summit with materials carried up for the purpose, to convince the incredulous people below of his success. Since then, others, among whom was a girl of sixteen, have climbed to the same point, either for the sake of science or adventure. From thence, in a clear atmosphere, can be seen the glimmer of the far-distant Adriatic.

The summit of the pass itself, the highest in the Alps practicable for carriages, is 9100 feet above the sea-level. The descent begins at once; and in a few paces you lose the view over Tyrol, and there on the left is the stone column that marks the frontier, and now you are in Lombardy. On the right stands a low, solid,

massive building, with small windows, apparently diminished by the thickness of the walls, the residence of the inspector of the road, and available as a refuge in stormy weather. What a dreary abode! a perpetual winter-habitation. That any one should voluntarily choose it, seems incredible. Not a sound came from it, and the only sign of life was a thin smoke creeping from the chimney. Having no motive to call, I passed on, and in another minute the house was out of sight. Now a broad, shallow basin opens, encompassed by towering ridges, with no apparent outlet: such a vast and desolate waste of snow as I have never before beheld. A solitude truly awful. A sight to make you hesitate, were it not for the dark angles that peer up here and there as if a giant finger had traced mathematical figures; and reassured by these, you plunge into the deep and cheerless trackway.

Merrily goes the descent though, after all, for there is no fear of straying from the path, and the consciousness that the ascent is overcome is encouraging. The declivity is much less steep than on the Tyrolese side. I was in sight of Santa Maria, when a squall of mingled hail and rain, accompanied by one sudden, short thunderclap, broke loose, and played a thousand tempestuous pranks, from which I was glad to escape under the sheltering roof. There is a large block of buildings here, comprising guard-house, inn, custom-house, and stables, solid as a castle, with vaulted ceilings, stone passages, and buttressed walls. I had not been many minutes in the dining-room when a carabineer entered, asked for

my passport, and presently brought it back duly signed, and returned it into my hands without a word of demur. The gendarmes might have spared their suspicions. Two or three travellers who watched the storm with anxious looks were waiting to cross the mountain. One, a trader going to Botzen, wished to know if it was very cold on the summit, and how long it would take him to reach Franzenshöhe, as his clothing was of the thinnest—a linen blouse, with *et cæteras* to match. He already shivered, and could hardly believe that he had complained of the heat two days before at Milan.

Here, at Santa Maria, you are made aware of having crossed the frontier by hearing a mixed dialect of Italian and German, and a perceptible difference of feature and expression in the people. Paper money, too, is no longer current: though Austrian subjects, the Lombards will have nothing to do with the shabby little bank-notes; for which contingency it is desirable to be prepared by a bag of *zwanzigers*, or a few Napoleons. And it is well to remember that on this side of the mountains English sovereigns are reckoned only at the value of the French coin.

The buildings stand below the line of snow, on the border of the most elevated pastures, but where no tree or bush animates the prospect. The accommodations are ample for vehicles and cattle, as well as travellers; and you may descend either into Switzerland or the Valteline.

About one the storm ceased, leaving the sky over-

cast with occasional drizzle. The trader started somewhat unwillingly for the ascent; and as I turned in the other direction, he told me I should find no one speaking German till I got to Bormio, and then only the *Kellnerinn* at the *Post*. Stepping out briskly, I soon came to the plain and lake of Brauglio, and among thistles and greener grass, and then down into a maze of deep valleys, under tremendous precipices and thundering waterfalls. In some places the strata run perpendicular, broken by contortions, grotesque in their variety; and the cliffs, bronzed and blackened by wind and weather, tower aloft one above another, hiding their jagged summits in the flying scud. Then a lodge, and another valley, where zigzags begin, grim as chaos, in spite of the stunted bushes which here struggle into existence. Then another lodge, and on the slope above a long timbered barrier, erected at an angle, to turn aside the avalanches. Heavy rain fell at intervals, and streams poured down from the heights, dislodging loose stones that rolled into the road; and seeing some newly-fallen as big as butter-firkins, I kept a watchful eye upwards.

I was going down a rugged, rocky cut-off, near the first of the scrub firs, when I met a man who, with affrighted looks, told a voluble tale of terror, drawing his hands from time to time across his throat, or holding them before his eyes as if to shut out some horrid spectacle: "*Quattro personi! Quattro personi!*" he repeated again and again, pointing down the valley; and, as well as my forty words would permit, I gathered that four persons had been crushed by stones; but why

their throats were cut besides did not appear. What did it mean? The man's distress appeared to be real; and I went on, feeling somewhat apprehensive, for in so wild a valley what might not happen? Presently I saw a tall fellow, in slouched hat and long cloak, on a spur of the hill, overlooking the road in both directions, who, as I came in sight, whistled, in what seemed a peculiarly significant manner. What did that mean? Suppose he should be the leader of a gang, on the look-out for victims! I kept on, and turning the corner discovered a boy, driving a flock of lop-eared sheep by a short cut up the hill, and the whistling was for his guidance. No evidence yet of the disaster to the "*quattro personi*."

A little lower, and you enter the savage Wümrserloch, a deep, narrow chasm, formed apparently by some shock that split the mountains from base to summit, and heaved them a few yards asunder. You look up to precipices that touch the clouds, and down into a gulf, along which a torrent raves and plunges. All rock and stone—nothing else: a valley of desolation;

"As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side."

And the road is a mere shelf, hewn out of the face of the cliff; and by-and-by you come to the famous stone galleries, with arched roofs, three feet thick, springing from the solid rock on one side, resting on six-foot walls and buttresses on the other, strong as the rock itself. Mark what frightful acclivities rise above, and you will

see that snows plunging from thence would crush any structure less massive as a screen of reeds. One after the other, they occur for nearly half a mile, the longest known as Spondalunga, or the long wall; and a curious effect is produced by the sight of their low, lateral, semicircular openings in the distance: so many holes, as it were, pierced in the mountain. Here and there the rock itself is pierced, and you see but little difference between it and the masonry.

Not without emotion do you enter these melancholy vaults, where dim lights alternate with vistas of gloom, and solemn echoes reverberate to your footsteps. Here and there a heavy drip from the roof keeps up a ceaseless patter, and there is a noise of gurgling in unseen drains, and you plash through thin streams of water, that have made their escape. The curve of the longest galleries prevents your seeing from end to end, and deepens the obscurity. In one of these there was a confused and bewildering roar, created by a cascade that leaps down a channel in the inner wall, and rushes away beneath the road. Swollen by the rain, which now fell in a steady pour, it flooded the roadway, and more than once, deceived by the uncertain shadows, I started back from what seemed a deep gully, washed out by the rapid current. The drip, the noise, and the cold damp blasts, make the passage sufficiently uncomfortable to heighten the pleasure with which you emerge from the lower extremity. Altogether, the galleries measure nearly half a mile in length. In other places the rock is left overhanging far enough to shoot a snowslip clear of the road.

In the gulf on the right I saw the remains of avalanches, muddy and stained, that had fallen in May ; and many a stone did I see roll down on the track, but was struck by none.

The road falls rapidly, always on the edge of the gulf, and hemmed in by the stony cliffs, which narrow the view by their frequent windings. By-and-by you see a break, the Adda tumbling down in a deep waterfall, and fir-trees, in something like their familiar proportions; and the road, bending sharply to the left, descends a widening reach of the valley, where the dark patches of forest look almost cheerful. A little farther, and there is a spacious wooden gallery, built for a halting-place; a file of ox-wains filled it from end to end, waiting, out of the rain, while the drivers ate their crust, or wrung the moisture from their long shaggy cloaks. Not one of them knew of any accident or deed of violence, nor could they explain the mysterious communication I had heard. Another mile, and you get sight of the country far below: Val Pedenos, Monte Columbano, and broad green slopes; a very fairyland, in contrast with the bare and desolate region you have left behind. Three or four villages come into view, and trees and fields, and the large square building at the Baths of Bormio. At every step the valley widens, and brings you nearer to human sympathies. Then you come to an archway, pierced through a jutting cliff; a drawbridge over a deep chasm, where a Latin inscription on the rock tells the history of the road, and a tall obelisk records the labour expended.

The rain diminished ; the landscape began to smile under a faint watery gleam, and by the time I had traversed the slaty cut-off leading down to the baths, the sun himself peeped between the clouds, luring a few of the guests out upon the terrace. From hence the road makes a long sweeping curve on a level, overlooking the verdant basin, from which four valleys branch off, flanked by snow-capped hills, forming a varied and picturesque scene. Houses dot the slopes, streams frolic across the fields, and numerous light and graceful church spires point upwards. There is much on which the eye rests with pleasure, though the valley, nearly four thousand feet above the sea, is limited in its vegetation. You see plenty of grass, and fields of rye, and have a favourable impression of the hill-country of Lombardy.

Seats are placed here and there along the road for the use of visitors, who during the months of July and August frequent the baths. Bormio, or Worms, as the Germans call it, comes in sight from an ascent beyond the extremity of the curve, with its nine churches, and buildings in which the styles of mountain village and lowland town are curiously combined. The last of the rain still poured from the long projecting spouts into the street, and filled numerous little pools in the rough causeway,—such spouts as are still remembered by old inhabitants in some of our own country towns. Inadvertently I walked under two or three of these cascades, and learnt by experience that giving the wall in Bormio involves real self-sacrifice. From the outside, the town presents little of the dis-

orderly grouping shown in villages of the Tyrol; but once within, you see how poor are the houses, how rude the shops, and doors and shutters clumsy and ugly enough to suit a jail.

I found the *Albergo della Posta* in a narrow street; but how different from the Tyrolese inns! There is but one word to express the condition of the dining-room floor—filthy; while the ceiling was elaborately decorated, the walls hung with prints and maps, and a good sofa stood at one end, betraying the innkeeper's ignorance of the fitness of things. When the *Kellnerinn* brought my supper, and told me she was a Swiss, I asked her how she could endure to live in such a dirty house. "Money is to be earned here," she answered; "I remain only from June to October; then I go to my home, five hours hence across the frontier, for there's nothing to do in Bormio in the winter." She was busy enough now, attending to guests, who came in for their supper; and the ostler, running hither and thither in the yard with his copper buckets full of water, was sorely taxed by impatient *vetturini* calling him many ways at once.

The evening drew on, calm and clear. Early closing, as I saw in a stroll about the town, is not the practice, for the shops were not shut at nine o'clock. Homely and primitive in appearance, they are stores rather than shops: the druggist is somewhat quaint in his fittings; old-fashioned jars, and curious balances; and the grocer exhibits all the variety of a museum, for he combines eight or ten other trades with his own, and will sell you

coffee, pottery, hardware, and handkerchiefs. Glazed windows are few, and business is carried on without any of the allurements that entrap customers. In one of the narrowest streets lounged a group looking at a smoking gap, where in the forenoon a fire had destroyed two houses, and four persons had been killed by a falling wall. Here, then, was the melancholy explanation of the tale of mystery I had heard beyond the Würmserloch.

I went to bed with misgivings ; but the chamber was less dirty than the dining-room, and the sheets were clean. Rain fell during the night as if a waterspout had burst over the town.

CHAPTER VII.

The Val Furva—Hotel Charges—A Letter to the Hostess—San Nicolo—San Antonio—Dirt, Devotion, and Saw-mills—The Frodolfo—Santa Caterina—The Hotel Kitchen—Bargain with the Guide—A Chat with the Cook—The Mineral Spring, Val Forno—Start for the Gavia Pass—Talk by the Way—Pic Alto—Giacomo's *Jödeln*—The Shepherd's Hut—A wild Ascent—Stopped by a Snow-ridge—Doubling the Crag—Creep through a Crevice—A Glacier—A dreary Glen—Ponta di Preda—Sublimity of Sullenness—Difficult Walking—Playing a Trick—Corno dei Tre Signori—The White Lake—The Summit—The Black Lake—The Oglio—Halt by a holy Fountain—Effect of Alcohol—Hovels and their Inmates—Lake Siliasi—Pezzo—Ricketty Houses—“*Nostro Giacomo!*”—Hospitable Demonstration—Ponta di Legno—Meagre Fare—A Scene at Bedtime.

HAVING seen the Pass of the Stelvio, I now shaped a course across the country for Trent—leaving the highway for byways. My first stage lay up the Val Furva, running south-east from Bormio into the mountains, and by eight the next morning I was a league on the way towards Santa Caterina, a hamlet at the foot of the Gavia.

The charges at the *Posta* were in the same proportion as the dirt—being three times as much as in Tyrol. As every one in Santa Caterina spoke Italian, the *Kellnerinn*, thinking I should be embarrassed in engaging a guide for the Gavia Pass, brought me of her own

accord, with my receipted bill, a letter written by the landlord to his wife, who was keeping the hotel up at the secluded hamlet. An hotel in such a spot? Yes; there was a mineral spring up there, and a cool temperature, and for two months of the summer a goodly number of languid visitors were attracted thither from the hot lowland plains.

A morning delightfully bright and cool made the walk exhilarating. The valley presents the usual alpine characteristics, and some that are peculiar to Italy. Many log-houses with broad eaves are scattered about the slopes—very pictures of untidiness; and the villages San Nicolo and San Antonio are miserably dirty and squalid; in strong contrast with the pretentious style of the churches, and the showy and in some instances well-executed paintings in the oratories. I should have liked to ask the reason why, of some one able to answer. Was the devotional feeling so absorbing as to leave no room for the exercise of that wholesome virtue—cleanliness? Or does the substitution of Papistry for religion deaden the instincts and perceptions? It was a surprise to me to see two saw-mills in full work, among such dirty people. I met two or three women, who had quite a jaunty appearance in their holiday costume—a peaked hat, worn a little on one side, tight bodice, and short green skirt; all the others were as slatternly dowdies as may be seen in the frouzy alleys of London on a summer afternoon. But every one gave me a cheerful good-day as I passed.

The Frodolfo, a brawling stream, zigzags mischiev-

ously down the valley to join the Adda, overlooked by the road, or rather track, which—washed, and worn, and encroached on by numerous landslips—winds along the hill-side. Snow peaks come in sight; and by-and-by the great white cone of the Suldner Ferner; then a rocky gorge, where the river tumbles over a dam of huge boulders, half concealed by a graceful clump of birch and larch, and you enter a small oval vale, lying deep among the hills, containing about a dozen houses, a little chapel, the hotel (a large stone building); and Santa Caterina is before you.

Signora Giacinta Clementi, as tidy and happy-looking a hostess as you would wish to see, received the letter with a smile. I found her writing entries in her day-book, in a little railed space at one corner of the kitchen, an apartment that served as taproom, and for many other purposes. The dresser, laden with a table-service and cooking utensils in abundance, was fitted below as a hencoop, running the entire length; and the fowls with which it was crammed kept up a mournful cackle, and stretched their heads out between the bars to pick up crumbs from the floor. At one end, the cook busied himself with plucking a chicken, beating eggs, and boiling chocolate; a girl polished the stewpans, and two or three men sat sipping *acquavita*.

My breakfast was served in the opposite room, where the guests were already playing at billiards, dominoes, and cards. The *Giornale di Milano* and other Italian newspapers, lay on the table; and in all a considerable space was given to news of the war. Presently, the

Signora introduced a robust, elderly man—the guide—and a lady visitor, who being able to make herself understood in French, very politely offered to interpret my wishes. The guide knew every inch of the Gavia—could find his way in a fog—would conduct me to Ponta di Legno, and carry my knapsack, for twelve zwanzigers. Would he go with me the next day over the Tonale? A guide was not needed for the Tonale Pass—it was easy; a disinterested answer, which prepossessed me in his favour, and I accepted his terms. He, in turn, inquired whether I had “good legs,” as six hours would be required for the journey; on which particular I satisfied him, and we arranged to start at noon.

Next, the cook presented himself. He also could speak a little French, and, very unnecessarily, charged me to eat a good breakfast, as the Gavia was a fatiguing mountain, seldom crossed except by natives. We had only snatches of conversation, for he was called away repeatedly, but as often came back again. He could understand a stranger coming for the benefit of his health, but not to undergo the toil of climbing the mountains. There were about thirty guests in the hotel, and more were expected. No lack of good cheer, for supplies were sent from Bormio. The first wagon that brought the kitchen utensils, towards the end of June, would be eight hours or more travelling the eight miles to Santa Caterina, so bad was the road. Then, I must not think of leaving without tasting the water; and we walked to the spring, in a meadow

about a hundred yards distant. It has the charm of naturalness; the water flows in a perpetual stream from a wooden spout inserted in a short post, forms a little basin, and shoots away across the grass, a sparkling rill, to join the turbid Frodolfo. The guests bring tumblers in their hands, and walk up and down in the sunshine, while quaffing the healing draught, or under the rough log-shed, built close by, if it be rainy. The water sparkles in the glass with innumerable gas-bubbles of a yellowish tinge, and has a pleasant, lively flavour, exhilarating, as it seemed to me, in its effects. And seeing that art has done so little to interfere with nature in this lovely vale, the healing process should be the more beneficial. Here, grand scenery—Val Forno branching off on the left, with wild slopes that tempt the wandering feet—and quiet, undisturbed save by the noise of winds and waters, aid in restoring the jaded mind or weakened frame.

Punctually at twelve the guide came up, bringing two walking-staves. I put a large piece of bread in my pocket, and we started. Making for a gap between the hills on the right, we began at once to climb a shaggy slope, the ruggedness of which offered a foretaste of what was to follow. Almost immediately we came to patches of rhododendron and scrubby firs. Then a sudden descent into a deep, gravelly hollow, and across a little stream, *Fiumo di Gavia*, the guide called it, from whence the ascent rose uninterrupted before us. We continued to beguile the way with talk; for, besides my forty words already mentioned, the meanings of others came

back to me on hearing them spoken ; and it surprised me to find how soon, by dint of effort and association, we got to understand one another. The old man hastened to tell me his name, Giacomo Compagnone, commonly known as, *il Mulo*. "If ever you come again," he said, "don't forget to ask for *il Mulo*. Tell that to your friends." His age was sixty ; and this his first trip for the season. Very few strangers passed the Gavia, especially Englishmen : they seldom came into these parts. The winter had been terrible, yet he thought we should find but little snow on the summit. He knew the mountains well, all over Tyrol and the frontier ; could point out the direction of valleys, and was as well acquainted with all the paths as with the back of his hand.

Meantime we had scrambled up the flank of the Pic Alto, past the frightful cliffs of Val Gavia, from which waterfalls leap to the depths beneath ; across ugly scars, where old gray pine-roots seem starting skeleton-like from the arid gravel ; and wild green slopes, browsed by sheep and cattle. Then we saw a horrid gorge, overhung by blasted firs,—the source of the Gavia, that rushes madly from its gloomy recesses. Presently Giacomo began to *jödeln* ; and the shrill musical cry was returned from the opposite hill, half a mile distant, by a solitary shepherd—the first greeting of the season between the two. At times the path ran close along the edge of the precipice, and we looked sheer down hundreds of feet into the valley below. In such places, Giacomo turned round and watched my movements. Then we passed the shepherd's hut, built in the hollow of a rock

—a dismal little shed, containing nothing but a bed of fir-branches, a stool and table of rough timber, and a store of polenta and cheese—the shepherd's abode from spring to autumn. At length we were high enough to look into Val Furva, which had been hidden in a few minutes after our start; and Giacomo pointed to his house, and contemplated it for a while with affectionate gaze. He was excellent company, full of humour; and we laughed so much that breath well-nigh failed us for our upward progress.

Always higher: we were mounting what may be described as a series of great steps, between a lofty ridge and the deep valley, achieving one elevation only to commence another; each wilder than the last, and commanding a wilder prospect. Far and wide roamed our eyes over grim crags and frozen peaks, savage and desolate beyond anything I had yet seen. All at once we were stopped by a broad and deep ridge of snow, stretching from the precipitous heights on our left, to the very extremity of a point in the cliff, that jutted as a headland into the valley. Giacomo shook his head, and plunged his staff into the yielding barrier. It was too soft to be trodden on: moreover, it lay at so sharp an angle that the effort to force a passage might have sent it sliding into the gulf. Being much too high for us to see over, Giacomo tried to peep round the foot of the ridge, with no better result than another shake of the head; then cautiously getting over the edge of the precipice, he motioned me to wait, and made his way round on a ledge some feet below the brow. About five minutes elapsed, when he reappeared, without his coat, looking very serious, and evidently over-cautious,

or very apprehensive. He proceeded to dig a path for me along the verge of the cliff; but not liking the slippery experiment, I let myself down to the ledge, which rough with lichen afforded good foothold; and carefully retaining one grip till the next was fast, I got round and climbed up on the farther side. Giacomo watched me with anxious eye, and patted me on the back with a hearty "bravo" when the obstacle was passed. This was the only dangerous spot we met with; but not the only difficulty, for now our greatest trials began.

Presently another huge sloping drift, backed by a perpendicular cliff. Here Giacomo's experience came into play, and he led me through the crevice formed between the rock and the bank, by the melting of the snow, so narrow that we could only squeeze through sideways, unable to avoid the copious drip and the lumps of half-melted snow that fell upon us. We emerged at the foot of a glacier, which was so masked with dirt and rubbish, that to see the exquisite green and blue tints in its deep, gaping cracks was a very wonder by contrast. "Always thus," said Giacomo; "it never alters." Then we had to zigzag up another ridge, where, while crossing the snow, we heard a swift torrent rushing under our feet, and on through a wild glen of black dripping rocks, fringed with falls: so desolate and dreary! Nothing in the shape of vegetation but mosses here and there in the hollows, and lichen growing on fantastic masses of stone, as if to keep them warm. In some places the ground quakes under the foot, and you splash

through streaming flats, and feel grateful for the plank—*Ponta di Preda*—that enables you to cross a deep, sludgy brook. To escape from this damp and dismal glen, we had to climb up the course of a waterfall, and take our chance of the splashing.

A broad, shallow vale now stretched far before us: a great sweep of snow, broken by black mounds of turf; ridges of rock; jagged cliffs; drifts perpendicular as a wall, and dark stains, showing where half-frozen pools lay in the depressions. The clouds hung low and leaden; the wind blew in fitful gusts, and howled mournfully round the mist-shrouded summits. Sounds like the flapping of mighty wings echoed from the crags, and altogether the scene appeared to me as the sublimity of sullenness. Giacomo stood still once more, shook his head, and took a careful survey: never had he seen so much snow so late in the season; and he made such queer gestures to deprecate censure of his prognostications as to set me laughing; and, though it seemed out of place in such a scene, our merriment recommenced. Having decided on a course, he pointed to the pale ridge rising at the extremity of the vale, about a mile distant, and, patting me once more on the back, said, "*Coraggio!* there's the summit."

Warily the old fellow picked his way, for the snow was soft as well as deep, and we sank repeatedly up to our waists, and were not a little diverted by each other's efforts to scramble out again. Our staves, tapering upwards, were broad as a crownpiece at bottom, which, not sinking easily, saved us at times from a plunge.

Giacomo thought them preferable to the Swiss alpenstock. The snow, for the most part, lay in stormy ripples, and I remarked that there was less risk of sinking by stepping on the top of the swell than in the hollows. Now we laboured up the slope to avoid a tract of quaking bog, then we trod cautiously between the rocks and a half-frozen pool; but with all our care we fell through again and again into the clammy stratum beneath. These falls recurring every twenty or thirty paces, became at last very fatiguing; still we did not lose heart, and found in our mishaps a continual source of amusement. As for Giacomo, he refused to believe that so much snow could yet be lying in July. His turnings round to see how I was getting on became less and less frequent, and to play him a trick I hid behind a rock. Presently he came floundering back; making such big round eyes, and looking so distressed, that I repented putting him to the trial. "Ah!" he exclaimed, flinging up his hands as soon as he saw me, "I thought you had fallen under the snow."

Right glad we were, when, on approaching the ridge, we left the snow behind, although to exchange it for spongy turf, gravelly sludge, and lumps of rock lying about, imbedded in swamps. On the right spreads the Lago Bianco—White Lake: on the left rises the Corno dei Tre Signori—Dreierherrenspitz, in German—so named from its lofty cone being the point where the territories of three powers, Switzerland, Austria, and Venice, once met. You may cross its flank by a wild

path to Pejo, and the baths of Rabbi on the Tyrolese side.

At last we stood on the dividing point—the summit, but slightly elevated above the long broad furrow through which we had so painfully toiled; and except the satisfaction of looking back on this as a difficulty overcome, there was nothing cheering in the view. Nothing but a limited circle of white upheaved masses, about twelve thousand feet high—Monte Gavia among them, frowning through drifting scud,—for the eye to rest on.

Here we crossed the boundary of Bormio, and entered within that of Ponta di Legno, and came to the Lago Nero, a sheet of water as black as its name; and in a gorge on the right is the source of the Oglio, a stream that we shall accompany for the rest of the day. At first, the descent is very steep and stony, and every step becomes a blow, leaving a bruised sensation in the feet. At times we walked in and out among splintered crags, and came to a declivity, formed by long-accumulated layers of slate, across which the passage was not a little hazardous, for they slipped away when trodden on, and treated us to falls more to be feared than those in the snow. Then stunted firs appeared far below us, and presently we comforted our feet on patches of timid grass; and Giacomo, with a chuckle, said, "*Più neve*"—No more snow.

Five hours since we started! I began to feel hungry, and wish for a rest. A little lower, and we came to a

spring, bubbling forth from under a boulder, which, as the inscription tells, having been blessed by an Apostolic Father in 1671, is regarded as a holy fountain. From the clear, gravelly basin formed by a few alabs, the living water, sparkling even in the absence of the sun, leaps away down the slope, a prattling rill. Here reclining on cushions of green sward, I produced my piece of bread, Giacomo a piece of cheese, and we made an acceptable repast. And presently, with a knowing look, he brought out a small flask: it was filled with *'acquavita*, of which he poured a small quantity into my india-rubber goblet, filled from the spring. The effect of the draught was magical! A thrill of new life flashing through every limb carried off all sense of fatigue. Never before had I had such an experience of invigoration from a few drops of alcohol.

The path leads down a spur of the mountain, covered in places with a long thread-like grass, from which Giacomo earnestly warned me, for it was more slippery and treacherous than ice. To see sheep grazing seemed like coming upon the rudiments of civilization. A little lower, and we had to cross and recross the many-branching stream, striding upon the big stones that offered footing; but crossing whether or no. Then, coming to Val Mazza, more rudiments, in the shape of a track that does duty as a road; and two or three cottages — hovels rather, built of lumps of rock, with small holes left here and there for windows. At a distance you would take them for mounds; yet the inmates, tall and hardy-looking, betrayed no signs of ill-health

or discontent. The dress of the men was identical with that we see on their congeners, the organ-grinders in London. Before we came up, Giacomo raised his shrill cry, and shouted, "*Il mulo ! Il mulo !*" and they all rushed out to give him the first greetings of the season, and to ask and tell the news. He stayed, however, but to light his pipe, for we could not tarry.

Then Lake Silissi, a large expanse of water, choked all round its margin by dense beds of weeds and rushes; and the river having drowned the track, we had to make another slant up the hill to the village of Pezzo. And such a village! Whether there should be a thoroughfare through it or not had manifestly formed no part of the original builders' plan, and their descendants, used to its tortuous ways and hoary inconveniences, are as indifferent to improvement as aldermen. You wonder how such a collection of weatherbeaten, shaky, patchy, tumble-down, dingy-looking houses can have been brought together, or got to stand against the wind for a week. But there they are, intersected by passages that lead nowhere; outside stairs, loose and rickety; projecting stages and balconies, tottering apparently to their fall, and galleries crossing like bridges from one to another. Here and there a room has been added, projecting right across the narrow street, its outer end resting on a row of piles, or a rough stone wall. The general style combines the shanty, loft, and cattle-lair, and you will not find it easy to distinguish one from the other. As we came near there was a clattering of feet; creaking of the rickety stairs, and a

rushing out upon the balconies and galleries which I expected to see give way every moment, for Giacomo had set up his cry of "*Il mulo! Il mulo!*" from a distance, and all the village started up with answering cries. From above and below, from front and rear, came the voices, "*Nostro Giacomo! Nostro Giacomo!*" Fifty hands were held out for a shake; as many sunburnt faces beamed with delight, and more questions were asked than any one man, even an Italian, could hope to answer. A dozen snuff-boxes were drawn forth, and Giacomo had to take a pinch from every one, while answering inquiries; and urgent were the appeals made to him to stay the night; but pointing to me as "that *Signore*" whom he had undertaken to conduct to *Ponta di Legno*, he made them aware that compliance was out of the question. I then came in for a share of their attention,—that their Giacomo had me in charge was a sufficient reason, and the snuff-boxes were offered to me, and hand-grips, with many a "*buona sera:*" and so, all through the village. I could have wished, though, that the dirt had not been as abounding as the demonstrations; and asked Giacomo, quietly, whether his friends washed their faces more than once a year. He thought they did. At any rate, their joy at sight of their old acquaintance was, perhaps, greater than it would have been at news of freedom for Italy.

Then we came to fields of rye, bordered here and there by wild rosebushes; and to the village of *Cassalia*, where the same ovation hailed our arrival; and I was urged to stay the night, that Giacomo might have no

excuse for declining their hospitalities. The necessity must have been great that would have made me voluntarily lodge in such a smoky, dirty den, as one of the houses that I looked into. Such makeshift plenishing! Then more fields, and a good road, and presently, as it grew dusk and the stars began to twinkle, we struck a footpath—a short-cut by the side of the river, and at nine o'clock came to Ponta di Legno. Giacomo was three hours out in his calculation; but he threw the blame on the "much snow," and giving me a final pat on the back, said, "You have walked well. You did not deceive me; you have good legs."

Unprepossessing is the aspect of the inn. The hostess and her daughter, both good-looking, but so unwashed and unkempt, hastened to light us into the sitting-room, and made voluble offers of refreshment and service—too voluble, indeed, for my unaccustomed ear; and Giacomo had to interpret. I could have anything. A steak, then. But Thursday night is the eve of Friday, and not an ounce of meat was to be got in the village; so I fell back on soup, eggs, bread, and wine. Nimbly did the lassie run to and fro to wait on me, making a journey for each separate article; and all who were in the house came in to have a look at me.

My soup resembled nothing so much as thin melted butter, slightly rancid, with pieces of bread floating in it. Hunger, however, inspired me with confidence. All the household assembled at the foot of the stairs to see me go up to bed, and as I passed, the hostess, who had carried up my cold bath, asked if she should come

and wash my feet. As I returned a thankful no, a general "*buona notte*" followed me, with a touch of sympathy in the tone. If the bedroom was somewhat dusky, the sheets, though coarse, were clean; and sound sleep, in less than two minutes after my head was on the pillow, ended all misgivings as to anything else.

CHAPTER VIII.

Village Life at early Morn—Giacomo's Farewell—A Mason Haymaker—Among the Fir-trees—St. Bartholomew's Chapel—The Tonale—Re-enter Tyrol—A Forest Walk—A Timber Fall—Val Vermiglio—Vermigliano—Wine and Eggs—More Honesty—Female Curiosity—A lazy Lover—Romps with the Baby—Paper-money again—Picturesque Scenery—Osanna—Pellizzano—Traders' Signs—Mezzano—Piano—Male—The Piazza—Civic Recreations—The Velocifero—Architecture—Caldes—The Nos—Cles—Time to Breakfast—Silk-mills—Street Life—Good Books—Bad Cutlery—Bare Mulberry-trees—Mezzo Lombardo—Time to dine—Factory Girls—Rabbi Water—Lavis—Gradolo—Trent—Aspect of the City—Hungarian Troops—The Church of the Council—The Cathedral Square—Priests and Priestlings—The Concordat—Marketing—The Café—The Minstrel—A Bit of Politics—Pergine—Lake Caldonazzo—Calzeranica—Devouring Heat—Vigolo—Card-players—Sunday on the Boulevard—A transmuted Name.

THE sight of a bright sun and blue sky—of swallows skimming and twittering round the tall, floridly-painted church spire, cheered me when I woke. Though five had but just struck, trains of mules and pack-oxen were already passing to or from the Pass of the Tonale. Men were leading their beasts through the low archways under the houses, and harnessing them to the wagons; and women, with a kerchief tied round their head, so as to hang down behind in two tails, were fetching water from the fountain in bright copper buckets. And now

I could see the village by daylight. It is an improvement on Pezzo. The houses are of stone; some with Venetian shutters, or gratings, and iron balconies; and here and there a dung-heap close by the side of the entrance: and on the left the bridge—Ponta di Legno—under which the river roars its ceaseless music.

I was just preparing to start, when Giacomo, who had been to sleep at a friend's house, came in, saying, "I could not go back without another good-bye; let me go a little way with you;" so we crossed the bridge, and had soon left the village behind, its stone houses succeeded by straggling wooden outskirts. The road rises gently to the foot of the first zigzag, near which, before I was aware, Giacomo took my hand and kissed it, with superabundant expressions of thankfulness, and with many an "*addio*" we parted. He intended to journey easily back to Santa Caterina, taking time to see his friends on the way, and perhaps to pass the night at Pezzo. The honest old fellow had quite won my esteem, and I felt sorry that he had to retrace his steps all alone across the dreary Gavia.

From the top of the rise you can see Ponta di Legno, lying pleasantly in a hollow at the entrance of two valleys, where the Narcanello falls into the Oglio,—all shut in by hills, among which the Rochetta and some other peaks rise to a height of more than ten thousand feet, their snowy coronets shining afar. And in the deep, broken shades between, your eye follows the line of the Val Camonica some distance down towards Edolo,

whither runs the road to Milan, the slopes here and there dotted with gleaming villages.

Here the haymakers were busy with their first crop; and the rye-fields showed no tint of yellow. Wheat is grown in small quantities, remaining only five months in the ground. One of the men, who could speak a little French, told me he had once worked as a mason in Paris, but pined for his native village, and so returned. It was better here; he could till his field and tend his goat, and perhaps some day have a sheep or two: a cow was far beyond his hopes. True, he could earn two francs a day at his trade; but then it was so seldom in request; and, after all, if a man could get bread, and eggs, and salad all the summer, ought he not to be content? If it were not for the terrible winter, with its deep snow and bitter cold, there would be nothing to complain of. It seems that people who live among the mountains become of necessity philosophers.

Then up at once among the fir-trees, where the dew hangs thickly on the ferns, grasses, and scattered barberry bushes that clothe the sides of the cuttings, and the stiff, glittering branches overhead throw down a green and grateful shade—for the heat is already fierce, and the whole landscape looks glorious under the twinkling sunbeams; and as you rise higher between the firs, you breathe their fresh, aromatic, and resinous scent with a sense of exhilaration. After the snows of yesterday, your eye rests with pleasure on the masses

of green, though composed of hardy vegetation. Before night we shall be once more among the vines.

The side of the mountain is so very abrupt that the zigzags are steeper than any on the Stelvio. The road, however, is good, and the recurring patches of shadow are refreshing. At length you emerge from the trees, leaving the valley of the Narcanello, and turn into a vale, between Monte Piscanno and Monte Tonale, which widens into rolling slopes and broad levels of pasture-land, and all the toil of the ascent is left behind. The hills on either side are green to their summits, and you see only a few streaks of snow, and here and there a glimpse of a distant peak or glacier: and nearer, cottages standing in meadows bright with flowers and lively brooks; and many sheep and cattle grazing. Then a few stunted hornbeams, and banks of rhododendron, rising almost imperceptibly, till all at once the road comes to an end, and there is nothing but an uneven mule-track across the sward. Presently, a chapel dedicated to St. Bartholomew; a public-house and its appurtenances—a resting-place for travellers. I saw no living thing about, except a dog, and having no desire to halt, kept on, and in another furlong, coming to a few iron crosses nailed on wooden posts, had passed from Lombardy again into Tyrol. These mark the summit, an elevation of more than six thousand feet. Some four hundred years ago, when the Val Camonica belonged to Venice, there used to be fierce skirmishes here between the Austrians and Venetians; and later, in the wars of the Tyrolese and

French. The ground continues comparatively level for about a mile; the descent then begins. Grand mountain-ranges open in the distance. You come to a few more hornbeams, a stone cross that commemorates the death of an unfortunate wayfarer, in 1853; then to slopes sprinkled by firs, and, ere long, to a thick forest of larches. Down sinks the track into a deep gorge, and, winding hither and thither under jutting rocks, past mossy nooks and dripping cliffs, delights you with its variety. I sauntered—sat down on the edge of gullies; looked up at the quivering maze overhead, or downward through the narrow openings into the valley. Very gladsome is the impression left on my mind by the stroll beneath those plumed larches.

Anon a lively bubbling—the voice of a rill, which taking a wanton course, will grow to a river ere our day's walk is over. Then you see a portion of Val Vermiglio, as the upper end of Val Sole is called—the most picturesque in Italian Tyrol, and every bend of the path brings you nearer to it. Then a peep up a side valley—long clouds of forest, backed by a glacier. High above your head, in places that seem inaccessible, lie the peeled fir-stems, glistening in the sun, ready for the shoot. A few yards farther, and in a ravine on the left you see a great heap of stems, that have been shot down the rocky bed of the cascade, thrown together in apparently inextricable confusion; some broken in two, and all with their ends bruised and splintered. Then gangs of men at work, deep down in the glen on the right, quarrying the face of a

cliff, sawing timber, carrying stones on barrows, throwing refuse into the chasms: they are making a broad new road, which is to cross the Tonale and join the one we left on the opposite side; and two years hence, tourists and travellers will be able to ride over without fatigue in their carriages. But the old track will always command the finest views, and be the shortest for one on foot. More and more the valley opens: a charming prospect of chateaux, churches, and villages, and fruitful slopes of vines. As in the Montavonerthal, the men are obliged to swarm off every year in search of subsistence. Lizards glide across the path and flit about on the banks, and you begin to feel a sensible increase of temperature. At Ponta di Legno the rye was still green — here the fields are yellow, and women busy with the harvest. Then a magnificent waterfall, thundering down a gorge on the left, of which you have a delightful view while crossing the bridge. Then Vermigliano, a village in two or three scattered portions, those below presenting you with an extraordinary sight of roofs, sloping every way, leaving nothing visible beneath, and apparently without an interval between one and the other.

Here I was glad to stay and dine, after my long walk and early breakfast. Friday's rigour was in full force: nothing available but eggs, bread, and butter. In hot weather I like to drop an uncooked egg into half a tumbler of wine, and enjoy the smooth, delicious coolness as it slips down the throat, and had recourse to the process on this occasion, greatly to the astonishment

of the landlord and his family. Never had they heard of eggs being eaten in that way. The wine has an agreeable flavour; but must be drunk on the spot, as it will not bear transport. For a quart, and six eggs, and as much bread and butter as I could eat—which was not a little, under the circumstances—I paid forty-six kreutzers—fifteenpence only. Moreover, on producing my coin, the worthy folk told me the zwanziger was reckoned as thirty kreutzers in the Val Sole, which was to me a saving of fifty per cent.; and I think the fact worth mentioning, as a proof that in one part of the world honesty dwells with innkeepers.

I was an object of curiosity to the hostess: she walked round and round me, at a little distance, inspecting me from head to foot, making now and then a remark to her daughter, who sat by the window sewing. Then she took up the skirt of my coat, examined it on both sides, and expressed her astonishment at the fineness of the cloth. Did everybody in England wear such? The alpaca lining puzzled her. What was it? She had never seen the like before. Was it silk? Such a coat must cost very much money. And she was still more astonished when I told her that most people in England wore better coats; mine being only a cheap one, for rough work among the mountains. “What then must the finest be!” she exclaimed.

Facing the damsel at the window sat a lover, after the manner of Dumbiedikes, with hands in pockets, mouth a little open, and half-closed eyes, watching his betrothed as she plied her needle. Not a word did he

peak; but every five minutes during my two hours' stay he went through the effort of taking a pinch of snuff. I was determined to make him talk if possible, and put a question. The answer came with a struggle; but the second was easier, and after that, as he could speak a queer kind of Italianized German, we got on pretty well. He had been working on the railway being made from Verona to Trent and Botzen; and finding the heat intolerable, and having a dread of cholera, had thought it desirable to treat himself to a holiday in the cooler temperature of Vermigliano.

"Of course, not to see your sweetheart," I said: whereupon he looked silly, and translated my remark into Italian, for the damsel's benefit. She retorted with a few words that made him look yet sillier.

"But it's frightfully hot down at Trent," he rejoined, turning to me, and in his excitement actually taking one hand from his pocket.

I asked him if he had ever heard of the man who could eat well, drink well, and sleep well, but whose strength failed him when he came to work? which he also rendered into the vernacular; and when the dark-cheeked maiden heard it, she almost rolled off the chair with laughing. The merriment spread: a woman who had come in to buy bread took it up; the cocks and hens that were walking in and out set up a lively cackle; and I quite won the landlady's heart by holding her baby, a plump, black-eyed boy, while she served the customer. He had a good lesson in English romps before he went back to the maternal arms; so that when,

soon afterwards, I slung on my knapsack and prepared to depart, I was entreated to eat the remaining six eggs, the other half-loaf, and the rest of the butter, without further payment. I quoted our adage—"Enough is enough;" and with comprehensive hand-shakings took my farewell.

"You'll find it hot, too, when you get to Trent," cried the unlucky "navvy," as I left the room, at the same time taking out his snuff-box for the twenty-fifth pinch since noon.

As I went down the steps, the landlord, who was coming up, showed me a dirty, crumpled, ten-kreutzer note, with an air of mystery; and said in a low tone, "Paper money goes here," as if he were a little ashamed of the rag currency.

The church here is a spacious edifice, handsomely decorated with marble; and many new stone houses replace the wooden ones, perhaps in anticipation of increased traffic when the new road shall be finished. But the propensity to build all across the road, leaving only a passage-way for small vehicles, seems inevitable. Many of the wooden houses are really grotesque in appearance; and I could hardly believe their construction to be other than the result of accident.

Still descends the rough track along the hill-side, and reach after reach of the valley comes into view, with more of cultivation and more villages; some perched on the heights, others in embowered hollows below, washed by the stream, that has already grown rapid and broad enough to work mischief. And such picturesque

hills enclose the valley: here gleaming with silvery threads of running water, there pale with a deluge of stones; there flush with vines and beechen groves, and teeming fields, terraced in places, even to the open patches among the firs on the summit.

And here and there a far-off rocky peak shows a few slender streaks of snow, to remind you of the wintry regions, and heighten the contrast; and every minute the purple shadows change, and the tints on the crags alter as the sun rolls westwards.

"Ah! that such beauty varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love."

At Osanna, a village of busy mills and other cheerful signs of industry, you drop down to the bottom of the valley and a hotter temperature, and feeling this, you will, perhaps, wish to be spared the hottest. Courage! There is a charming little bit on the right, the Castel d'Osanna, on the top of an eminence, that swells from the slope, engirdled with copse, and rocks peeping from the bright-green turf. Seen against the darksome gorge in the rear, the ruined walls and tall, square towers have a romantic effect. Now you find the river brawling where a long piece of the road ought to be; and you cross from side to side of the valley, passing Fuccine, Cusiano, Pellizzano, so frequent are the villages, and in each you will see something characteristic.

The wine-merchant's sign betokens considerable trade, wholesale and retail—*VENDITA DI VINO IN GROSSO E IN MINUTO*—as he expresses it. Peep into his warehouse, you will see scores of barrels. Another tempts you with a placard—*BIRRA DI INNSBRUCK, freschissima*—the very, very coolest of Innsbruck beer. A real temptation, seeing that the valley becomes hotter at every half-mile. Here and there you see a château; a square, solid edifice of stone, with a wooden roof, in the midst of a square garden; built, if appearances may be trusted, to combine the essentials of a fortress as well as a home. Look at the tall blossoming peas and scarlet-runners in the cottage gardens. Did you ever believe them capable of such luxuriance?

At Mezzano you come to large fields of maize, and a smooth, broad road; and at Piano, a mile or two farther, to groves of walnut-trees; the changing vegetation adding to the interest of your walk. Some of the wagons here, as you see, are nothing more than a long, narrow basket hung between two poles. As evening drew on the church bells were all set a-ringing for a few minutes, from high and low, and far and near, and the musical sounds pealed sweetly over the valley, and prolonged their existence among the echoes. Then Monteclassico on a commanding site, and Croviana, and at last, as the clocks were striking seven, I got to Male, the principal village of the upper valley. The *Corona*, at one corner of the Piazza, or square, affords decent quarters, and the *Kellnerinn* speaks German. Here, only those who like keep the fast-day, and no

scruple was offered to my having roast mutton for supper.

Male has the air of a little town. You see a few patches of paving, and indications of Parisian influence in the dress of some of the people. I stretched myself on a cushion by the window and looked out into the Piazza to see what the folk did with their evening. A few gendarmes lounged about the entrance to the *Caserna* on one side; a numerous party, comprising the notary, functionaries military and civil, half a dozen of the chief tradesmen, and three or four young exquisites, sat around the open front of the café, sipping their cup of coffee or glass of liqueur, while eight or ten others played at bowls in the centre. They kept up the game assiduously, though with but poor results; apparently as well pleased with the rough, stony surface of the square as an Englishman with his closely-shaven bowling-green: their movements all the while freely criticised by spectators at the windows, who burst into uproarious shouts of laughter. After about an hour they joined the party at the café, and a troop of boys seizing the balls had a game after their manner. Then with the approach of dusk came mothers, converging from every street and alley, to lead away their children unwillingly to bed; and louder waxed the talk round the café, with more of volubility and gesticulation than would have appeared among a hundred Englishmen.

Having crossed three mountains on three successive days, I thought myself entitled to give my legs a little rest, and took a place for Trent in the *Velocifero*, a

species of omnibus with an open coupé. We started the next morning at five. Strange was the aspect of the square: the whole range of ground-floors nothing but so much dead wall, relieved only by the flush-fitting, clumsy doors, all now closely shut. The windows are all above, but in the upper story are left unglazed, and you can see through to the wooden wall at the back; the top of the house being apparently a mere open loft. In some the openings are filled with pots of handsome flowers. And the walls surprise you by their great strength, three or four feet thick at the bottom, and tapering away upwards as a buttress.

I had time to note these particulars while the driver and his wife harnessed the horses, and punctually as the clock struck we set off at a heavy jog-trot. I had the front seat, and was the only passenger. At the first village we stopped at a *Vendita di Vino*, where the driver thundered at the door, roused the inmates and all the neighbourhood, just that he might get a drink and light his cigar. Nothing but Italian spoken, and neither soft nor harmonious, to rebuke the disturber. Then Caldes, and its castle on the height, and a hasty view from the lofty bridge while crossing the gorge of the river Nos. Presently, another halt: a piece of string was wanted to mend the harness, and the driver finding nothing better suited to his purpose, took the cord off a parcel among the baggage, and lashed the broken strap. More and more walnut-trees every mile as we approached Val Non, the vines more bountiful, and vegetation richer. And such glorious hills on either

side, so varied in form and feature that the eye never wearies in gazing on them. And now long lines of mulberry-trees border the road; and coming to Cles, the chief town of the valley, though dull withal, we stop at the *Eagle* to breakfast.

What a charm in leisurely travelling! No eager haste over your repast, but time to eat, think, and saunter. I took a quiet stroll; looked in at the silk-mills, where a hundred barefooted girls, with well-kept heads of hair that a princess might have envied, were plying their busy task. The bookseller was binding books just within his door, having shop and workshop all in one. Judging from his stock, the reading of Cles is by no means amusing: *Legends* and *Lives* of the *Saints*, and devotional books, among which the *Way to Paradise* appears to be the favourite, are the only subjects shown in the windows. Nothing offensive, if appearances may be trusted, to the new Concordat. The shoemaker had brought his bench into the street, and sat stitching his leather in the pleasant breeze. Scarcely a shop without a tall, narrow glass-case on the door-post, exhibiting specimens of the wares; and the ironmonger displays on a board spoons, candlesticks, knives and forks, and other articles, so badly finished and misshapen, that an English "Cheap Jack" would scorn to carry such. And under the awning of the café there already lounged the everlasting group: early or late you are sure to see loungers round the coffee-house in foreign towns. I saw one case of goitre ex-

traordinarily large, which the unfortunate possessor endeavoured to conceal by an ample flowing beard.

At length a shout summoned me back to the *Eagle*, and forsaking the vehicle that had brought us from Male, we resumed our journey in a *Velocifero* of brilliant paint, scarlet curtains, soft cushions—such, indeed, as befits a city. The road takes a southerly direction, and the landscape puts on more of the southern aspect. Great quantities of silk are produced in the valley, and you see the effects in the bare and blighted appearance of the mulberry-trees, which have been stripped of their leaves to feed silkworms. A deformity amid the general verdure. Then across the river to a deep hollow, an amphitheatre of vines and ruddy cliffs, in which we zigzagged for half an hour before emerging at the opposite corner, which had seemed so near. More silk-mills, and maize taller than ever. At Tuenno begins a long descent, commanding views of marvellous beauty; ancient ruins here and there on the heights, rising from a sea of foliage. Then a watch-tower on a cliff at the entrance of a ravine—the Pass of Rochetta—through which the river struggles, hemmed in by road and precipice. One of those scenes of rock, wood, and water, that make the mountain land wondrous. At eleven we reach Mezzo Lombardo, a large, town-like village, close under the hills; so close, indeed, that in places the blue and green ridges appear to overhang the street; and here we have a halt of an hour and a half for dinner.

The girls of the silk-factory are going home to their dinner, each with a decanter of wine in her hand, or a crock of coffee. All shoeless, yet not one without a large ornamental pin or comb in her smooth and shining hair. They all walk in single file along the narrow strip of shade at one side of the street, for the sun looks down with overpowering ray, and the stones glow again with the heat.

The dining-room swarms with flies, notwithstanding that it is kept darkened. They are an intolerable pest. The driver, fancying himself somewhat of an invalid, brings a bottle of "Rabbi water" to drink with his wine. It has a flavour of ink and rusty iron; not too disagreeable, perhaps, when fresh and cool from the spring, but absolutely nauseous after hours of exposure to a high temperature in the seat of a *Velocifero*. Among the bills posted up on the walls of the room, one announces characteristically on the part of the traffic-managers that the conveyance will not run when "the road is interrupted by the waters, or by any other insurmountable obstacle." There is plenty of time for another stroll, and to look at the out-door auction, that has the appearance of being a sale under a distress for rent, in the full glare of the sun. Very primitive-looking furniture; and more numerous than all the rest are copper utensils, for which a few country-folk bid timidly.

When we prepared to start again, the driver sprang up from his seat as if he had sat on a blazing coal; for the sun shining on his leathern cushion all the time of

our stay, had heated it beyond even the endurance of a southerner. We jogged on at the same easy pace, and at Mezzo Tedesco crossed the Adige, broadened to a noble stream in its course from Glurns, where I last saw it. Hotter and hotter grows the day, and while we stop at Lavis I take a delicious draught at the fountain. The chink of glasses and rattle of balls in the *Caffè e Bigliardo* testifies as to the way in which some of the residents are whiling away the sultry hours; and others sit under the awning cooling themselves with *birra doppia*—double X. Then Gradolo, from whence the towers of Trent are visible at the end of a long straight road shut in by stone walls—the usual dusty, roasting approach to a continental town, than which nothing can be more uncomfortable for a pedestrian. Presently we see the bold curve of the river washing the foot of the walls: one of the points from which the city looks imposing and is seen to best advantage, while hills on hills rise all around, their height indicated by the streaks of snow on their summits. And from slope to slope all across the valley spreads a sea of foliage: vines wantonly luxuriant, mulberry, pomegranate, apple, and apricot-trees, teeming with fruit; and acres of maize, with the graceful, drooping tassels; and every spot of ground so thickly planted as to appear dense with vegetation. Now we stop at the San Martino gate, and a carabineer demands my passport. It is in my knapsack, stowed away in the imperial on the roof. I tell him so, but he is incredulous, and while it is being reached down, says to a

comrade, "*Forse non è vero*"—Perhaps it isn't true. However, I quickly place it in his hands: then—Where shall I alight? and whither go? Which questions being answered, we rattle over the stones, and I alight at the *Corona*. We had been ten hours in coming from Male.

I was soon out again for a stroll through the town. Its style and aspect are Italian. Here and there you see a German name over a door; all the rest, and the handbills and proclamations posted on the walls, are Italian. Some of the streets have arcades—pleasant to walk under in scorching weather. Everywhere cooling drinks offered in great variety, and apricots twelve a penny. No lack of life and movement in the streets; but what numbers of priests and soldiers! Wherever you look you see one or the other. There marches a detachment to relieve guard—all Hungarians, in canvas coats, and tight, blue hosen. The latter, dear to the wearers as the kilt to a Highlander. White linen trousers were once issued for summer wear; but the Huns could not part with their woollen tights, and wore them under the linen. I crossed the bridge to *Contrada Tedesca*: the river here is wide and swift, and sweeps round the curve with a grand effect, heightened by the tall square and round towers conical-roofed, that rise here and there along the wall. Some of the houses, chateau-like in appearance, look out upon the stream; and on the opposite slopes, embosomed in trees, gleam the white walls of pretty villas, and gardens and vineyards are creeping up the hills behind.

I left scarcely a street unvisited, and but few of the fifteen churches. In that of Santa Maria Maggiore—where the famous Council sat for eighteen years, as if they knew what was best, in a vain attempt to circumscribe human thought, and to make of theology a stationary science—you may see a picture on the wall of the priestly gathering. A physiognomist might read their characters from their portraits. Wily masters of the human heart many of them, finding it easier to mystify than to coerce the conscience; and some who, if we may judge by looks, foresaw that though Luther died the year after they came together, his work would not die with him. The whole number who attended the Council from first to last was two hundred and one; all Italians, except two Germans and one Englishman.

Through the *Piazza and Piazzetta del Duomo*—the big and little square of the cathedral. The centre of the large one is adorned by a handsome fountain, and a brook runs across, by the side of which some thirty or forty women were on their knees, scrubbing and cleaning lamps, stewpans, candlesticks, and sundry cooking utensils, treating themselves at the same time to a comfortable gossip in the hot sun. Merrily goes the work when tongues run freely. The cathedral itself is a squat mass of warm tints, being built of a ruddy brown marble, abundant in the neighbourhood. Inside you see paintings along the wall under the clerestory windows, and in the compartments of the roof; and monumental statues, and sculptured tombs,

and other ecclesiastical rarities; and an altar standing isolated beneath the dome, elaborately ornamented, and surrounded by heavy columns—a work of imposing appearance. But the general effect is spoiled by the great pillars of the nave being hung round with red draperies—as if anything could look better than the naked masonry of the clustering columns. The edifice dates from about the same period as our Westminster Hall; and, as history tells, has been turned to account in the great scheme of going to heaven made easy.

I was amazed at the number of black gowns and uniforms that I met during my perambulation: ecclesiastics in various stages of development, some leading files of priestlings, who already walk sedately and look grave. It would not be difficult to imagine the town peopled by clergy and soldiers, with just a few labourers and traders to provide for their wants. The actual population is about twenty thousand. Booksellers' shops are more numerous than I should have expected; but, as at Cles, nearly all the books shown in the windows are on religious subjects. Among the exceptions I noticed an Italian translation of the first two volumes of Macaulay's *History*. There is no lack of engravings of the Madonna and the Saints, and these are subjects with which the Concordat will not interfere; but I should like to know whether it has put the extinguisher over the book which tells so much truth about that good son of the Church, James the Second.

Booksellers' shops may now be visited all over the Austrian Empire at the pleasure of the bishops. To

buy, sell, lend, or keep a prohibited book is alike punishable; and woe to him who attempts to circulate the Scriptures, the perusal of which is fraught more with harm than good to the reader—at least, a Papal bull says so. Booksellers found transgressing the Index are subject to various penalties, and forbidden to carry on their trade. The State has no longer control over the property of the Church, or matters of doctrine or discipline; and the Church is to be the prime authority in education and in contracts of marriage.

That which the famous Council failed to accomplish is now to be carried out by the Concordat, although the empire contains some four or five millions who are not Roman Catholics. To make assurance sure, one of the articles declares “all the laws, ordinances, and accommodations which have hitherto been in force in the empire, and in the separate dominions of Austria, shall be held to be abrogated in so far as they are at variance with this Concordat :” and such is to be the law “for ever.”

Will people eat, drink, and be merry under such a surrender of civil rights, or will they wonder whether Old Time may not have pushed them back into the days of Hildebrand?

Being Saturday evening, the life and bustle in the streets gradually increased. The marketing grew brisk—cheese and cherries, apricots, lettuces, beans, bread and sausage in slices, the articles most in request. And everywhere, as the sun fell below the hills, the shutter-blinds were thrown open to admit the cooler breeze,

and little groups appeared at the windows. I took a seat at a café and watched the moving throngs, and was struck by their general silent behaviour. There was none of that noisy excitement so often witnessed in an English town on a Saturday night. How rapid was the demand for ices among the party around me, and how the eaters dallied with the cooling morsels! Some dropped their ice into a large glass of water and added a glass of rum, and sipped the draught with keen relish. Fathers brought their wives and children to sit for a few minutes, eat an ice, and chat with a neighbour. The heat, and the occurrence of two cases of cholera in the city, were the chief topics of conversation. None of the ladies had on cap or bonnet; a few, who seem to be of the aristocratic sort, wear a light gauzy scarf, or an elegant lace veil hanging down from the back of the head. Presently the lamplighter came, carrying a cumbrous folding step-ladder, as wide as an orchard ladder, and lit the swinging lamps, that soon glimmered one beyond the other in narrow streets opening from the square. Then sounded the roll and rattle of Hungarian drums, and small troops of the blue tights march past to relieve guard, each with his cloak made into a long blue roll tied together at the ends, slung crosswise from his shoulder. Then came a minstrel, who, taking his stand in a deep shadow, sang two or three songs in a rich melodious voice, accompanied by a guitar, and in a way that elicited bravos and kreutzers. Great was the throng of men and women with market baskets that stayed to listen.

As the owner of the café could speak French, I got into a chat with him, when the dropping off of customers left him at leisure. Whether he spoke as he thought, I know not. So far as he knew, the people were passably content; but there had been terrible work in 1848. Some of the chief inhabitants of the city who sympathized with the rising in Italy were shot without mercy. To hum the popular song,

“Fratelli d’Italia !”

was sufficient to ensure being made an example of. One eminent *Signore*, of ample fortune, offered thousands of florins for his life. “No; you shall die with the rest.” Life being denied, he prayed, making the same offer, for at least decent burial. “No; dogs must die like dogs. The others shall be shot before your eyes: then comes your turn, and like a dog shall you be buried, in a hole with the rest.” The sentence was literally carried out, and for a while made a profound impression.

He believed that most people wished well to England and France in the war with Russia, but Austria was not to be expected to join: she could not afford it. “Every soldier costs her a heavy florin a day, and you can understand why 200,000 men were disbanded only a few weeks ago. And still there are 450,000 under arms; and think what they cost. We hear that new taxes are to be laid on: a prospect that does not add to our gaiety.”

To a remark I made on the number of priests, he

replied, "Ah! we could spare a few." And did he think the people were any the better for such a multitude? "My faith!" with a grimace, "who knows?"

On my return to the *Corona* I found the dining-room crowded with guests at supper; among them a considerable sprinkling of military officers, in white and gray uniforms, all animated and talkative: and three minstrels, of whom one, an elegantly-dressed damsel, kept up the vivacity with song, violin, and guitar; unheeding the sudden storm that broke over the city, the rain pouring, the blue lightning flashing, and the loud thunder rolling, as only to be seen and heard in the sunny south.

My passport had been brought from the guard-house, signed for Bolsano, into which the Italians emasculate Botzen. I could have journeyed to Venice from Trent in a day, but on reflection I would not pay a mere flying visit to the city of the lagoons; so, having spent a fortnight in travelling thus far, I allowed myself the same time for the homeward travel.

Wishing to see as much as possible of the environs of Trent, I started the next morning for a ramble into the country. The ground was as dry as if no rain had fallen; and, while crossing the esplanade of the castle, I felt, though yet early, the foretoken of a blazing day. And how much more when beyond the gate, and creeping up the hill on the road to Pergine! The scorching glare was well-nigh intolerable, as if everything around were metallic and intensely heated; and the effect seemingly increased by the ceaseless chirp of

swarms of grasshoppers and locusts. Every tuft of grass, and every twig and branch, vocal with the strident sounds. However, if somewhat distressing, there is something in the view to compensate you for the heat. Looking back on the city from the bend in the road, you see how luxuriant is its environment. Such groves of mulberries, figs, pomegranates, and fruit-trees of many kinds; and vines everywhere, flinging their tendrils abroad in the very wantonness of luxuriance! The sight is worth all the fatigue it may cost you: moreover, to know what the southern sun really is, you must not be afraid of his beams for a while.

The road winds up Monte Celva, between marble cliffs, through the rocky glen of the Fersina, past a muddy lake, and then through vineyards and fields of maize and wheat to Pergine; a pleasant village, about six miles from Trent. After a stroll to the church and the castle, I took a return route through the lanes, along the side of Lake Caldonazzo—an expanse of water two miles in length and one in breadth, filling a deep hollow among the hills. Lake Levico, in which the Brenta rises, lies on the farther side of the opposite range. All around you have a cheerful prospect of rural scenery: signs of careful cultivation, and abundant fertility; and churches and houses dotting the slopes, betokening the presence of a population to enjoy the bounties so lavishly bestowed. From Calzeranica, at the foot of the lake, a rough track leads up the hill to Vigolo, under an almost continuous wood of stately chestnut and walnut-trees, bordered here and there by

what can only be described as a very jungle of vines. Nature's work and man's work are here in striking contrast, for the cottages seem to be literally flung together, not built, and out of harmony with the graceful masses of vegetation. The ascent is trying work in such a devouring heat: it made me pant again. How gladly did I fling myself down under the leafy shade, and lie with my feet in a chattering rill, listening to the whispers of the leaves overhead! My endurance would perhaps have failed, but for the trees. As it was, it appeared to me that I absorbed enough of sunshine to carry me blithely through many a gloomy November in London.

At Vigolo, a very rustic village on the hill-top, the tavern and grocery are combined. I found every room thronged by card-players, eager and earnest over their Sunday recreation. While trying to coax my appetite with a couple of eggs in wine, I watched the various groups: each one a study. Whist was the game, and eight or ten rubbers were going on. The dealer gives ten cards at once to each player, and throws the rest of the pack aside. I was particularly struck by one grave-looking, sunburnt old fellow, with long black curly hair, in the party nearest me. He was astute enough for a cardinal; and with his hawk-eye glance seemed to discover all that he wished of the game. For nearly an hour he had it all his own way. I saw no money staked; nor was there any word of winnings, except in the form of an occasional decanter of wine. Excitement appeared to be all that the players cared for. And outside, other groups

of villagers were quite as earnestly engaged in playing at ninepins, regardless of the hot sun, and with no little clamour, yet in high good-humour. It was their practice to play every Sunday, they told me, except in winter or bad weather, and then they also sit in-doors and amuse themselves with the cards. I looked about the tavern and in some of the houses for a book or newspaper, but saw nothing to indicate that either the idleness or industry of reading was among the village recreations.

A little beyond Vigolo there is a distant view of Trent, from the wild, shaggy brow of the hill. Far away rise the mountains on every side, to a height of six thousand or eight thousand feet; and, feeling the sweltering temperature, you can hardly believe the white streaks on their summits to be snow. Farther than eye can reach they extend, until, within two or three leagues of Verona, they sink down into the plains of Italy; and the Adige rushes from between them to pursue a calmer course. I loitered on the brow, for it showed me my last prospect towards the south—the dreamland of dwellers under a northern sky. Then to the descent, rugged, stony, and fatiguing; and at length I came out upon the Roveredo road, about a mile from the city.

The dusty boulevard looked quite gay with the numbers of people walking leisurely to and fro under the trees; the ladies wearing bright-coloured scarfs, or rich lace mantles, and veils falling in ample folds. I saw but three bonnets,—and they were looked at as

something very unusual by the talkative groups of dark-eyed damsels and matrons, who preferred their own natural adornment. Many of the shops were open, and every café had its throng of guests seated under the red-striped awning.

To spare myself the tiresome, wall-fenced walk out of Trent on the morrow, I took a place in the *Stellwagen* for Salurn. The clerk of the *Messaggeria* puzzled over my name, and I had to pronounce it three times before he could venture to enter it; and then, on his handing me the ticket, I found it transmuted into, *il Sig. Heider*.

Again a crowded supper-room at the *Corona*; again the minstrels; and again a terrific thunderstorm in the night.

CHAPTER IX.

Parisian Enterprise—Departure from Trent—Salurn—A Friar's Payment—Etschland—Leave the High-road—The Hill-side—A Thunderstorm—The Kalterer See—Kaltern—The *Rittmeister*—Arrest of an Emisary—About English Troops—Austria and England—Georgey—Hungary and Lombardy—The Palmerstonian Target—The *Ficar of Wakefield*—The Doctor's English—Giving a Lesson—A Cup of Tea—A late and early Pupil—His Opinions—A Savour of Scandal—The *Estatica*, Maria von Mörl—The Major's Jokes—Ride to Terlan—A Rabble Parliament—Politics again—Kossuth and Mazzini—Cost of the Army—A wide-awake Country—Meran—Scraps of History—Schloss Tyrol—Magnificent View—Riffian—A lost Track—Saltaus—Labourers at Supper—The Evening Prayer.

FIVE the next morning was the hour of departure. I found a number of passengers taking their early cup of coffee, at a café opposite the *Stellwagen* office, and followed their example, sitting at little tables ranged along the pavement. Among the party were two Parisian cabinet-makers, who had made a week's tramp all round the neighbourhood to buy walnut-wood, and were now going home by way of the Lake of Garda and Turin. Every year, they said, increases the difficulty of getting choice wood; and only by visiting the peasants in out-of-the-way places among the moun-

tains, could they meet with such stems and branches as would pay for transport.

We clattered out of the town with noise enough to wake all the sleepers. The vehicle was uncomfortably crowded by ladies in silk, peasants in serge, two moustachioed wine-merchants in fashionable coats, a farmer without a coat, a soldier, and a Capuchin friar : variety enough to keep a conversation going. Three hours passed : every mile brought us to higher ground ; views opened over the Adige, and away into the mountains ; then a rocky defile, and a picturesque ruin springing from a pinnacle of rock, and we stop to breakfast at the *Krone* in Salurn.

Here German is the prevailing language ; but Italian is creeping in, and the Italian race will, it is thought, gradually dispossess the Teutonic, for the valley of the Adige has an evil reputation for ague and fever, only to be resisted by immigrants from the south. The friar paid nothing for his breakfast but thanks ; and I was told that he would pay his fare on arriving at Botzen in a similarly unsubstantial way.

To avoid the high-road, and the bottom of the valley, I crossed the river, and took a by-way, leading through vineyards and spongy meadows, traversed by lanes of willows, all protected by a high and thick embankment, to the villages on the opposite hill-slopes ; the eastern side of the ridge which separates the valley of Non from Etschland, as the Germans call the valley of the Adige. The day was sultry, and heavy clouds sailed slowly across the sky ; but wherever the track rose

above the fences and hedges I found a pleasant breeze blowing. Perfectly calm days are rare in Tyrol, owing, so meteorologists say, to the very mountainous character of the country. Unlike Switzerland, which has miles of comparative level, Tyrol is all hill and valley, and has scarcely any open levels, except in the Innthal. Hence the many currents of air that refresh the wayfarer, even in the hottest days.

On through Kurtinig, Kartasch, Tramin, into a region becoming more and more hilly; past the Kalterner See, a small lake, overlooked by the Castle of Leuchtenburg, in ruins. I had just got to the foot of the steep hill, on the top of which Kaltern is built, when a long-threatened thunderstorm burst, and drove me under a hayrick for shelter. The rain fell in torrents, and soon gave the road the appearance of a turbid brook; but gradually the dark clouds rolled away, and "before sunset," to quote the words of rare old Christopher, "heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile."

Those who enter Kaltern on foot must arrive out of breath, so steep is the ascent. I was eating my supper at the *Riesel*, when a stranger, somewhat military in appearance, came in, and sat down to his repast. We talked across the table. He was a *Rittmeister* of the gendarmerie, on his annual tour of inspection of the posts within his district; and, relating what had taken place on the Stelvio, I asked him whether the two gendarmes had a right to command and question travellers as they did me.

"Yes, they have the right. Any gendarme, on his own mere suspicion, may stop and question any one he meets; and, if he be not satisfied with the answers, may compel him to retrace his steps to the nearest station, there to be further questioned by the officer in command. You, I think, would have been let to go on again. The Stelvio is a pass that we have to watch more rigorously than any other. We have to be always looking out for treason and smugglers on that mountain; and your being there quite alone, carrying your own knapsack, was a suspicious circumstance. They would not have let you off so easily had you spoken Italian. Why, within a week of your adventure, an emissary (of course of Mazzini's) with Foreign Office passport all in order, was arrested on that same spot. But remember, if a gendarme goes beyond his duty he gets the severest punishment."

Such is the sum of what the *Rittmeister* said, in a less connected form, while eating his carbonado. Of course we went on to talk about the war, and he was not at all dainty in his censures. "Braver troops than yours," he said, "especially under fire, no country ever had; but what officers! They don't know what to do with their men. If such troops had but officers worthy of them, what would they not do! England will never have an army worthy of the name until every citizen is compelled to serve his turn, as throughout Germany, where a military life is popular."

"How happens it, then," I asked, "that so many

chop off a finger, or maim themselves in other ways, to escape the service? And the two hundred thousand men you disbanded lately, were they reluctant to go back to their homes?"

"He would go into that question another time. It was scarcely to be expected that Sebastopol would be taken without the aid of Austria; and Austria was not so foolish as to think of stirring without the support of English money and French troops. English newspapers might taunt, but the government at Vienna knew what they were about. Moreover, judging from those same papers, the power and prestige of England were rapidly declining; perishing from rottenness. England was the laughing-stock of Germany."

"Laugh away," I replied; "you cannot say severer things of us than we say of ourselves. And let me remind you that we are, perhaps, the only nation in the world who can lie down for dissection, and survive the operation."

The *Rittmeister* thought that other countries could do the same.

"Not that," I ventured to suggest, "in which a Batthyani was hanged; and a government became a terror to itself, and a scandal to Europe."

"Batthyani was rightly hanged; but others deserved hanging more than he. We were all mistaken about Kossuth, in England. Hungary execrated him—would cast him out from her bosom were he ever to return. Since 1848, the Hungarians had discovered how terribly

he had deceived them. How was it such as he and Mazzini could be tolerated in England?"

"One reason why, is that hanging a man is not the best way of rectifying or coercing his politics." And I asked a few questions concerning Georgey.

"He is still at Klagenfurt, studying chemistry, and giving lectures."

"Is he content?"

"Can a man ever be content who missed a position, as he did—whose career came to such an unlucky end?"

"And is Hungary content?"

"Yes, Hungary is now happy, loyal to the Emperor, and blames herself that she ever fought for a mistake. There are good schools all over the country, and scarcely a peasant that cannot read and write. I wonder," continued the *Rittmeister*, "that so much misconception concerning Austria should prevail in England, when so many Englishmen travel here every year. Are they unable to report truly, or do they misunderstand everything? Is ours such a callous despotism? Have we not schools in number for the education of the people? The people know that their pleasures and welfare are cared for by the State, and hence they are loyal."

"And Lombardy?"

"Well, things are not so bad there as is reported: it is only in the towns that discontent appears. The Lombard peasant does not care at all who rules him; all he wants is to be let alone, and Austria interferes

not with his tillage. But look at Tyrol! Have you seen any discontent here? Why, when your minister Palmerston made himself obnoxious by his foreign policy, in 1848, the Tyrolese were so exasperated at the slights offered, as they thought, to Austria, that they had his Lordship's effigy everywhere, all through the land, for a shooting-target, and on his breast a label fastened, with the words,

"Wenn hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
So ist er sicher Lord Palmerston."*

From politics we slid into other topics. The *Rittmeister* had once studied English when a youth, but had long forgotten the little he knew, and now spoke only his native German. "What was my lesson book?" he said, and rubbed his forehead; "yes, I remember: it was the *Ficar of Wakefield*. Yes, that was the book; I wish I could read it now."

Presently he told me of a doctor, a self-taught linguist, who was in the habit of spending his evenings at the *Riesel*, and had come to be regarded as a phenomenon, on account of his acquirements in English and French. Shortly afterwards, a tall, portly man entered, and was at once introduced to me as the *Herrn Doctor*. He ordered a *Schopf* of wine, and as he took his seat, the *Rittmeister* said, "Now, Doctor, here is a chance for you: here is an Englishman."

* If the devil has a son,
He surely is Lord Palmerston.

I assured the doctor that it would give me much pleasure to speak English with him; but he put on the bewildered look of one who does not understand a word of what he hears, and begged me to repeat. I did repeat, and slowly—but with no better result. The doctor tried and tried again to answer in English, and had at last to fall back upon his vernacular.

“So! *Herrn Doctor!*” cried the *Rittmeister*, “you are found out. You who so often show off here with reading your English. Where is your scholarship now?”

The facts, however, were, that the doctor having once become possessed of Thomson’s *Seasons* printed with a German translation, had studied so diligently that he could actually read and understand it. He had read it through so often that the sense was now familiar to him, and he wondered at his difficulty in comprehending the same language when spoken. I had a small volume of Cowper’s Poems in my knapsack, and brought it out to make trial of his reading. Such a curious set of jerking sounds as he uttered, I never before listened to. The words came from his mouth as if they were pellets; every *th* turned into *z*, every *p* into a *b*, and the syllables unrecognizable. Of “*schemes*,” he made *shems*, and of “*dreams*,” *drems*, with a sharp, hissing sound of the final *s*. Seeing my attempt to repress a smile, he requested me to read the passage. I had not finished, when the *Rittmeister* broke out with a laugh—“So-o-o, *Herrn Doctor!* is that your Eng-

lish? Truly, you have not the least idea of the pronunciation. Why, I should do better with a month's practice at the *Ficar of Vakefeld*."

The doctor looked disconcerted; but thought that he, too, might be able to speak if I would only stay a month. To read and understand was already something. To encourage him to persevere, I made him a present of Cowper, which he accepted with many thanks, and promised to read from beginning to end.

Much talk gave me a longing for a cup of tea; I had tasted none since Thüringen. The hostess thought she had some, and searched, and brought in what looked like an ancient curl-paper, tightly twisted up. It contained a small quantity of green dust, dry and scentless, which I rejected, and produced a little store of black tea from my knapsack, provided in anticipation of such an emergency. Then, with boiling water and a coffee-jug, I satisfied my longing, as much to my comfort as to the landlady's surprise. She had never seen the like before: such a dark-coloured fluid must be coffee. The *Rittmeister* remarked that many persons in the towns of German Tyrol had begun to drink tea instead of wine on winter evenings. He did, for one, and thought it a good practice. Then, with his "good night," he offered me a seat in his carriage as far as Meran, his next day's journey. I did not refuse it. The doctor was so eager for further talk about pronunciation, that he kept me sitting till weariness got the better of my didactic civilities.

There sat the doctor, with Cowper open before him,

when I came down the next morning, as if he had not stirred the whole night. "Would I give him a lesson?" Who could deny such a craving for knowledge? So I gave him nearly two hours of reading and spelling, and ate my breakfast when he chose to talk. One thing greatly puzzled him: how was it that in English, *ea*, *ei*, *ie*, all had the sound of *ee*? What! could it be possible there was no reason?—then the English was a strange language. "However," he pursued, "I find English to be a more natural language than ours: it expresses itself in the way that children talk. For instance, you say, 'I have eaten my dinner.' we say, 'I have my dinner eaten.' Truly, in that respect, English is better than German."

The two hours over, it was my turn to get a lesson, and I proposed a walk. We strolled away to a higher slope of the hill, from whence the whole region was visible, and the doctor pointed out all that was remarkable. In that house lived *Herrn* —; in the other, *Herrn* —; and he had something to say about everybody, and more than was edifying. As medical adviser, he knew many a private history that would not bear the light. Great rivalry prevailed among the principal families, and they triumphed who could appear most sumptuously dressed in church. And here and there was something worse to tell—scandalous immoralities—which, as I was going away and knew none of the names, he did not mind informing me of; and he could say something about the priests, too, if he liked, that

would disgrace their religious character. He had practised in Kaltern so many years, that the bad as well as the good side of its inhabitants had become familiar to him. I pretend not to vouch for the doctor's statements: if but half be true, they prove that skeletons, unhappily, haunt houses in mountain villages as well as in great cities.

Some years ago Kaltern enjoyed an undue share of notoriety, through the appearance of an *Extatica*. Fräulein Maria von Mörl, born in 1812, began to suffer great torments about her twentieth year, from horrid spectral forms, which never left her day or night. In 1833 she fell into an ecstasy, which lasted for thirty-six hours, and removed her agonies. The trance was talked of as a miracle, and with such effect, that, within ten weeks, more than forty thousand persons went on pilgrimage from all parts of Tyrol to see her. Three thousand passed through her chamber in one day. Whole parishes came, with crucifix and banner, and headed by their priest. In the following year, the *stigmata* appeared, and the damsel was lodged in a nunnery: now one of the curiosities of the place. Her Friday ecstasy differed from that of Christmas-day, and this again from that of other holy days, in proportion to their joyfulness. The Archbishop of Trent said, "Her sickness is no wonder; but her piety is no sickness:" and Kaltern grew proud of its saintly inhabitant. Many imitators arose in the neighbourhood; but, as is said, they all gave up falling into ecstasies after

one visit from a physician ; and the excitement wore away about the *Extatica* herself, and Kaltern ceased to be the resort of curious pilgrims.

We were to dine at eleven, and start at noon. Punctual to the hour, the *Rittmeister* came in from the guard-house, where he had been since an early hour, accompanied by an officer, whom he introduced as the major. We dined altogether in right good-humour ; during which, the major being informed of the arrangement made with me, it was settled that I should ride half-way in his carriage, as the two soldiers had many things to talk about. The vehicles were brought round : I took my seat, and was leaning forward on the bar of the apron, when the major, with a jerk of his thumb towards me, said, "Looks he not like an Englishman?" And while the two chuckled in a way that proved contagious among the bystanders, I replied,

"Yes, one of the race who are not afraid to carry their thought in the eye, and their heart in the countenance."

Then, while cigars were being lighted, the *Rittmeister*, who was striking fire from the back of his knife, came in for his turn: "Only look at him!" cried the major; "a man a hundred years behind," as he produced his own little box of matches.

We were hardly clear of the rough, hilly street, when the Hungarian driver, turning round towards me, asked, "Can you Italian?" I answered by a shake of the head; and "Can you German?" and his reply being

also in the negative, we had none but laconic phrases to divert our attention from the landscape.

Another heavy thunderstorm in the night had laid the dust, but the same sultry heat prevailed; and the horses, notwithstanding their nets, were half maddened by the myriad swarms of flies. We were approaching a region so broken up by hills, and so varied in outline, while ruins—Hoch Eppan, Sigmundskrone, Maultasch—crown the precipitous heights, that the views delight your eye with many forms of the romantic and picturesque. The slopes are hung with vines, and at a distance the low grounds cheat you with the idea of richest verdure; but they are in many places overspread by swamps and large beds of reeds, in which fevers lurk, too often fatal to all within their influence.

We stopped at Terlan to relieve the horses for a while from their tormentors. The huge, dimly-lit stable must have seemed to them for the time an equine paradise. The spire of the church here has lost its perpendicular, and leans towards the road: having once, so says the legend, saluted a maiden, whose purity was such that all things did homage to her as she passed; and leaning will it remain, until another equally spotless shall travel the same road.

The officers were neither fussy nor ostentatious. The *Rittmeister* ordered a bottle of the white wine for which Terlan is celebrated; and while we drank, sitting in the common room, he, having the major for an ally, returned to our talk of the evening before. The two were fully

of opinion that Sebastopol would never be taken, at least not while there was a parliament in England interfering with military affairs, that they knew nothing about. "And a rabble (*Gesinde!*) parliament, too," added the major.

"Say delegates instead of rabble, and you will be nearer the mark," was my answer; "but we do great things with that rabble, as you call it, nevertheless. And whether or no, we mean to have Sebastopol."

"Hear him! hear him!" cried the major: "as if England had not enough to do to take care of herself. Even your own newspapers predict her downfall."

"That is an old story with us. We can call ourselves ill-names; expose our weak points; and come out the stronger from our fits of self-deception. We can laugh at our Queen, at the prince, the ministers, at everybody, without exciting a revolution. If you want to know how, you must go and live in England."

"Yes; and you harbour such fellows as Mazzini and Kossuth."

"Of course we do. If people were only free to laugh in some other countries, ministers of the interior would not require so many spies and gendarmes. Is it not better to laugh at a minister, to pin him with a question in the House, than to plot against him in secret, and give him the trouble of hanging the most enlightened among those who differ from him in opinion?"

"That sounds well; but——"

"In England it works well, as you will see if ever you go there."

Our halt came to an end. The major, holding out his hand to me as he drove off down a by-road, said laughingly, "Good-bye! You are a wonderful people" (*ein wunderbares Volk*). I joined the *Rittmeister*, who pointed out the remarkable objects in the view that became more beautiful as we advanced. There rose the ruins of Zenoberg, there Fragsberg towering far aloft, there Katzenstein, and lastly Schloss Tyrol—the castle from which the whole country has derived its name. We touched the bend where the Etsch changes its course suddenly from west to south, and caught glimpses down the valley towards Botzen, and upwards along the Vintschgau, and away to the great snow region of the Ortler.

Happening to talk of soldiers on the way, I asked if it was true, as I had heard at Trent, that each man of the Austrian army cost the state a florin a day. Including all the expenses of the military establishments, the *Rittmeister* thought the amount not over-stated. "And so you can understand," he said, "that while we are paying four hundred and fifty thousand florins a day in peace, we are desirous to avoid war."

He would not admit that the Tyrolese are honester than other folk, though I insisted with might and main on the proofs of honesty that had come within my experience. "If they who don't plunder the traveller are not honest, who are?" "Yes," rejoined the *Rittmeister*, "it seems so to you; but the people here, besides not

being honest, are slow, stupid, and bigoted—with what effect can only be known by living among them. If you had time to go into Austria Proper, you would find a remarkable difference—a wide-awake country” (*ein sehr gewecktes Land*).

At five in the afternoon we came to Meran, a small town, beautifully situate. It was the capital of Tyrol, until Duke Friedrich—Empty-pocket—transferred the residence to its young rival Innsbruck, and retains some features of its mediæval dignity. I sauntered through the arcades that give a picturesque appearance to the main street, where women sit with stalls of fruit during the week, and the peasantry of the neighbourhood assemble to gossip between the services on Sunday. Then to the church, which boasts the highest tower, and, with its seven bells, the best and most musical ringing in all Tyrol: in other respects, nothing very remarkable. In the Spital church, you may read on the wall a chronicle of one of the terrible floods of the Passeyr, a wild stream which pouring down from the valley in the rear, has overwhelmed the town, and threatened to sweep it away eight times within the last four centuries. A massive embankment of masonry has since been built as a barrier to the torrent; and *die Mauer*, as it is called, is the favourite promenade of the inhabitants. Here they walk up and down under the poplars, or recline on the seats, enjoying the beautiful views of Obermais, the wooded hills, and up and down the valleys.

From the bridge over the Passeyr, looking round on

the landscape, you may see nearly all the castles of the neighbourhood : on every side a scene of beauty. No wonder that Tyrolese poets sing of Meran as a "place of delights;" and the Meraners vaunt their mineral springs as certain to cure, while such prospects assist the effect of the water.

Returning down the *Laubengasse*, you will not fail to notice an ancient building, the *Kelleramt*, in the chapel of which are to be seen frescoes representing the marriage of Margaret *Maultasch*, the heiress of Tyrol, with the Margrave Ludwig of Brandenburg. Judging from the personages present—an emperor, dukes, counts, bishops, and knights in number—it must have been a great event. It took place in 1342. The bride, from her cognomen of *Maultasch*, is commonly described as *Pocket-mouthed Meg*, and yet she is said to have been beautiful. The truth probably is, that the by-name was not derived from any personal defect, but from her Castle of Maultasch, near Terlan. In any case, Austria owes its possession of Tyrol to her, for she afterwards married an Austrian prince. And then if we remember that Pope John XXIII. was entertained here, when on his way to the Council of Constance in 1414, by Duke Friedrich, who, as we have seen, was requited by ban and outlawry, we shall have filled up our brief sojourn in Meran.

I went back to the hotel for my knapsack, and to say farewell to the *Rittmeister*. At parting, he gave me his card, with intimation that if shown to any gendarmes who might yet suspect me of being a subject for escort,

it would at once relieve me from their zealous attentions. And he crowned his courtesies by a pressing invitation to visit him should I ever re-visit Tyrol.

I turned my face towards Schloss Tyrol, that castle which, once a Roman tower, became eventually the seat of nobles, and is now a national heirloom. In 1808, when the Bavarians were in possession, they sold it at Munich to the highest bidder, and the much-prized ruin would have been pulled down had not a neighbouring peasant taken it and held possession till the Austrian rule was restored. Some of the apartments were then made habitable, and one of the Hofer family was appointed keeper.

The view from the summit of the hill on which the castle stands is magnificent, the height and position being such as to command the finest parts of the surrounding valleys and their endless ranges of hills, and the river bending suddenly to the south, as if impatient to reach the plains. It is a view that repays all your time and labour, and makes you reluctant to turn away.

You may descend by a path leading into the Passeyrthal, and strike the mule track at the village of Riffian. The route becomes so wild and stony that you would scarcely believe a town to be within so short a distance. Presently it ended in the stream, which rushing furiously, seemed inclined to scoop out a new bed, and I had to seek a by-path across plashy meadows, where the second crop of grass was already high, and a mower told me there would be a third in September. Some two miles upwards, the valley was filled with the

dense rolling clouds of a thunderstorm—a grand spectacle—slowly advancing, shrouding the landscape in gloom, while the forked lightnings flashed, and sullen thunder growled. Grand as was the sight, I was not sorry to see the tumultuous masses suddenly roll off to the east through a break in the hills.

Then coming to a rise, we have the track again; traversing slopes of vines which gradually diminish in extent as we approach the firs, while the valley narrows and wears a wilder aspect. In places the Passeyr has covered the whole breadth with stones and sand, and its angry roar sounds almost awful as evening creeps on. Then, on crossing the bridge, I found the path again washed away for more than a mile, and had to retrace my steps, and scramble through the forest above the right bank. It was dusk when I came to Saltaus, a large, lonely building, which combines farm-house and tavern, but with most features of the rustic. The accommodations, though homely, are very much better than might be inferred from the outward aspect. The hostess welcomed me with words as cheerful as her own good looks, and soon placed a repast before me which, for cookery and cleanliness, was not excelled in any part of my wanderings.

In one corner of the large room a numerous party of the farm-labourers, male and female, sat round a table eating their supper, all, as usual, feeding from one dish. A thin candle in the centre threw its light upon the heads all bending towards the dish, and a little way into the surrounding gloom; and as one and another made a

plunge with his fork and brought it back to his mouth, and the jaws moved briskly with snatches of conversation and a half-choked laugh between, a picture was produced which I should have liked to bring away in a more tangible form than mental daguerreotype. The effects of light and shade—here a sunburnt visage in strong relief, there a lassie's face in deep obscure, a gleam of light twinkling now and then from her eyes—would have delighted an artist. Supper over, they all rose suddenly, and approaching the crucifix in my corner, recited a brief prayer, made the sign of the cross, and betook themselves forthwith to bed. While they prayed, I laid down my knife and fork and put on a reverent look, as much out of respect for their feelings as for the name of Englishman.

CHAPTER X.

The Passeyr—Classic Ground—A Talk with Reapers—Tyrolese and English Labourers—St. Martin—Hofer's Birthplace—A Dinner on the Balcony—*Am Sand*—Something about Hofer—He becomes Leader of the Passeyrers—His Dress—Triumphal Entry into Innsbruck—The *Obercommandant's* Speech—His Policy—His Economy—His simple Faith—National Incredulity—Dangers and Embarrassments—The last Proclamation—The Search for Hofer—The traitor Priest and Peasant—The Patriot's Hiding-place—An unwelcome Visitor—A Surprise—*Made Prisoner*—French Rejoicings—An Escort to Mantua—Sentence of Death—The Execution—An Imperial Murder—A Corpse ennobled—Final Entry into Innsbruck—Entombed among the Worthiest.

SALTAUS, as I saw on my early start the next morning, has the appearance of having seen better days. The house, solidly built of stone, was once the country-seat of a nobleman, which accounts for the belt of walnut-trees, the large garden where formal beds are still traceable, and clustering roses rise from among the vegetables, and a fountain drizzles in the centre. As usual, a little chapel adjoins the outbuildings; for in Tyrol the community must be small indeed which has not its place of worship.

The valley makes a bend here: we leave the vines for slopes where the fir forests straggle down to the water's edge, and the furious stream wastes more than

its share of the diminishing fields and pastures with drifts of sand and boulders. Falling more than fifteen hundred feet between St. Leonhard and Meran—about twelve miles—the Passeyr roars along with a mighty power for mischief. Again, on crossing to the left bank, did I find the road washed away, and had to try back to a path through the forest, which, though somewhat longer, is pleasanter than the ugly margin of the river. Here and there you come to bowery hollows, to little mossy nooks, delightfully cool, and narrow rocky passages, only passable by one on foot.

The Passeyrthal is classic ground. Every step brought me nearer to the birthplace of Hofer—the Tell of Tyrol: a hero about whom there is nothing mythical, as with his forerunner of Switzerland. We know what manner of man he was, what he said, and what he did, prompted by a devout faith, simple-mindedness, and an unselfish love of country. The rugged paths of the valley are trodden by many a pilgrim's foot, which but for Hofer's name and memory would have turned aside into fairer regions.

While crossing a rye-field near St. Martin, I met a girl carrying a large pail of milk, and a basket of big, coarse rye-cakes, at sight of whom some twenty or thirty reapers ran up to a patch of shade under the hedge, and seated themselves for breakfast. Bread, bacon, and beer could not have been more relished by English labourers than this pastoral diet was by them. They all, lads and lasses, appeared strong and hearty, and told me they were well content. Some of them could not remember when they had eaten meat; a few

of the youngest had never tasted it; and none thought the deficiency a grievance: while they could get good cakes and milk, and buckwheat-soup and salad with oil for dinner and supper, and now and then cheese in the winter, little mattered it to them who ate the flesh. All the men wore the long-bibbed aprons, which seem to be part of the rural costume throughout Tyrol, and some five or six among them had each a watch—old-fashioned things, that looked like the Nuremberg workmanship of two hundred years ago. The eagerness with which they questioned me as to the rate of wages in England, the prices of provisions, and ways of living, made me suspect the genuineness of their contentment; but shrewdly enough they calculated and compared, and came to the conclusion that if a labourer earned more in England, he could not save more than one in Tyrol. They were amazed to hear that English peasantry owned no land, and contrived to bring up a family on nine shillings a week. “Less than six gulden,” said one; “so is, yes, a little bit of land much better.”

Then they wished to know if England was a country where a man could rise? to which the answer was easy. How was it, then, if so many of the lowest class had risen to wealth and distinction, that any were beggars? to which the answer was not so easy: however, I succeeded in making them understand that even in England nine-tenths of us are born to be what are called “people.” Then, how did folk dress in England? and great was their surprise to hear that hundreds of

the working-class prefer the left-off clothes of those who don't work, to attire which, being new, would be thoroughly respectable.

Among the same number of English rustics there would have been talking enough, and endeavours after fun ; but your Tyrolese peasant is a sedate, not to say sluggish, personage ; not easily roused, but a very tiger when his blood is up—as if having an interest in the soil made him grave and thoughtful, and jealous of his rights. How often, while sauntering through English lanes, have I heard a blithe voice go lilting along, happy apparently as a bird's ; but not once did I hear a snatch of song among the mountains, nor any singing except at Trent. If the Tyrolese be, as is said, a musical people, there is very little demonstration of the sweet science to the wayfarer. Perhaps it comes out during the idleness of the winter months. They are not lively in other respects : I overtook all who were on the road, though when first seen they might be half a mile ahead.

A short distance beyond St. Martin, a pretty village that dazzled me with whitewash, I came to a wooden house on the right, which bears on its front a large emblazoned coat-of-arms, with the sign of the *Crown* (*Krone*). A projecting gallery forms at once a portico and outlet to each floor, from whence you may look down on the shed which, decorated by targets and overshadowed by trees, stands between the house and the river. You hear the rustling of leaves, the splash of

a fountain, and the swift roar of the stream. That house was the birthplace of Hofer.

I went in, looked about, saw no one; walked from room to room, up-stairs and down, scrupulous cleanliness everywhere apparent, but no inmates. I called—no answer. I shouted—no answer. I raised a cry of “Fire!” whereupon a woman came running in from the garden, with an apology, and offers of service. The *Passeyr*, if mischievous, yields excellent trout; the *bouilli* was ready; the salad was grown, and could be washed in an instant at the fountain; so I dined right royally on the upper gallery, the sunshiny-landscape before my eyes, and in my ears the music of the breeze among the branches.

In coming up from Meran you will have crossed more than one level sandy patch, deposited by the river; and on a similar but ancient level—*am Sand*, in the vernacular—stands the house where we are now tarrying. Hence Hofer’s forefathers, who lived here from time out of mind, were called one after the other *Sandwirth*—innkeeper on the sand—a name still in use by the country-folk, who, meeting you on the way, will ask you if you are going to call on the *Sandwirth*. The family came from a good old rustic stock, and were noted and esteemed for their rustic virtues. Here *the* Hofer was born on the 22nd of November, 1767. His schooling, which taught him simply to read, write, reckon, and spell, always incorrectly, was yet such as to give him a superiority in education over his

neighbours. Besides his native German, he spoke the Italian dialect common around Trent. And in the athletic sports and exercises, and the rifle-practice, so praiseworthily followed in Tyrol, he proved himself equal to the foremost ; learning much that was one day to be manfully employed against the common enemy. As he grew up to manhood, he joined trading in wine and horses to his vocation of *Wirth* ; and was held in universal esteem for integrity of character, and unflinching resolution when an ancient right was to be defended, or an encroachment opposed. He loved quiet and the old ways, yet had a touch of humour withal that made him enjoy fun and keenly relish a jest. His religion was as stanch as his bravery ; and he could be easily moved to tears by any remark that stirred his attachment to fatherland, or *Kaiser Franzl*. In person, he was of a strong and manly, somewhat herculean, form, with knees and shoulders slightly bent from much walking on laborious mountain-paths. His gait was slow ; and those who heard his soft, half-musical voice, and saw his dark eyes beaming with gentleness, shaded by thick brown hair, and a long black beard, would have thought his features more expressive of patient resignation than of unusual heroism.

Such was Andreas Hofer in his forty-second year, when the insurrection of 1809 broke out. He had taken part in the preliminaries already mentioned, which were so secretly conducted that even some of the Austrian chiefs knew not of the fatal hour about to strike on the morning of April 9th. He had already been singled

out as leader of the Passeyrers, who idolized him, and whose enthusiasm was shared by the peasantry of the other valleys. Was he not one of themselves, the same in faith, aspiration, and prejudice? He retained the old familiar costume—conical black hat with looped flaps and feather, the green coat, the red waistcoat, on which a crucifix hung between the green braces, the black breeches—all associated with their dearest recollections: hence his marvellous influence. Whatever “our *Anderl*” commanded was implicitly obeyed. No messenger betrayed his confidence. If a post was to be defended by his order, those on whom the duty fell died rather than forsake it. He thought himself a Heaven-sent warrior, and the people believed devoutly in his inspiration, while the French called him the “insignifiant idole des Tyroliens.” And so it came to pass that the land was rescued. What clergy, nobles, and government had failed to accomplish, was achieved by the peasantry, who having won back their land three times in the course of a few months, thought their duty fulfilled, and trusted the rest to the government. Vain trust! Diplomacy with its wily artifices was put forward instead of valour; and the hardy mountaineers had no sooner returned to their fields and cottages, than the foe returned, and laid the hateful foreign yoke once more upon their shoulders. Well might Pitt say, some fifteen years earlier, that Austria was always in arrear by a year, an idea, and an army.

After the second expulsion of the foe, in that memorable year, the *Sandwirth* was appointed chief leader—

Obercommandant of Tyrol. But he changed nothing of his habits, or simple ways of living. He thought no more highly of himself because of the wild joy of the peasantry at his supreme distinction. When after the fierce contests along the Brenner route, and the glorious victory at Berg Isel, he made his triumphal entry into Innsbruck on August 15th, St. Napoleon's day, and heard the overwhelming acclamations that hailed his appearance from the church to which he had first directed his steps, he cried, "Hist! hist! Now prayer, not shouting. Not I, and not us—One above." Later in the day, the overjoyed thousands clamouring to see him, he stepped out on a balcony of the palace, and addressing them in homely style, said, "Now, God salute you all, my beloved *Sbrucker* (Innsbruckers)! Because you would have me, whether or no, *Obercommandant*, so am I bound to you. But there are some here who are no *Sbrucker*. All that will be my weapon-brothers, they must fight for God, emperor, and fatherland, like brave and honest Tyrolers. They who won't do that shall rather go directly home. My weapon-brothers shall not forsake me; I will not forsake you, so true as I am called Andreas Hofer. Now I have spoke to you—you have spoke to me; so God preserve you all."

In vain simple faith and rustic eloquence! *Kaiser Franzl* found it easier to send a gold chain and medal to the *Obercommandant*, to be worn with the crucifix on his red waistcoat, than to sustain him as a bulwark of the empire. And Hofer himself was but human, after

all. He had no genius for tactics ; none of the quick insight which sees the one advantage to be striven for amid the throng of difficulties ; no ability or inclination to outwit an antagonist. While at Innsbruck to confer with the other leaders, before the insurrection broke out, and knowing that his presence was to be kept secret, he was found one night at the theatre, where his marked appearance drew all eyes, and could only be enticed away by an artifice. He liked not to have two or three things together on hand : one at a time, to be settled in his own straightforward way, was enough for him. It vexed him to be kept up at night, or to be disturbed while at meals. He was once nearly surprised by a Saxon troop at Sterzing, from having sat too long at table. Not that he fared sumptuously : he contented himself always with his usual homely diet ; and during his six weeks of power cost the country but fifty florins in personal expenses. He could beat the enemy, and very effectually too, in regular hours, such as he had been accustomed to in his daily business, not otherwise.

Indecision was another weak point of his character ; and the factious and the crafty took advantage of it to make him the instrument of their own designs, while, on the other hand, it not unfrequently brought ruin to the best-laid schemes of his friends. Among the many proclamations he issued during his brief residence in the palace at Innsbruck, one enjoined a better observance of the Sabbath—dancing-floors and taverns not to be frequented on that day ; another forbade music, except

in moderation; a third required women not to wear their dresses too low, or of too thin materials, or to appear with bare arms, lest the valiant mountaineers should be led astray by their allurements. All commencing with "Beloved country-folk," and phrased in earnest and affectionate terms, appealing always for the sake of God, emperor, and fatherland: from that point he never wavered. When he accepted the gold chain on *Franz's* birthday, October 4th, kneeling in the *Hofkirche*, during a solemn service, tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

The news of the peace of Schönbrunn (Oct. 15) was received throughout Tyrol with incredulity. Orders to lay down arms were everywhere laughed to scorn: the official announcements in the newspapers were treated as mere lying tricks of the enemy. Hofer was no exception. He had left Innsbruck for Schönberg, and would not relax his watchfulness against the Bavarians, who, according to the treaty, were again approaching, until he could see the order written by the Archduke John's own hand. Then he issued a proclamation to his "Brothers," as he calls them, declaring that, forsaken by Austria, they could no longer make head against Napoleon's invincible might without lasting misery: that the French were marching up one side of the Brenner, the Bavarians up the other, so that the sooner all resistance ceased the sooner would the foe retire from the land.

Such a proclamation must have been bitterness to him; and more than once after sending it forth, he

issued counter-proclamations, urging a renewal of hostilities. English gold, some time delayed, had found its way to the mountains; and with such support, what might not be dared? Douay, a rascal priest, thrust himself now into Hofer's presence, and tempted him to resist. To mistrust a son of the Church was not in the *Sandwirth's* nature, and he lent too ready an ear to one who was all the time in the pay of the French general, Baraguay d'Hilliers. Friendly warnings availed little: his one answer was, "he trusted in the Mother of God, in his body-guard, and a certain nook in Passeyr."

On the 12th of November the whole line of the Brenner was in possession of the foreign troops, though not without fierce skirmishes and great loss of life: so unwilling were the peasantry to believe that the results of their successive triumphs were to be thrown away. On the 15th, Hofer sent out another proclamation: "all Passeyr was up." He had returned home; and being looked on as the chief fomenter of discord, the French general sent a message to him, offering terms. He asked three days to consider his answer, and before the time expired mysteriously disappeared.

The French began a search, but not a trace of the fugitive could be discovered: not a soul in Passeyr appeared to know aught of his hiding-place. The rustic "*I woass nit*"—I don't know—was all the reply the scouts could get. The season, too, was against them: misdirected by the peasants, they went astray in the snows, and wandered into the way of two avalanches, so that at last the search became hateful to them as it

was wearisome, and they withdrew in the belief that the *Sandwirth* had escaped to Vienna.

Douay, the priest, was acquainted with one Franz Joseph Raffel, of the village of Schanna, near Meran,—a cowherd in summer, in winter a brandy-smuggler, an idle fellow at all times. One day, in January, 1810, Douay mentioned at the French head-quarters that he knew some one who knew Hofer's hiding-place. Raffel was laid hold of, and, under the influence of money and threats, though not without some glimmerings of compunction, was made to serve as guide to the light infantry column of fifteen hundred men, seventy *Jügers* on horseback, and thirty Italian gendarmes, who in the night of January 26th set out to capture the fugitive *Obercommandant*.

Hofer, with his wife and son, and a friend, had betaken himself at the time of his disappearance to a lonely dwelling on the Kellerlahn, then to Brandach, and last to a solitary cowherd's hut, high up in the region of snows, where he believed himself in security. In this miserable retreat, which for all household gear contained but a cattle-trough and a quantity of hay and straw, he was supplied with food by trusty adherents, who entreated him to escape while there was yet time. But the hardy peasant shook his head: he was troubled by unhappy thoughts over the losses and mistaken struggles of the last few weeks, of which he regarded himself as the cause. He felt a presentiment that his work and his own career were about to close, and to end worthily was the idea that now possessed him.

Then he changed his mind, and wrote a letter to the emperor *Franzl*, begging for favourable consideration, and sent it by a faithful hand to Vienna. His messenger made the journey safely, was supplied with money and everything needful for the flight, and had reached Lienz on his way back, when he heard of the capture. Hofer had delayed too long.

On the 23rd of January the *Sandwirth's* wife spied a stranger lurking in the neighbourhood of the hut, and alarmed her husband. A bullet from the loaded rifle which stood in one corner would have checked the intruder's curiosity; but the mood for strife had passed. The stranger was Raffel. He approached the hut, and on being questioned pretended to be in search of a stray calf. Hofer, terrified at the unwelcome visit, gave him two crowns, and made him swear never to reveal his hiding-place.

It was bright starlight, at five in the morning of the 27th, when the friend who had brought provisions, and lay sleeping with Hofer's son in the hayloft, was woken by the tramp of many feet on the crisp snow. Crying, "The French are coming!" the two leaped from the upper window, hoping to escape in the drifts, but were at once seized and bound. Hofer, waked by his wife, stepped out, saw at once what had happened, and with firm voice asked, "Speaks any one German?" The commander, Captain Renouard, came forward with one of the gendarmes, who replied, "Are you Andreas Hofer?"

"I am he!" answered the *Sandwirth*, loud enough to

be heard by all. They might do what they would with him; but for his wife, and son, and friend, who were really innocent, he besought favour; and turning to them he said, "Pray, and be steadfast; suffer with patience, so will some of your sins be atoned for."

He was chained hand and foot, his companions were bound, and, surrounded by troops, they descended the mountain. In the villages the French broke out into acclamations, and struck up their liveliest music, for the "terrible *Barbone*, the general *Sanvird*," as they called him, was a prisoner. The peasantry along the route, amazed at the capture of their hero, fell into grief and despair. The rejoicings multiplied at Meran, and all along the road to Botzen. Here the French general, indignant at the treatment Hofer had received, ordered him to be released from his chains, and sent a party to escort his wife and son back to the old house "*am Sand*," with instructions to restore whatever had been plundered. Heart-breaking was the separation; but Hofer maintained his tranquillity. Cold, anxiety, and ill fare; during his two months' sojourn among the snows, had told on him: his eye had grown dim, and his hair gray, yet he abated not one jot of faith or hope.

He was escorted next to Mantua, and tried by court-martial. Two of the members were for unconditional release, others for imprisonment, a minority for death. But a missive was received from Milan, ordering execution within twenty-four hours, so that Austria's intercession might come too late. From the time of

his arrival in Botzen, the French had treated Hofer with great respect, as a personage of distinction, and one of the high dignitaries of the Church was appointed his confessor. Calm, as from the first, he awaited his fate; manifesting in himself the steadfastness he had enjoined on others. His last letter, written to his wife (it is preserved in the Ferdinandeum at Innsbruck), advises her of the religious duties to be fulfilled after his death, and ends, "And so farewell all in the world,—till we meet together again in heaven above, and there praise God without end. Let all Passeyrers and acquaintances think of me in their holy prayers: and let my wife not grieve too much. I will pray near God for you all."

"Farewell, thou scornful world! Death comes so softly towards me, that my eye moistens not."

At eleven in the morning of February 20th, a company of grenadiers marched along the bastion with Hofer in their midst. All the Tyrolese prisoners who could get near threw themselves on the ground, and besought his blessing. He, in turn, begged forgiveness from them and others. Arrived at the place of execution, a white cloth was offered to blindfold his eyes, and he was bidden to kneel. He threw the cloth aside, and answered, "I stand before Him who made me, and standing will I give Him back my spirit." Then handing to the corporal a *zwanziger*, which "even in that moment reminded him of his unhappy fatherland," he charged him to aim well, and gave the word "Fire!" Not till the second discharge was life extinct.

The body was carried by the grenadiers to Saint Michael's church, where it lay for a time, with candles burning, under the eyes of a guard, that all men might see that the redoubtable leader of the Tyrolese insurgents was really dead. After that, they buried him in the garden of his confessor, and recorded his name and fate on a tablet on the wall.

Truly has it been said, that if great men would but really believe in a Providence, they would not make so many mistakes. In the case of Hofer, Napoleon scrupled not to add one more to his list of wilful murders. No magnanimity could be exercised towards the simple-hearted peasant, who had loved his country but too well. And look at the moral ! Four years later, Tyrol was restored to Austria, and the peasantry of the mountains could give expression once more to their ancient attachment. It was, however, ill rewarded. The insurrection, on which they prided themselves so much, was not to be spoken of ; booksellers were forbidden to sell the narrative of the spirit-stirring events ; and some of the rights and privileges which Bavaria had granted and confirmed, were annulled or withheld. Yet the people cherished their ancient faith, and many a poet gave secret utterance to the feelings inspired by glorious recollections.

The *Sandwirth* was not forgotten ; and, at length, his friends—who were neither few nor unimportant—succeeded in moving the government to do justice to his memory. In 1824, Hofer's body was disinterred and conveyed to Botzen, from whence it moved in sad and

slow procession to Innsbruck. And here, in the chief city of his beloved fatherland, it was laid in the tomb, on the day following the fourteenth anniversary of his execution. It was another triumphal entry, and in presence of a greater throng than attended the hero in that memorable "Anno Nine." From every hill and valley the peasantry came, an astonishing multitude. The governor of Tyrol was there; the nobles and worthies of the land walked in the proudly-mournful train, amid long columns of the Imperial troops, and solemn strains of martial music sounded. There paced the clergy, in sacred vestments, with crosier and crucifix borne aloft. On the coffin lay Hofer's hat and sword, the gold chain and medal. Twelve *Wurthe* bore the pall, and many of his "weapon-brothers" followed. And so the body was carried to the Imperial church—the church where he had given thanks for victory and the Emperor's favour, and bent the knee in worship, where around Maximilian's tomb the olden time perpetuates its noblest in bronze—and laid in its final resting-place, while the Abbot of Wiltau pronounced a benediction. The next day a requiem was sung in St. Jacob's church; and with all other feelings lost in the one great sense of sorrow, the multitude joined in honour of him, who, seeking nothing for himself and everything for his country, was in life and death the embodiment of Tyrolese faith and bravery.

CHAPTER XI.

The Strangers' Book—Relics of Hofer—More Honesty—Jauffenburg—The Oetzthal Glaciers—Up the Jauffen—A sturdy Woman—What she wanted to know—The last Stare—The Mountain Path—The sham Doctor—A Climb—The Summit—A *Wirthshaus*—Fir-woods—Sterzing—Cheap Entertainment—The Brenner Road—A Retrospect—The Ambuscade—Destruction of the Saxons—A Surrender—The "Saxon Cleft"—The Duke discovers his Mistake—The *Kapuziner*, Joachim Haspinger—His Life and Exploits—"The *Rothbart* is up"—The Patriarch at Salzburg—Tyrolese Heroes—Speckbacher and his little Son.

AT the end of my dinner, the hostess brought me first the new and then the old Strangers' Book. The old one is quite full of visitors' names, interspersed with scraps of rhyme, and sundry attempts at moralizing. As appears on the first pages, it was dedicated to the Hofer family by Count Wimpffen, in 1835. A biographical sketch of Hofer follows, in German, French, Italian, and English; the latter evidently not written by an Englishman. The writer may have been a good Tyrolese, for he mentions the relics of the patriot preserved at Innsbruck, and expresses a hope that his betrayer was intoxicated when he committed the foul offence. This sketch is certified by a memorandum, in the hand of the Archduke John.

There are relics here, too. Those targets, hanging in the shed, were *his*. From the numerous bullet-holes near the centre, you may infer what chance a Frenchman had at a hundred yards from his rifle. You may read his name and that of his wife in the blazonry of the sign: ANDRE VON HOFER UND ANNA VON HOFER, *geb.* LADURNER. His corpse was ennobled while it lay in the grave at Mantua, in 1818: hence the prefix *von*. You see the chamber and bed in which he slept; on the wall hangs a crayon portrait of his comely daughter, and one of his last letters, written in a homely but firm hand. There are an old press, in which his clothes were kept, his green coat, and other garments, his girdle, and hat, bearing the words, *Obercommandant von Tirol*.

Hofer's wife died in 1836; two of his three daughters were married in Passeyr: all are now dead. His son, Johann von Hofer, who had little of the father about him besides the name, and his grandson, were taken care of by the Court at Vienna; and some of the family connexions were provided for by being put in charge, as already mentioned, of Schloss Tyrol.

A certain spot on the bastion of Mantua has become sacred for the Tyrolese; and to them this house is a shrine: thousands from all lands have visited it since Hofer's death. The fountain at which *he* drank still plays; the river still runs, telling of *his* fame; and, as of old, the snowy-crested mountains look down on his dwelling-place.

As at Saltaus, the hostess informed me, when I paid my

score, that in the Passeyrthal the zwanziger is reckoned at twenty-seven kreutzers: more honesty. I went on to St. Leonhard, a busy village, with a tannery, and mineral baths, and up the hill beyond, to the castle—Jauffenburg, a time-worn ruin. It crowns a steep knoll; broken walls and shattered towers, surrounded by trees, and a tangle of shrubs and brambles. From the lower side there is a far-reaching view down the valley, taking in, as is said, the towers of Löwenburg, near Meran; but I could not make them out. You see now how small the portion extorted from the slopes for cultivation; and the scene is somewhat melancholy in aspect. Yet, looked at by the light of history, its interest is great. Before you stretches what has been named the Switzerland of Tyrol. On the right, where the valley branches off, you catch a glimpse of the eternal glaciers of the Oetzthal, from whence the Passeyr comes rushing down in a roaring fall. It was near those glaciers that Hofer made his hiding-place.

From the ruin a steep and stony path leads over the Jauffen—Mons Jovis of the Romans—to Sterzing,—a short cut ever since the days of the Rhaetians, and much frequented before the road was made along the valley of the Eisack. The French attempted more than once to pass it during the war, and were rudely repulsed by the peasantry.

The afternoon was hot, and the path, which resembled the dry bed of a torrent paved with boulders, toilsome, twisting here and there among the firs, and shaded in places by walnuts and elders. I was taking a brief rest

by the side of a cool spring, when a woman, barefoot, with a basket on her shoulders, came up and took a seat immediately facing me, on the opposite side of the narrow path. She had legs that a drayman might envy, and seemed to me the very model of Tennyson's "mighty daughters of the plough,"

"Stronger than men,
Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind and rain,
And labour."

From the moment of her sitting down, she stared fixedly at me with great eyes, her mouth half-open, as if spell-bound. I returned her stare for two minutes, and then asked, "Are you very much astonished?"

"*Jo-o-o,*" she answered, with the broad twang of the Passeyrers.

Another stare. Then, Where did I come from? and it said but little for her delicacy of ear that she guessed wrong. I was German, Italian, Frencher, Hungarian; and loud was her exclamation, "*Aus England!*" when I declared myself. She stared at me again as if I had been a Pagan; perhaps excogitating the questions which presently followed. Did ash-trees grow in England? and she slapped the stem of one at her side. Fir-trees? slapping a stately larch on the other side. And elders?—and vines? "So! Not many vines. What do they drink there? Beer. So! Is it good? Do they eat oxen-flesh?"

"Don't they!"

Another stare. Then, "Are you Lutheran or Catholic?"

Judging from the stare of surprise that followed, she could never before have set eyes on a Protestant. However, she ended by telling me that she was going half an hour farther up the mountain, and would be glad to carry my knapsack that distance for six kreutzers; so we trudged on together, except that at times she fell into the rear to indulge herself with a stare, and came hurrying on when I looked round. At the turning near her hut, she sat down on a big stone, took her fee with a laconic "*Dank*," and, as I failed not to observe, remained staring till I was out of sight.

Now the path runs along the precipitous slope, high above the valley, in places crossing chasms on a floor of poles rudely fenced. It commands striking views. Beyond Walten, the last village, a haymaker detained me for a little talk, and ran off to fetch a sick neighbour of his, who wanted the doctor. I kept a good countenance when the patient came up. He was a sturdy, sun-burnt fellow, with no other ailment than a stiffness of six weeks' duration in his left arm. I felt his pulse, poked his ribs, made a few mesmeric passes down the arm, and ordered him to swing it. While swinging, he found he could bend it a little; whereupon I prescribed a half-hour's friction by his wife's hand from shoulder to wrist night and morning, and, that his mind might help the cure, assured him he would be able to join the mowers in a fortnight. He replied with many thanks, and I left him, sincerely hoping the result would justify his faith in the English doctor.

Then comes the climb: up—up, with scarce a foot

of level to ease the strain. Now pastures, now fir-woods, now a lonely cottage, where you may assure yourself of the way, which is not hard to find. Then above the trees to the bare, thin turf, strewn in places with patches of gravel, and protruding rocks, among which you may quench your thirst from cool and bubbling springs. No snow, except one dirty patch in a deep hollow. Then poles to mark the way in winter, and a tall cross, and by-and-by the topmost ridge. It was four o'clock when I stood on the summit, an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet. The view is grand and impressive: a great assemblage, amphitheatre-like, of snow-peaks, among which the Jauffen appears to be central and lowest, comprehending what is regarded as the heart of Tyrol. The form of some of the rocky peaks is magnificent; and the glaciers of the Oetzthal and Stubayerthal rear their wild masses high against the sky.

Then down to a turfy level, where, about half a mile from the brow, stand a lone *Wirthshaus* and a little chapel. Here you can get coarse bread, eggs, cheese—tough as sole-leather, and wine, at double the cost of that you drank in the valley. The kitchen smells frouzy, as if neither door nor window had been opened since the winter fire was let out in the great stove that blocks up one corner. What a relief to come forth again to the pure air of the mountain!

Among the firs once more: past a series of pictures—"stations" for the edification of the devout; past women toiling homewards with a burden of fodder that seems a load for a horse: a delightful evening walk. The

range on the opposite side of the valley, with its miles of dark wood, thrown into bold relief, and the shadows deepening as the sun drops lower. Then banks of wild strawberries; two or three villages; and all the descent stony and tiresome. It was dusk as I passed the Sterzinger Moos, a vast swamp that taints and chills the air, and is memorable for battles that have been fought around its borders. I entered the *Krone* at Sterzing—one of the best inns on the road—at nine, quite tired enough with my day's work to make rest acceptable. The solid walls, and groined and vaulted ceiling, give you the idea of a convent; but there is no conventual gloom: guests are numerous, and the attendants bustling. For supper, they brought me beer and soup, *bouilli* with stewed prunes, mutton cutlets, salad, and apricots, for which, with bed and breakfast, they charged no more than one-and-eightpence.

I was now on the great road of the Brenner, having missed Botzen and Brixen by coming over the Jaufen. I missed, too, the defile, which, commencing a few miles below Sterzing, was the scene of the most fatal ambuscade in all the war. Let us take a brief glance at what took place before we get farther away.

When, at the beginning of August of the year so frequently mentioned, Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic, found the Tyrolese, embittered by the defection of Austria, preparing to renew the struggle, and avenge his re-occupation of Innsbruck, he sent a Saxon division to keep the communications open across the Brenner. The troops were annoyed by sharpshooters all along the

line of march, and found the road barricaded in places, but met with no serious resistance until, having passed through Sterzing, they advanced on Mauis and Mittelwald, in the deep and narrow defile, through which the Eisack struggles with noisy roar, and the road is shut in by precipitous cliffs. Another barricade stopped them at Mittelwald; and while hewing a passage, they lost a few more of their number. The Tyrolese, however, who mustered at first but about seventy men, led by the fiery *Kapuziner*, retired slowly along the heights, wishing to draw the enemy farther into the defile. The Saxons, brave and determined, pressed on to Oberau, where the cliffs recede and leave a small basin about two hundred and fifty paces in breadth, in which the road crosses from one side of the stream to the other. Panting under the sultry heat of the afternoon, they entered the basin, and found the bridge in flames. They halted. Presently a voice was heard crying, on the rocks high above their heads, "*Soll I? —soll I?*" (Shall I?—shall I?) "*No nit!—no nit!*" (Not yet!—not yet!) answered another. Orders were given to attempt the passage of the burning bridge. The column advanced. Then a voice on the rock once more, "*Hiesel, hau' ab!*" (Hiesel, cut loose!) A few quick strokes of the axe, and, as if the hill itself were falling, down rushed rocks, trees, and mounds of earth, crashing through everything, burying the affrighted Saxons in heaps, or hurling them into the river. Then cries of alarm and agony, mingling with the impetuous dash of the half-choked stream, the tramp of horses, and

the exulting shouts of the Tyrolese. A trooper galloped madly for the bridge, but ere he passed the blazing beams gave way, and steed and rider perished in the river. A portion yet remained standing, and a number of the troops got across, under a hot fire from the Tyrolese, who followed up their avalanche by a continuous storm of rocks and bullets. Some of the Saxons, rather than stand like sheep to be shot down, made a dash at the hill-side to take the sharpshooters in flank. One aged peasant, who had been firing from a projecting rock, surprised by a grenadier, who cut off his retreat, attempted to master him by wrestling; but too weak, he grasped him round the body and leaped over the precipice, amid the cheers of the Tyrolese.

The numbers of the peasantry multiplied during the night. From every side came Speckbacher, Hofer, and other well-known leaders, with their men, to strengthen the *Kapuziner's* scanty troop. At daybreak on the 5th, the Saxons were driven back on Oberau, and there kept at bay by a murderous fire. The French general, irritated at his failure, ordered four peasants who had been taken prisoners to be shot. The deed was avenged, for the instant afterwards twelve of his men fell dead on the same ground. The Saxons suffered cruelly from thirst. The Tyrolese had removed all the pipes and gutters of the fountains; and any one who ventured to draw water from the stream was at once shot down. Some of the grenadiers fetched a cask of wine out of the *Sack*—a well-known *Wirthshaus*—and beating-in the head, a throng collected

around to drink. Whiz!—a man fell bleeding across the cask; yet still the drinking went on, so fierce was the tormenting thirst.

At noon a white flag was hung out, and the victory of the peasants was complete. Eight officers, including some of the highest rank, had been killed, nineteen wounded, and twenty-two were taken prisoners, and of the troops nearly a thousand were slain. The defile between Oberau and Unterau is still known as the "Saxon Cleft."

The Duke of Dantzig refused to believe the road impassable. He sent Count Arco in a carriage, with only two outriders, to instal himself as governor of Brixen: the Count returned quicker than he went. The Duke himself set out—nothing should stop him—he would have his despatches dated "Botzen" before he was a league from Innsbruck: "Better wait till we are really in Botzen," suggested one of his officers. He boasted to the mistress of the house at Sterzing, where he slept, that he was going to "chew up the cursed peasants;" but he did not advance so far as the Saxons. He was nearly made prisoner; was driven back inch by inch, harassed with a galling fire, and on the 13th was taught by his crushing defeat at Berg Isel, that the peasants who were brave enough to be Englishmen, could do what the English were doing with his brother marshals in Spain.

I have mentioned the *Kapuziner* more than once in the foregoing pages, and should like to say a few words concerning him while on the ground he so often tra-

versed in his daring exploits. Joachim Haspinger was born in 1776, and while yet a student took part in the campaign of 1796-99. In 1802 he devoted himself to the service of the Church, and joined the order of Capuchins: hence his familiar name, the *Kapuziner*. But his ardent spirit could not remain quiet within the walls of a convent, especially when his country was threatened; and when the war of 1809 broke out, Father Joachim renewed his services as army-chaplain. Inspired by his ardent patriotism, his ability for command, and indefatigable valour, the peasantry of the hills along the Eisackthal recognized him as their leader: and well did he justify their confidence. He wore always his priestly gown, ready alike to soothe the wounded, shrive the dying, or attack the foe. No danger and no fatigue daunted him. He would undertake long journeys, toil for hours through the snow of the highest passes, to concert plans with Hofer or the other leaders, and hasten back to play his own part. Wherever he appeared the ardent *Kapuziner* carried all before him; never more successfully than in the conflicts here described. The Duke of Dantzig, unable to conquer him in the field, offered a bribe—high rank and dignity in the Church; but the formidable priest was not to be so disarmed, and he returned an angry refusal. The Duke rejoined, “When I catch you, red-bearded churl, I will hang you on the nearest tree, and tear out every hair of your beard one by one.” To which was retorted, “Perhaps the Redbeard may catch the Marshal!” an event which, as we have seen, did

nearly happen. To have been foiled by a priest increased the mortification with which the Duke had afterwards to bear the reproaches of his Imperial master. From that time Father Joachim has always been known as Redbeard (*Rothbart*). To escape the summary process by which the French got rid of Hofer and some other leaders, he fled, disguised as a workman, through Switzerland to Italy, and returned to Vienna in 1810. A golden cross and grants of money were conferred on him in acknowledgment of his loyal service, and for some years thereafter he officiated in different cures of Lower Austria. In 1848, a thrill went through Tyrol at the cry, "The *Rothbart* is up again!" and hundreds of volunteers flocked around the brave old man, who once more as field-chaplain was on his way to Italy. Danger seemed to threaten from the Italian insurgents, and Tyrol, with her ancient fidelity, was again ready to take part in Austria's defence. Now the veteran has quarters assigned him in the Imperial summer residence at Salzburg, with a pension of a thousand florins a year, and the days of his old age pass tranquilly by. There, in fine weather, he may be seen, sitting under the trees, in deep contemplation. His hair is silver-gray; he is slightly lame, somewhat deaf, and very chary of his words; but speak to him of the past, of the events of "Anno Nine," and the old fire flashes through every vein, and he will talk of his comrades and their stirring deeds as if but things of yesterday. Salzburg did not lay in my route, or I should have made it a point to see the venerable patriarch.

His "jubilee," the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood, was to be held in September. Since then I have heard that he is dead.

A whole volume might be written about the Tyrolese worthies, and with the effect of raising our esteem for manhood. Singularly enough, most of them were innkeepers, and men of mark in their respective valleys before the war began. Speckbacher died in 1820. The neighbourhood of Innsbruck was the principal scene of his operations. Where he was, the enemy had no rest. From among the many poems written to carry down the memory of national valour, here, to close the chapter, is a translation of Seidl's

SPECKBACHER AND HIS LITTLE SON.*

"Oh, take me with thee, Father! the strength and hardihood
Of men I feel, and I can dare; nor will I spare my blood."

"Dear child, 'tis earnest yonder; no gladsome boyish jar;
'Tis death that lights their priming, and hearts the targets are."

"I have a heart within my breast, how shall I keep it right,
If I must like a coward hide, and shun the bullet's flight?"

"Remain, boy, if thou lov'st me! when thou art once a man,
Then show that thou canst do and dare, as now thy father can!"

Speckbacher spoke, and lifted the dear one from his breast;
But he quenched not with weeping the battle's eager zest.
Speckbacher, as the chamois, flies over stock and stone—
His darling as the chamois steals after him alone.

And soon beneath the giant feet of wondrous glacier lands,
Amid the tried and trusty few the glowing hero stands;
And, panting in the bushes, where he his way had won,
Lurks with undaunted courage his selfsame-hearted son.

Then comes the storm of bullets, and back the answer flies,
And storm on storm succeeds, and quick the mountain storm replies:
It is as if from rock to rock all thro' the fatal game,
Flashed serpent-like, in fiery coil, a quivering belt of flame.

* *Speckbacher und sein Söhnlein.*

But still the foemen firing, pour in their shot like hail,
And in the troop upon the heights the lead begins to fail :
The eager boy has thought thereon, and while the shower falls,
He running lightly here and there has gathered up the balls.

Their need is scarcely spoken, than quickly forth he springs,
And tells half shy how he had wrought, and what the store he brings—
How when the hostile bullets fell he hastening round about,
With ready hand before they cooled had plucked them quickly out.

The father took the bullets, and felt his bosom throb,
And while he loads, can scarce repress the thrilling tearful sob.
He would embrace, and yet must fire,—would blame yet must advise ;
And standing there before his boy, loud to his comrades cries,—

“ Tyroler brothers, hearken ! this time be none ill-spel,
The foe in murderous onset hath wasted here his lead :
Now every shot must hit the mark, whatever else befall,
For loyalty hath brought the charge, and innocence the ball.”

CHAPTER XII.

The Miners' Architecture—On the Highway—The Eisack—Gossensass—Wildbad—Summit of the Brenner—Life at the Post—Source of the Eisack—Gries—Gigantic Crucifix—Steinach—A Burning Out—The Wipptal—Matrey—Schönberg—Old-fashioned *Wirthshaus*—Beautiful View—Stubayerthal—Berg Isel—Striking Prospect—Innsbruck—The Innthal—The Abbey of Wiltau—The Oesterreichischer Hof—City Scenes—Fantastic Gables—The Imperial Church—Heroes in Bronze—Maximilian's Tomb—The Silver Chapel—Hofer's Tomb—The Ferdinandeum—The Public Walk—The River—Nightfall—Schloss Ambras—Giant Haymo—The Weierberg—Market-day—The Passport Clerk—Leave Innsbruck—Martinswand—Zirl—Raft Builders—Sausage Eaters—Oberniemingen—Obsteig—A poor Parish—Queen and Emperor—English same as German—Up the Marienberg—Last View of the Innthal—The Summit—The Grünstein—Inn and Isar—Eagles' Nests—Bieberwier—Leermoos—Sunday Rifle Practice—Heiterwang—Schloss Ehrenberg—Reute—A Swoon.

STERZING is an old town, built chiefly by miners, and you can see how some of the wealthier sort took pleasure in ornamenting their low, cottage-like houses with projecting windows and other architectural fancies. They took pride in their native town. The tall church tower, which rose before us as a beacon yesterday, when coming in tired from the Jauffen, was erected at their cost. Now they decorate their windows with living flowers, and so make a pleasing set-off to the quaint devices of a former day. The house that once belonged to the Jöchels family is especially remarkable, and your

time will not be lost in looking for it, and the other local peculiarities that may be seen on the way.

Here again we have a landscape without vines. Brixen is their limit on this slope of the Brenner, and Sterzing, though it seems low to one coming down from the Jauffen, is yet at an elevation of three thousand feet. The road rises gradually by the side of the Eisack, with rocky scenery here and there; patches of firs, and an old castle or two, reminding you of the days when to rob was noble. The Brenner is the lowest pass of the Alps, and broad-wheeled wagons travel over it every day. There is nothing adventurous in the ascent to beguile the wayfarer. The traffic is great, and public-houses are numerous, for wagoners are everywhere a thirsty race. You come upon the heavy-laden vehicles, toiling slowly upwards, drawn by ten horses, or meet them lumbering downwards by twos and threes, and only kept from doing mischief by quick eyes and ready hands. Wherever a shoe-board is erected by the road-side, there you will hear sudden shouts, and see one swarthy fellow spring to the break and twist the screw with might and main, while a second lets fall the shoe, and a third warns the horses. Witnessing their exertions you will not wonder that public-houses are frequent.

In the village of Gossensass you will see curious paintings on some of the house-fronts: Saint George and the dragon, a big knight with a little drum, and other strange effigies. Then Wildbad—a modest watering-place, with a bathing-house and a few guests stroll-

ing about. There are more than a hundred baths and mineral springs within the limits of Tyrol. Presently a level, and a group of buildings, from which a little spire shoots up—the *Post-house* on the summit—an elevation of 4700 feet. High hills rise on either side, beyond which you see peaks bright with snow, and the Wildsee Spitz towering aloft nearly as high again. Haymakers were busy all around getting in the first crop, and labourers, men and women, digging a new channel for the infant Eisack, and the place resembled a little colony in full activity. At noon the bell rang, and they all came trooping in to dinner, during which they talked noisily enough: but there was a pause of silence as they finished, and then all standing up joined in a brief prayer. Then the *Stellwagen* drove up from Innsbruck, and three wagons arrived from the opposite direction, and the horses were all turned into the spacious stables. The *Kellnerinn*, who proved herself equal to the emergency, placed a salad before me, which she said was brought from Innsbruck. The garden, indeed, produces lettuces; but at this height they are not ready before the end of July.

I stayed two hours: strolling about the premises, and up to the waterfall that tumbles from a rocky gap in the hill behind the inn. Near by, an inscription on a board tells you it is the source (*Ursprung*) of the Eisack; and some travellers describe it as the source, also, of the Sill: one half finding its way to the Black Sea by the Inn and Danube, the other to the Adriatic—which is a mistake; for the fall produces but one stream (a

muddy one), and that is the Eisack. You first see the Sill (bright and limpid) on the opposite side of the Pass, and have it for a companion, more or less near, all the way to Innsbruck.

Going on again, you soon leave the level for the northern slope, where the road curves round a lake, and brings you presently to the trimly-kept village of Gries. The cupola of the church is green, and the houses are green, with a border of red or yellow or some other colour round the windows. By the road-side, near Steinach, a few miles farther, stands the largest crucifix I had yet seen: full twenty feet in height, and bearing, in addition to the life-size figure, with its five wounds all bleeding, the spear, the reed, hammer, sponge, nails, scourge, crown of thorns—everything, indeed, that was used in the Crucifixion. No wonder that "*Peasant comedies*" (miracle-plays) are still written and acted in the neighbourhood! It would hardly be a surprise were an actor to step forth and recite, in the words of the old mysteries,

"Here may ye se my woundes wide
That I suffred for youre mysdede,
Thruh harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,
Not for my gilte, but for your nede."

There is nothing old about Steinach, except the site. While I sat to drink a glass of beer, the hostess told me of the great fire that happened in January eight years ago, and burnt down the whole village. It was terrible to be woke up in the middle of the night, when the frost was fierce and the snow lay deep, and, rushing

out, find yourself and neighbours presently homeless. Even the church was destroyed, and the inn, with the room and bedstead in which Hofer slept: nor was the "Strangers' book" saved; and she placed a new one before me. The rebuilding is still going on, with stone instead of wood, and the new church promises to be a handsome edifice; but taxes were so heavy now that it was hard to live. Briskly the good dame plied her knitting needles as she talked, a very model of Tyrolese industry. You never see an idle woman.

Now the Wipphthal widens, the Sill foams along far below the road, and you have broad views across the hills. At Matrey, a large village of one street, you see how picturesque is the effect of wood in comparison with stone, as at Steinach. Such varieties of form and colour, of windows thrust forward, and doorways kept back, so many taverns, with such very conspicuous signs, as make up an animated scene—a touch, so it will seem to you, of the olden time.

More and more cultivation as you proceed down the valley, and the road, which is good all along the route, begins to have the appearances of finish seen in the vicinity of a large town. Smooth and hard to walk upon; but I like better the turfy, uneven mountain-path. Near the *Post* at Schönberg I struck into the old road, and passed the night in the *Wirthshaus Trauben*, at the top of the rise, to be ready for the ascent to the summit on the morrow. It was eight o'clock; and while pacing slowly up the steep, I heard the murmur of the evening prayer. The *Trauben* is

one of the old-fashioned wooden edifices, with an air of snugness about it. One end of the common room is occupied by a large meal-bin: measures of meal stood in a row along the seats, and a strong-armed woman was shaping a large mass of dough into loaves, which another carried to the oven. There is something primitive in the panelled walls and low panelled ceiling, and in the form of the chairs, tables, and settles; and not less so in the blithesome spirit of the *Kellnerinn*: her singing was a pleasing exception among so many that were mute.

From the *Trauben*, half an hour's walk across pastures and under fir-trees brings you to the summit of the Schönberg. Beautiful, indeed, is the prospect from hence! Miles of the Stubayerthal lie stretching away before you, the alternate masses of pines and slopes of green melting into the far distance, where the purple fades off into the snow, while between them gleams the curving line of the river. At this height, nothing appears to mar the beauty. Of the numerous iron-works and smithies, where the scythe-blades and cutlery are manufactured, of which you will have seen so many specimens during your ramble, only a few wreaths of smoke are visible. The Stubayerthal is the Sheffield of Tyrol; yet from the distance, Nature with her charms conceals the presence of industry. On the other side you look into the Wipphthal, and away, as it seems, from peak to peak, to the limits of the country. And why not? for Tyrol is but about twice the size of Yorkshire.

Keeping the old road from the *Wirthshaus* saves a long *détour*, and leads you on through pleasant scenes till you descend upon the new road, where it crosses the valley by a handsome viaduct. All the haymakers about here had a cockade and feather in their hats: not the first instance that I had seen of a rustic love of finery. On one of the houses you may read the owner's confession:

Ich stirb und reis weiß nicht wohin,
Das kommt weil Ich nicht wachbar bin.

Another hour, and you come upon a brow, from whence the road makes a long sweep round a hollow slope to the lower level. You are on Berg Isel, the scene of the three glorious victories. Besides the historical interest of the place, it commands a grand and impressive prospect. Innsbruck, about a mile distant, and the valley of the Inn lie before you, a valley wider than any you have yet seen in Tyrol; and after many days of nothing but mountains, the broad expanse of green meadows has all the charm of novelty. Amid these meadows stands the city, making a goodly show of large buildings, towers, and steeples, backed by a magnificent mountain-range beyond the river. You note the Höttinger-Plateau, the Weierberg, and the snow-streaked summits, from whence the hunters look forth upon Bavaria. Follow the range down with your eye, and you will see Hall, the Tyrolese Droitwich, indicated by its dense smoke, and the successive ridgy masses

away towards Schwatz. The whole region teems with interest and beauty.

A seat enclosed by a circular fence is fixed near the edge of the brow, and in my surprise and admiration I sat for an hour, contemplating the prospect, and thinking of the glorious events that there befel. A more impressive finish to a series of memorable scenes could not well be imagined.

After a while, you begin to note the details; the glistening bends of the Inn, the Sill winding through the meadows, the antique features of the city, the high red roofs, the many white houses, straggling as they approach the suburbs, where the landscape becomes at once pastoral; and always the magnificent background of mountain and forest.

I could have sat half the day; but at length, descending the cut-off, I passed the Abbey of Wiltau, a venerable edifice that dates from the misty times of the Niebelungen. Among its relics, you may see the tongue of the dragon slain by Haymo, a huge giant, who once lived hereabouts, a very terror to his neighbours. A thunderstorm came rolling down the valley, producing wonderful effects of shadow and gloom—now hiding the entire range of hills, now unveiling the lower slopes, now a gray peak, and it was a question whether the rain or I would reach the city first. I kept on past the guard-house—no one bidding me stop—under the Triumph Gate, built by Maria Theresa, and entered the *Neustadt*, a fine wide street with a fountain

in the centre, and some of the public buildings on either side. My experience of the cheapness of country taverns inclined me to test the charges of the *Oesterreichischer Hof*, the newest, and reputed the best hotel in the city. I had not been under its roof five minutes, when the sky darkened, and the storm came down with fury and uproar, and had its own way for about an hour. One of the waiters lost no time in making me aware of the difference between rustic life and town life, by telling me that dinner would not be served till one o'clock. French is spoken in the house; and in the breakfast-room you will find a table spread with newspapers, among which are ubiquitous *Galignani*, and the *Innsbrucker Tag-Blatt*,—the latter an octavo daily, price one kreutzer.

The afternoon was bright and blue, and not too hot. I walked all over the city, and having noted the most picturesque sights, returned to them for a leisurely survey. The spaces between the pillars of the low arcades which border the old streets are crowded with stalls of fruit, cakes, and all kinds of wares. These are, indeed, the shops of the shoemakers, brushmakers, capmakers, cutlers, and others, who live on the several flats of the tall houses behind; and you see how industriously their wives and daughters knit and sew, while waiting for customers. I mounted some of the stairs to look at their queer mediæval construction, and to draw a conclusion as to the habits of those who use them. Dinginess, rather than dirt, was the characteristic. Needing five minutes of professional service from a shoemaker, I

went up and had a glimpse of domestic life in Innsbruck on the third flat. In the first room, which served as kitchen and parlour, two beds, and the large stove, left but narrow space for the two little children to run about in. It was tidy, without any attempt at ornament, or to set things off to the best advantage. The cutting-room beyond, a small apartment, strewn with hides and waste leather, appeared to be used besides as rubbish-hole for the establishment; and in the third room half a dozen men sat at work. The master remarked, as he gave me back my boot, what you so often hear from his craft on the Continent, that English boots are always made too heavy.

Some of the oldest houses are wonderfully picturesque, and give you a rare treat in the contemplation of their details. Such pains as were once taken to make a habitation beautiful! Such happy conceits in the style, and freedom in the ornament! "Fantastic gables," truly! And between each you see "the little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout, with cunning eyes to see." You will be detained more than once during your stroll by an architectural surprise. The projecting window with the gilded roof, built by Duke Friedrich to prove that his pocket was not so empty as his enemies asserted, is now dimmed by age and influences of weather, as if

"The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Should cheat the sight with empty show no more."

Near one of the barracks I saw a few soldiers at their exercise. Each man came forward in turn, made-believe

he was shooting at somebody, then, describing a circle with a quick backward step, he finished with a thrust of his bayonet at an imaginary horseman. It seemed to me the silliest specimen of drilling I had ever seen.

Then to the Imperial Church, *Hofkirche*, an edifice remarkable for what it contains. You see, on entering, a double row of grand old bronze statues, keeping watch as it were over a massive tomb, rising from the centre of the nave. Fourteen on a side, and some of them giant-like, they perpetuate the memory of the most famous men and women of the Austrian dynasty. There stands Rudolf of Hapsburg, the founder; there the Ostrogothic King Theodoric; there Charles the Bold, of Burgundy; there Duke Friedrich; there Joanna, mother of Charles V.; there Maximilian's mother and sister: but you can read their names on the pedestals. Among them is our King Arthur, a small figure, clad in armour from head to foot, not at all answering to British ideas of that ancient monarch. The stately figures are the more interesting, as they are represented in the costume of their times,—dressed for war or festival, for the church and the council-room; and in the solid metal you trace the embroideries, the fringes, and delicate patterns of lace, every fold and adjustment of the habiliments surprisingly distinct. If the bronze be a true likeness, the women were remarkable for anything but beauty. The Löffler family, Tyrolese artists, who cast them all some three hundred years ago, leaving us such admirable proofs of their skill, were, perhaps, not less faithful with the sea-

tures than with the equipments. However, you will find a deep impression grow upon you while pacing slowly up and down this avenue of the great and mighty.

And the tomb which they guard in grim silence: it is a marvel of workmanship! About ten feet in height, each side and end is covered with panels in relief of Carrara marble, twenty-four altogether—exquisite sculptures, which have been happily called “pictures in marble.” They represent events and incidents in the life of Maximilian, chiefly battles and sieges, interspersed with marriages, triumphal processions, and diplomatic conferences. The great emperor’s likeness, and the characteristic features of the different individuals, are well brought out; and the perspective effects are admirably preserved. You will wonder not less at the patience of the Flemish artist, Collin, by whom they were carved, than at his skill. Twenty only are from his hand: the last four, by another chisel, betray, though unfinished, the master’s absence. On the top of the tomb kneels Maximilian himself, in marble, with his face towards the altar.

The several panels are kept covered by shabby screens, which the attendant removes as he conducts you from one to the other, and his deputy loses no time in replacing them as you pass on, lest the inquisitive eyes which look from the outside of the railing should see too much gratis. From this show, the red and green functionary will conduct you up the steps on the right to the Silver Chapel, so named because of the altar-piece and Virgin of solid silver which there gladden

the eyes of the faithful. You will see the monument of the beautiful Philippina Welser, the citizen of Augsburg's daughter, whom Archduke Ferdinand chose for his wife, and who, so history assures us, did find happiness on an Imperial throne. Here also is the Archduke's monument, and the armour he wore arranged on a bracket, besides other curiosities, among which artists especially admire a number of small-sized statues of saints ranged along the wall.

But, turning from the worthies of past centuries, let us look at one of the present. There, on the left of the entrance, where an altar once stood, is the tomb of Hofer. The peasant hero is here among the rest; his form aloft, his bones beneath the pavement. A block of white marble, hewn from his native hills, now sets him before the eye as he appeared when living. A bluff, manly form in peasant garb, with face upturned; one hand holding the national banner, the other grasping the barrel of the rifle slung from his shoulder. His waist-belt, from which hangs his sword, bears on its front A 1809 H; and his hat with its feather lies on the ground behind. Your eye wanders with reverent admiration over the figure—it satisfies your wish; and you will rejoice to find true renown made imperishable in marble, as well as in memory. I returned to gaze on it again and again. A bas-relief panel in front of the pedestal shows you another picture in Carrara, a mountain landscape: Hofer and his confederates swearing to defend their land or die; every

hand held aloft, with two fingers raised, while aged men, and women and children crowd around with cheers.

The *Ferdizandeum*, a museum which forms part of the University, comes next ; for there you may see—among many specimens of the minerals, fossils, and other natural productions, manufactures, and arts of Tyrol—a few relics of Hofer : his sword, the hat he wore at the time of his execution, some articles of dress, and his last letter. Reading the lines traced by his hand has brought tears into the eyes of many of his countrymen. Not a few native painters, as you will see in the picture-gallery, have transferred to canvas the scene sculptured on the panel of his tomb.

The palace and theatre, and some other public buildings, as you will discover, are built around spacious grounds, well laid out and planted with trees, stretching away to the fine avenue of chestnuts and limes by the side of the Inn, a favourite promenade of the townsfolk.

Besides the principal walk, paths wind in and out among the shrubs ; and seats placed here and there enable you to enjoy the prospect at your ease. Hither as evening drew on came numbers of well-dressed people for a walk in the cooling breeze ; now and then a group of peasants on their way home from the city, or soldiers hastening from the country to get in time to the barracks. Very different is the appearance of the stream from what we saw at Landeck. No noisy roar now, with rocks lifting their dark heads above the foam, but the full, solemn, rushing sound of a broad, deep stream,

which, far more than the tumult of rapids, gives you a notion of power. I paced up and down, listening to it, or leant watching the water, until lights began to twinkle on the mountains beyond, seemingly close at hand, though two or three leagues distant, and the outline of the summits grew indistinct against the darkening sky. Then I strolled to the bridge for half an hour, and sat on the parapet, to observe the folk who passed in the dusk ; and so ended my day.

There was time the next morning for a short excursion. Across the meadows to Schloss Ambras, with a glimpse on the way of the fall of the Sill, where it leaps from the hills to the plain. There one of the fierce and decisive struggles took place in the day of battle. And from that chasm the huge giant, Haymo, took the ponderous rocks wherewith to build his fortress, that through the intervention of a pious monk became the Abbey of Wiltau. You can still see rudely carved on the wall the effigies of Haymo, and another giant ; the one, perhaps, for whose treacherous slaying he groaned with remorse till he met the monk.

The Schloss is now used as barracks, so you have nothing to do but to mount, and gaze on the view from the battlements. A great expanse of the Innthal lies before you, rich green meadows, many villages, Innsbruck and Hall, and the everlasting hills—the region of Speckbacher's exploits. He was one of that band of heroes of whom Tyrol is justly proud ; and, perhaps of all, the best fitted for command. Had we time to visit Hall we should see his monument in the churchyard.

On returning, I crossed the ferry; and while the boat drifted across by the sole action of the stream on the rudder, had a good view up and down the river. It amazes you with the majesty of its liquid motion. I would fain have tarried a while in contemplation. For eighty miles the mighty stream rushes, to fall into the Danube at Passau, where, as those say who have seen the confluence, it is much the greater of the two. But I had to ascend the Weierberg, from the top of which there is a glorious prospect, looking across to Berg Isel, our station of yesterday. It will repay you for all the time employed in the ascent; and you may see that the environs of Innsbruck would detain you many days without weariness.

I found all the life and bustle of market-day on re-entering the city, and the market-place thronged with peasantry from all the neighbourhood round. Such a commingling of gay colours! Red waistcoats, green jackets, blue stockings; blue, red, and orange kerchiefs and petticoats; caps put on with a jaunty air, and trim purple bodices, set off by natty white sleeves: a sight full of novelty and animation. Here and there stood ox-wains laden with firewood; here and there a group of big men with little sacks of barley, maize, and buckwheat before them; while the women squatted in irregular rows, with cream cheese, butter, salad, sorrel, onions, and other vegetables on the ground in front. Each one's quantity was surprisingly small, — you would think hardly worth the bringing. It was the produce of gardens high up on the hills, where Nature

does not lavish her favours. The children had charge of basket-fulls of Alpine flowers—wreaths of rhododendron mingled with harebells and anemones, that still glistened with the morning dew. On the outskirts of the throng lay piles of wooden spoons with very long handles, queer-looking crockery, shallow glazed dishes—the shape unaltered since the days of Kaiser Max; and indeed everything that simple folk could require. In the meat-market the price of beef was sixteen kreutzers the pound.

Once more to the *Hofkirch*, for a last look at Hofer's monument, and then I prepared to depart. My reckoning, which included dinner, tea, bed, breakfast, and service, amounted to three florins—five shillings. A charge of twelve kreutzers for "bougie" was deducted on my refusal to pay it: so my experience of the best hotel in Innsbruck is not unfavourable.

I went to the Police Bureau, to ask whether any difficulty would be made on my re-crossing the frontier. The clerk began to search his pigeon-holes for my passport, and was not a little surprised when I told him it was in my pocket. How could that be? When had I come into the city? Had no one demanded my passport? My reply, that it was not my habit to stop at a guard-house unless ordered to do so, that I had walked in through the Triumph Gate at ten in the morning of the previous day, and that I had lodged at the *Oesterreichischer Hof*, satisfied him, and he signed my passport for Füssen; but he made an observation about calling somebody to account for negligence. Nothing

could be more agreeable than his demeanour, in which respect he was no exception to the other Austrian functionaries with whom I came into communication—barring always the surly gendarme of the Stelvio.

I lingered a few minutes while crossing the bridge for yet another look up and down the river, and then took the road leading up the left bank to Zirl. There was a charm about Innsbruck that I had not found in Trent, with all its sunny luxuriance. The honour in which rifle practice is held is indicated by what you see on the outskirts of the town—the *Royal and Imperial Provincial Chief Shooting Station*: a spacious ground, furnished with sheds, rests, targets, and all appurtenances essential to success with the national weapon. Here on certain occasions the best marksmen from all parts of the country come together, to compete for the prize awarded to the most skilful; and great are the excitement and enthusiasm.

Straight runs the road, an apparently interminable avenue of apple-trees, bordered by vast fields of maize. By-and-by the valley narrows, the road rises, the apple-trees are succeeded by firs, and you get sight of a fine curve of the river, embracing an island in its sweep, and a distant view of the city. Then a magnificent cliff, a thousand feet in height, the base strewn with fallen rocks. It is the *Martinswand*—the fearful place where Kaiser Max came near losing his life while hunting the chamois, and would have lost it but for the strength and intrepidity of a mountaineer, who rescued him from his peril. The incident has been made the

subject of poems, and is sung in nursery rhymes, with a hint that the rescuer could only have been an angel. Far, far up you can see the cross which marks the spot where the great Emperor hung between life and death. From thence your eye will wander to the summit of the Solstein, of which mountain the cliff is one of the buttresses. Those who say there is "barely room" for the road between it and the river have a very lively imagination.

Nach Baiern—to Bavaria—meets your eye on a finger-post at Zirl, where the road that leads to Munich ascends the hill. Follow it for a few yards, and you come to the ruins of Castle Fragenstein. After a look at the old walls I resumed my route by the river, wishing to remain as long as possible among the mountains. The valley grows always narrower, and the hills in some places descend upon the road. Now crosses and crucifixes are rare; but pictures of the Virgin are to be seen here and there on the house-fronts. Wheat-fields, in which I saw the reapers busy, alternate with maize, where the hills recede. Of vines you see, perhaps, one or two trained against the walls while passing a village, reminding you how different is the climate from that beyond the Brenner.

Signs of business near Pettau. Sawpits on one side of the road, great stacks of firewood, men sawing and splitting timber, and the river close on the other side, with men and women building rafts on its shallow margin. These rafts are fan-shaped, formed by lashing and clamping twenty or more fir-stems together side by

side, the small ends all pointing in one direction. Upon this floor the cleft wood is carefully piled to a height of two or three feet : rude oars and a rudder are made by nailing short boards to the end of a pole, and these being as rudely fitted to their place, two men get on the raft, push from the tranquil shallow into the swift current, and away it floats broad end foremost to Innsbruck, or to the Salt-works at Hall. No need to row, for in two hours the raft is at Innsbruck, a distance which takes five hours to walk. A dozen rafts were in hand, and the runners crossing the road continually, brought arm-fulls of wood from the stacks and kept the raftmen busy.

While drinking a glass of beer at Telfs I saw the periodical sausage-making. A man and boy filled at one table with a big syringe, while at another sat half a dozen men, feasting on the savoury fare. The *Kellnerinn* brought in one portly sausage after another freshly boiled, and slitting the skin at one end, emptied the contents into the plates. She pressed me to eat, and as the odour was appetizing, I should perhaps have complied had I not dined at Zirl.

Here the main road turns suddenly aside and crosses the Inn to Imst, and so on to Landeck and Bregenz. I took a by-road leading up the hill-slopes, and fancied, while rosy streaks shot up from the sun, fallen behind the hills, tinging the rocky summits with glorious hues, that of all enjoyments walking was the greatest. I halted for the night in the *Speckbacher Wirthshaus* at Ober Miemingen.

At ten next morning I was taking my second breakfast at Obsteig, while the innkeeper and his family sat down to their dinner. It was their usual hour on Sundays. Mass was just over, and some of the villagers came in for their glass of *Schnaps*. To my inquiry as to what they did with themselves for the rest of the day, they answered, "Oh! here is always the *Wirthshaus*, and we can play at cards." They sometimes have but one service, as the priest has to trudge from chapel to chapel among the hills. There are only two horses, and not one tailor in the whole parish; but a migratory tailor visits them from time to time, and works for fifteen kreutzers a day and his food. It was so seldom that an Englishman came that way, that they had a world of questions to ask about England, and seemed most interested on the subject of money. "Is there paper money in England like this?" asked one, holding up a dirty, crumpled ten-kreutzer note; and great was their astonishment to hear that we had no bank-notes for a less amount than sixty florins. "*Himmel!* that is though a rich country!"

Could I show them some English money? I brought out a half-crown and shilling bearing the venerable effigy of George III. The large coin was praised as "something like money." But on my producing a bright sovereign stamped with the image of Victoria, there was a general outburst of admiration. "A charming woman!" (*Eine scharmante Frau!*) was the cry as it passed from hand to hand. And that was worth twelve florins! "*Ja, ja, ja*, in England is one

very rich." Her Majesty's ally, whose coinage I next showed, found but scant favour. "Ah! the peaked-beard!" (*Ach! der Spitzbart!*)

Would I speak some English, that they might hear how it sounded? Whereupon I recited a string of words, such as father, mother, butter, hand, finger, &c., which are nearly or quite identical in sound in English and German. "*Hören Sie 'mal?*—Do you hear that? Why, English is just the same as German!" In which happy notion I left them.

From Obsteig, a path over the Marienberg cuts off a long and hilly sweep of the road which mounts over the range at Nassereit. The Pass is not in sight from the village, but I made myself aware of its situation, so as to avoid perplexity among the paths that are generally numerous on the lower slopes. Once on the single footway leading up the steep, there is little chance of going astray. Here it is a rough, narrow track, winding up the side of a valley, interrupted here and there by a wild gorge, only to be crossed by a zig-zag out of the direct course. These mountain-paths are kept in repair by the respective parishes; the parishioners who possess most cattle being expected to do most days' work. The valley becomes a glen, and its windings lead you into the recesses of the hills, where lofty summits look down on you, the Grünstein, with its giddy crown of cliffs, rising above all. In one place I crossed the track of an avalanche that had fallen in May. The slope, for about forty feet in breadth, was stripped bare, nothing being left but the naked

surface of stones and rocks, with here and there the splintered stump of a fir-tree, half upturned, and leaning over from the shock. And in the gulf below lay a huge mound of dirty snow, intermingled with shrubs, trees, weeds, and stones, the wreck brought down by the overwhelming slide. It is a sight that fills you with amazement at the tremendous destructive powers of masses of snow.

You must be alone if mountains are to make their full impression on you, if whatever in you that harmonizes with their grand nature is to be touched. There is something in the gradual leaving behind of human habitation, of the sounds of labour, the noise of the valleys, that prepares the mind, as it seems to me, for the regions of solitude and silence—where even the torrent's roar is heard but as the murmur of a shell. And as the devious path mounts yet aloft, then a solemn gladness possesses your heart, and your being wakes to a sense of its privilege. And besides the charm of the wild, lonely scenery, there is a sense of insecurity; for storm-clouds may on a sudden envelop the mountain-tops, and break the deep stillness by the uproar of tempest.

Happily for me the sunshine prevailed, and nothing marred my enjoyment. At the last bend of the glen I got a striking view, looking down on the summits of some of the hills that seemed the highest when seen from below. No lack of white to contrast with the other colours, and brighten the tints, for one-tenth of Tyrol is always under snow. A glimmering gray

of Imst. A little
slope of pasture,
and you see a small
hut—a miserable
cool spring.
by a steep ridge,
long masses of rock;
on the summit—a

all around! Even
the crowding spurs
bristling with pines,
of sunlight and
traversed by a pale,
with its sound-
towards the south,
the heart of the country—
Tyrol was called of
while in contemplation.
felt fatigue while wan-
which, seen from hence,
?

old another kind of beauty
of the Grünstein—
sixteen hundred feet higher.
along their base are relieved,
of yet unmelted snow, which
and sheets of silver. From the
all the loftiest points along the range,
on one side, and the Isar on the

other. Eagles build in all the loftiest cliffs, and every summer adventurous hunters risk their lives in attempts to plunder their nests. Opposite the ridge a huge promontory juts out to the edge of the firs, forming one side of a vast, grim amphitheatre, round the rim of which runs the path we shall presently follow. Seeking an outlet, your eye rests on a bright green basin far below, and the village of Leermoos lying within it, apparently with pleasant environment; all between is forest. And beyond you see the mountains which abut on the broad plains of Bavaria. Some of the Tyrolese hunters migrate to those mountains in the winter in quest of game, and take up their quarters in the huts left vacant by the shepherds.

At length I betook myself to the descent. Once clear of the amphitheatre, the path wanders hither and thither, as if to lead to every hidden scene of sylvan beauty. Larch and birch mingle in graceful masses, or form little glades, where slender stems gleam amid feathery foliage. Hearing the gurgle of a streamlet, I turned aside into a deep secluded dell, and sat for a time on a mossy stone, listening to the pretty noise as the water sparkled down the slope in a succession of tiny cascades. Not the least charm of getting off the high-road is that of surprises which have not been predicted; and you may have many on this descent of the Marienberg by a few excursions among the trees, and perhaps learn a lesson withal: for

"Nature cares not,
Although her loveliness should ne'er be seen
By human eyes, nor praised by human tongues."

From Obsteig to Bieberwier is a steady walk of three hours, of which the ascent occupies two. I spent more than four hours, for this was my last mountain—the seventh of my ramble—and I was reluctant to leave it. The forest extends to within a few yards of the road, and then you are soon at the village.

All Bieberwier appeared to be playing at ninepins, or looking on. Twenty-five grave-looking men, each with a pipe in his mouth, sat watching one set of players; but notwithstanding their gravity of feature, they chattered incessantly, and made remarks that were responded to by peals of hearty laughter. Sunday was apparently to them a real holiday. I had been struck in most of the villages I had passed through by the absence of children, especially of boys; but here the youngsters mustered in goodly numbers.

A short distance farther, the road turns into a beautiful hollow, and there is Leermoos before you, looking not less pleasant than when seen from the mountain-top. Three vales branch off, each a pleasing landscape, and the hollow itself, carpeted with brilliant verdure and watered by sparkling brooks, delights the eye, and the cultivation encroaching on the stubborn slopes betokens a resolute spirit of industry. Switzerland and Tyrol exhibit note-worthy proofs of what may be accomplished by tillage under unfavourable circumstances; yet while admiring the patient labour by which barrenness has been changed to fertility, we must not forget what has been done in Scotland, where the climate is much more inhospitable than in the Alps. The results of farming

science beyond the Tweed are little less than wonderful. They are proofs of continual advancement in skill and knowledge, while the peasant of the mountains brings no improvement to the cultivation of his little plot. It is his own, and he contents himself with the old methods.

On leaving Bieberwier, I had heard at intervals reports of rifle-shooting, and the sharp, quick, rattling echoes among the hills, and here, at Leermoos, saw the "Shooting Stand" occupied by a party in full practice; exercise with the national weapon being one of the Sunday recreations in Tyrol. The Stand is a small stone building by the road-side, at the outskirts of the village, with an upper floor partitioned into compartments, open on the side looking towards the hills. The target, a hundred yards distant, is affixed to a screen of thick pine logs, behind which the attendant, who wears a red jacket, conceals himself when the bullets are coming. In each compartment stands a shooter with his rifle, and the umpire sits in the central one, with a sheet of ruled paper before him, scoring the results; and on a long table in the room behind them lay hammers, screw-drivers, ramrods, powder-flasks, bullet-moulds, and other implements, all of which I saw on mounting the stair. As my presence appeared to give no offence, I waited to see the practice. The man on the right being ready to fire, the umpire blew his whistle; Red-jacket whistled in reply, and disappeared behind the screen. Cr-r-rack! went the rifle, and immediately Red-jacket darting forth, looked at the target, held up his hand with one or more fingers erect, making a

signal, which the umpire recorded forthwith by a stroke of his pencil, and, blowing his whistle, the next man fired, then the next, and so all along the row. There seemed something sprite-like about Red-jacket, for out he sprang, looking at the target and holding up his hand, almost at the instant of pulling the trigger. Then, after two or three rounds in this way, came the "*Probier-schuss*,"—proof-shot, a trial of skill between the two best marksmen. Not one missed the target, and scarcely a shot but struck within the small circle, while some pierced the bull's-eye. Old targets hang around the room as trophies, with all the centre of the bull's-eye shot clean away. As each man fired he drew back to the table to load, and a good-humoured conversation was kept up, except at the moment of firing, when every one remained silent, with eyes fixed on the target, watching for Red-jacket's signal. The rifles are of an old-fashioned make, the stocks thin and flat, deeply curved for the shoulder, and highly ornamented; some of them heirlooms, prized beyond treasure.

As I left the Stand, another party of shooters came up, among whom a lad of sixteen, carrying his piece with all the confidence of one familiar in its use, contrasted well with a gray-haired old man, who, although stiff and slow in gait, had a quick bright eye: youth and age meeting in the same emulous trial. The veteran looked as if he could tell something about "Anno Nine;" and his rifle, every part bright with affectionate polishing, was of a singularly antiquated form.

All the bowling-alleys of the village were crowded with rustics, trying their skill in another way. The proprietor of one makes known on a board over the entrance his readiness to undertake carpentry work :

Die Meisterschaft ist nur sehr klein
 Gelernt hat mich Gott allein :
 Ich achte nicht den hohen Stolz
 Was man bestellt mach Ich von Holz.

At Leermoos you see a difference of architecture and costume. A street of low, rough cottages, instead of the tall large houses with outside stairs and spacious galleries, and the women wear bright red kerchiefs on their heads, and in other respects dress in the style made familiar to us by the Bavarian broom-sellers. The road returns upon itself for some distance, as if reluctant to quit the pleasant basin, then stretches away with many a rise and fall between the hills, which in places almost meet and form a glen, or, withdrawing, leave a grassy hollow, as at Biechelbach, where cattle-bells tinkle in all the meadows. At Heiterwang, the rifle practice was going on even more briskly than at Leermoos, some two dozen marksmen firing away, with a rapidity that left scarce an interval between the echoes. The multiplied reverberations are heard for miles round. By-and-by a narrow ravine with a steep declivity, the Ehrenberger Klause, the descent of which reminds you that you are indeed leaving the mountains behind. It was this way that Prince Maurice of Saxony once marched with an army, and came so unexpectedly upon Innsbruck as almost to succeed in making prisoner of

Charles V. The great emperor, though suffering from a fit of gout, had to escape in a litter. Presently the ruin of Schloss Ehrenberg, high on the left, and its arched gateway spanning the road—a trap formerly for unwary travellers. This portion of the road has been the scene of hard fighting in times past, and is often mentioned in the history of the Schmalkald war.

Then a broad opening, with Reute, a *Markt* prettily situate on the Lech, at one extremity. Here I walked into a shower, and found that rain had been falling all day. On arriving at the *Post* I was shown into a large room, where fifty or more well-dressed men and women were sitting at a long supper-table, amid clouds of tobacco-smoke, while half a dozen waitresses ran quickly about to serve them. The sudden change from the fresh air into what the Germans expressively call the *Gastluft*, guest-atmosphere, was by no means agreeable. There was opportunity for a little study of manners, but I had to forego it, and escape to an adjoining room. I waited more than an hour for supper, being somewhat fatigued with the four hours' walk from Bieberwier; but scarcely had I begun to eat, than a strange dizziness seized me: I staggered to the front-door for air—and fainted.

It was my first experience of the kind, so that when, with returning consciousness, I became aware of a man's arms supporting me, and the mistress and her maids standing around offering restoratives, with expressions of sympathy, I was puzzled to know what had happened. I declined all the restoratives, even a cup of tea, in favour of one that has never failed me—sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

An interesting Environment—A Half-pay Officer—Talk by the Way—A Harvest of Legends—The White House—From Black and Yellow to Blue and White—The Lech Fall—A Saint's Leap—Füssen—A Bavarian Dinner—Trip to Schwangau—The *Alpen Rose*—The Gardens—The Palace—Artistic Beauties—Armour—Paintings—Sculpture—The Knight of the Swan—Recollections of the East—The Hohenstaufen Hall—Lodging of the King, Queen, and Princes—View from the Roof—The Sailing—The Fountains—The gorgeous Bath—The Refreshment-room—A Wedding Party—The *Kloster*—The Miraculous Staff—The Town and its Traders—Off for Kempten—Bad Roads—A midnight Ride—The Waiting-room—Immenstadt—A Soldier's Dressing-room—Lindau—The Lake again—Constance—View from the Minster Tower—Burning-place of Huss and Jerome—A Treacherous Emperor—Sylvan Landing-place—Down the Rhine—Stein—A Canary Merchant—Slow Diligence—Axle on Fire—The soiled Dress—Schaffhausen—The Rhine Fall.

I WOKE the next morning as willing as ever for a day's walk, and with a good appetite for breakfast. With the guests of the night before had departed the four temporary waitresses, and all was now cool and quiet in the *Post*. The house is famous for good wine and capital trout, and is much resorted to by Bavarians and Suabians, while on their grand tour from Munich to Innsbruck and Salzburg.

Apart from its pleasantness, Reute is well situated for

excursions to the beautiful neighbourhood. Ammergau, with its skilful and industrious wood-carvers, is but a few miles distant: there are leagues of shady walks and sounding waterfalls in the adjacent forests: the Tannheimerthal and other valleys abound in romantic scenery; while the Säuling, the Tauern, the Tarneller, and other summits among the hills around, command prospects of extraordinary variety and beauty. And a short walk will bring you to the village, Breitenwang, where Lothair the Saxon died, in 1137, on his return from Italy. Some beams of the miserable wooden hut in which he lodged are said to be still preserved in the house since built on its site. We shall see a picture of the event in the palace at Schwangau before the day is over, in which the dying monarch is represented surrounded by a retinue of dukes, princes, an archbishop, abbots, and other clergy.

I was exchanging the remainder of my paper-money with the *Kellnerinn* for specie, when an elderly traveller came in. His gray coat turned up with green, the two eagle's feathers in his hat, and his brisk, confident manner betokened the soldier. He accosted me at once in English, and finding that I was going to Füssen proposed to join company, he being bound for the same place, and off we started. He was a half-pay officer in the Bavarian service, out for his annual holiday ramble among the hills; and though a sexagenarian, could still walk twenty miles a day, and take pleasure therein. He professed himself glad of an opportunity to speak English, for, although he had once translated some of

Scott's novels into German, he found there was nothing like talking to a native for keeping up his knowledge of the language. Some of his expressions sounded oddly enough—"Meseems we shall have a fine day"—"Scott was a writer of big abilities"—"Peradventure we shall have to show our passports:" we, however, beguiled the way with talk, and found the landscape delightful. The Lech flows along with a lively current, now on the right, now on the left; and the road winds under hanging woods, or cliffs fringed with trailing weeds, or rocky slopes. To trace the Lech up to its source would be an interesting walk, leading you to the hills of the Bregenzerwald, from whence, if so minded, you might descend into the Wallgau. The scenery is similar in character to that we saw yesterday, but the hills are wider apart, for we are approaching the flat land.

I had observed that as crucifixes became fewer and fewer by the wayside, beggars began to make their appearance; and to-day, while passing through the villages of Ober and Nieder Pinzwang, we were beset by whining mendicants. Once over the frontier, and you will find their numbers multiplied. Then among the broad masses of firs in a valley branching off on the left we saw the spire of Vils—the last town of Tyrol; and near it the ruins of Vilsegg, of which fearful traditions are told. To any one master of his own time, and inclined to collect legends and folk-lore, here would be a good starting-point, and all through north and south Tyrol he would gather a harvest in every valley, some common to the whole country, others local. As

the north is distinguished from the south by its more thoughtful spirit, and earnest patriotism, so are its legends more imbued by wild and melancholy fancies, and a grim kind of humour. He would hear of the way in which the "little people" have teased and tormented the evil-minded peasant, and enriched the good by conducting him to stores of sparkling ore, which no one else could ever find: of the two lovers—one of whom being let down a precipice to take an eagle's nest, the other drew up the rope and left his rival to starve, or be torn to pieces by the parent birds, and perished miserably himself years afterwards: of the awful fate of a peasant who set fire to a church;—and of this kind there are many, for the church is above all to be regarded with reverence, seeing that in every spire you behold the finger of the Almighty pointing heavenwards. He would hear, too, of gladsome hunting adventures: of unhappy villagers stricken to death by lightning while wearing an Alpine rose on their breast—hence the name "thunder-rose" for the flower; and of many other curious superstitions.

Presently we came to "the White-house," from which a fence and gates stretch all across the road to the river: it is the Austrian Custom-house. The sentry on duty said nothing to us, so we kept on. A few yards farther stand two of those black and yellow posts of which I had seen so many, and just beyond two others, painted light blue and white. We had passed from the *Provinz Tirol*, and the protection of the Austrian Eagle, to the *Königreich Bayern* (Kingdom of Bavaria), with its two

lions guarding the crown. "Now," said my companion, "I am in my own country. Look at the lions! are they not noble animals? And blue and white are much more cheerful colours than black and yellow."

A few minutes later the castle of Füssen, the first town in Bavaria, came in sight; and here the Lech tumbles, roaring and whirling, through a rocky chasm, which, with its sharp curve and stony ledges, makes the impetuous stream boil again, and fling up masses of foam that rush from the narrow channel and fleck the broad reach below. You can look down upon it from the overhanging crags, and will, perhaps, feel it to be a more interesting fall than some that have been more praised and visited. On the summit of the eminence stands a cross, in commemoration of the leap that the good St. Magnus once took from cliff to cliff across the roaring gulf, to escape the violence of the heathen, whom he had come to convert. He must have been a miraculous leaper, or else the chasm is wider than in his day. And folk are not wanting who, on the authority of remoter traditions, will show you the hoof-dint made by Julius Cæsar's horse, urged to the desperate spring by his Imperial rider. Now the inscription—**MARIEN FELSE**N—on the face of the opposite cliff, records the Queen of Bavaria's visit to the fall.

From this spot there is a striking view of the little town, lying in a hollow between two hills—the gap by which the Lech issues from the mountains. A real picture, to remain among your last recollections of

Alpine scenery. You see the bold sweep of the river—the bridge—the picturesque old castle, now the residence of a Baron of Augsburg—the *Kloster*, with its circular towers, high-pointed gables, and ranges of deep-set, small windows; these rising one behind the other, and backed by a broken mass of red roofs, the bell-turrets of two or three churches and chapels, while low down on the hither side stand the mill and shingled barns, interspersed with rows of poplars, piles of timber, and gardens,—make a singularly pleasing scene, one that combines characteristics of the mountains and the plain. And beyond all you see the flat land, stretching away, one monotonous level, to the far-distant horizon: a sight that enhances the beauty of the nearer view.

It was noon when we arrived at the *Post*, and found dinner about to be served in the room where the treaty of peace was signed, in 1745, between Maria Theresa and the Elector of Bavaria, which brought to a close the war of the Austrian Succession. The dinner was served in curious order—soup, *bouilli*, fish (trout from the Lech), with poundcake, roast veal, salad, and *Kirschenkuchen*. The shape of the loaves indicated that we were no longer in Tyrol, not less than the flavour, in which it was a treat to miss the taste of aniseed and caraways. I praised the beer, but the Translator would not hear of anything worthy the name of beer being found out of Munich: to him the capital city was as Seville to a Spaniard. And another sign

of having crossed the frontier was a somewhat clearer articulation; the people do not speak so much in the throat.

I had now to think of returning home, and, opening my map, chose the route by way of Constance, Schaffhausen, and the Black Forest. A *Stellwagen* was to start at eight in the evening for Kempten, on the line of the Augsburg and Lindau railway, so there was plenty of time for our projected visit to Hohen Schwangau. The three hours' walk from Reute had quite satisfied the Translator and myself, and as a two-horse carriage could be got to convey us the five miles to the castle and back for thirteence apiece, *Trinkgeld* included, we treated ourselves to a ride. Descending the slope from Füssen, we were soon rolling over the plain, a short distance from the hills, which now advancing, now receding, now sinking to a gentle swell, now rising steep and bold, with the magnificent peaks of the Säuling high above all, here form the outer rim of the mountain-land.

Presently we came to swampy levels, which the talkative driver told us were being drained by order of King Max. Then the riding-school, enclosures, graceful clumps of trees, the towers of the castle peeping from among thick woods on the hill-slope, an avenue of beeches, and we stop at the *Alpen Rose*, a tavern situate in a pleasant defile. Broad gravelled walks cut here and there through the solid rock lead up the steep to the castle. The intermixture and grouping of trees, the fountains and flower-beds, pro-

duce a fine effect. Flowers in pots were ranged on either side of the steps immediately beneath the entrance, and my companion's lively admiration of them gave me a notion of the state of floriculture in Bavaria. There are few country-houses in England—to say nothing of lordly domains, where finer flowers are not grown than those I saw here in the royal gardens.

An inscription over the door tells that the lords of Schwangau built a fortalice here in the twelfth century, which the Crown Prince Maximilian caused to be re-edified in 1836, under the direction of Dominic Quaglio. No unworthy artist was he who reared and adorned so admirable a monument of the advanced state of Bavarian art, and of the taste of the monarch, who now makes it his summer residence. On the wall of the vestibule, into which we were first admitted, a quatrain greets the visitor:

“ Willkommen Wanderer, holde Frauen,
Die Sorge gebt dahin,
Laßt eure Seele sich vertrauen
Der Dichtung heiter'm Sinn.”

A few paces brought us into a hall, where the effigies of knights in armour stand on either side, spear or halbert in hand, and bows, battle-axes, maces, daggers, shields, and other warlike curiosities hang on the walls. At one end, which has stained glass windows and an altar in a recess, a space is railed off for a chapel. And over the entrances to the kitchen and cellar you may read appropriate legends, in which the moral sentiment

is pervaded by a quiet touch of humour. The outer approach to the culinary department is indicated by

“Beim Trinken und beim Essen
Sollst du Gott nit vergessen.”

Then the steward, having tied large felt slippers over our boots, led us to the first story—the Queen’s abode. The hall contains a collection of ancient drinking-vessels, of many kinds and forms, such as the mighty of the olden time made merry with after their battles: among them is a goblet that belonged to the venerable Willibald Pirkheimer. Adjoining is the *Schwanritter-Saal*—the Saloon of the Knight of the Swan—where the paintings on the walls, representing the knight’s adventures and incidents in his life, surprise you by their beauty and excellence. There seemed to me something fairy-like in the exquisite combinations of colour, the scenes depicted, the quaint legends, and in the antique fashion and disposition of the furniture: and in all the recesses, in the little chambers in the turrets, and in the balconies, there are smaller paintings and decorations, all in harmony with the principal subjects.

In the *Schyren-Saal* you see among the other pieces the triumphal feast after the battle of Ampfing, in 1322, when Kaiser Ludwig said:

“Jedem Mann ein Ei,
Dem frommen Schweppermann zwei.”

And in the centre of the room an inlaid marble table,

the arms of Bavaria in the centre, surrounded by a border of minor states, and beyond these a ring of stars and constellations, and the Twelve Apostles, and numerous inscriptions, from which you gather that the table was made in 1591, for Duke Wilhelm V. Next come *Recollections of the East*—views in the Levant, and some of the incidents of Prince Otho's journey to Greece, his entry as king into Athens; and the furniture of the room all in the Turkish style—a present from the Sultan. Another room represents the *Local History of Schwangau* and the neighbourhood around, of which one represent's Luther's flight from Augsburg in 1518. The great Reformer was sheltered here, in the former castle. Another shows Lothair on his death-bed at Breitenwang. In the *Bertha-chamber* you see King Pepin astray in the forest; his meeting with Bertha; a scene of their domestic life, and their festive procession with their son, Charlemagne. And the *Ladies'-chamber* contains portraits of noble and royal dames, in pictures of women's life in the middle ages, each with an appropriate legend.

On the second story are the king's apartments: the *Hall of Heroes*; the *Hohenstaufen Hall*, in which Barbarossa is shown, and scenes from the Crusades: the *Tasso-chamber*, with pictures from the "Jerusalem Delivered." In this room the screen, floor, and furniture, are all of cedar. Then the *Deeds of Henry the Lion*: the *Autharis-chamber*, in which the Lombards appear doing valiant things, with all the look of heroes: *Knight-life from the Middle Ages*, the Crusades again,

joustings, falconry, combat, love passages, and a scene from the Niebelungen. Old German legends brought before the eye, embodying the charm of tradition with the wonder of art. Among the many inscriptions, you read over one of the doors:

Des Ritters Dienst, der Waffen Ehr' und Bier,
 Die Falkenjagd auf leichter Haide,
 Der Liebe Freud und Leid erscheinen hier
 Im Farbenglanz zur Augenweide.
 Sie sind die Bilder einer schönern Zeit
 Der minneseligen Vergangenheit.

More halls on the third story, and the chambers of the princes, and of the household; and from thence you ascend a stair to the roof. The prospect is vast and beautiful, from the mountains of Tyrol on one side, to the rounded swells and broad levels of Bavaria on the other. There are the Alpsee and Schwansee: lakes embosomed in dark woods that stretch away for miles along the slopes and ridges of the hills. And winding here and there within their shadow, you see roads leading to the best points of view, to the Pöllat waterfall, and sequestered glens. You see the road that zigzags up the precipitous side of the Säuling; and the steward, pointing to the cliffs past which it rises, a mere track, tells you it is the route taken by the king and his guests when they go chamois-hunting; that the queen herself once rode to the summit. The quiet-mannered functionary cannot say enough in praise of *König Max*: on such excursions, the monarch's dress

differs from that of the ordinary hunters only in his waistcoat being of cloth of gold. Whatever point of the landscape you ask a question about, he contrives to bring in the name of *König Max*; forgetting, apparently, that if great things have been accomplished, the people's money counts for something in the result.

The Säuling is the grand feature in the view; its crest of weatherbeaten crags, more than 7000 feet high, rises proudly among the neighbouring summits, the Tegelberg, Katzenberg, Höllenspitz, and others; and your eye will return to it again and again, and you will long to scale its lofty precipices. Looking outwards on the plain, the contrast is great: here and there a patch of wood; the Bannwald See, villages and hamlets, indicated by church-spires, and the green expanse beyond. Turning again to the hills, you see a flock of swans on the lake, and chamois grazing or capering about in an enclosure.

At the top of the back stair by which we descended the steward took off our slippers, and at the bottom showed us the handsomely-bound *Gedenkbuch*, with a request that we would enter our names. Then making courteous demonstrations in return for his *zwanziger* fee, he unlocked the door and admitted another party.

The gardens, sheltered in places by dark brown cliffs hung with ivy and fern, and surrounded by groves of beech, ash, chestnut, and maple, have a delightful bowery appearance.


We were admiring the fountains—a large, graceful swan spouting a trickling shower in one, Schwan-

thaler's lions watching their shadows in the other—when the gardener invited us to see the bath. This is in a chamber hewn in the marble cliff on which the castle is built, and we had no sooner entered than the whole place was at once filled with a glowing, ruddy light. The man had closed the doors, which, glazed with red glass, full in the sunlight, produced a magical effect. Ourselves, the statues of nymphs on either side, the bath, the dark walls, seemed the subjects of enchantment; while the garden, the woods and mountains beyond, appeared indescribably gorgeous. Then twisting round a statue of Venus, the gardener showed us the secret door and private stair by which the queen descends to the bath.

We found the open refreshment-room, opposite the *Alpen Rose*, thronged with visitors: ladies and gentlemen, in fashionable city costume; soldiers, villagers with their children, in homely garb, and not a few peasants, some of the women barefoot—all come to see the castle. All are admitted, without distinction. A fee of twelve kreutzers is considered liberal, and most of the country-folk pay only a kreutzer apiece. The king contents himself with a six weeks' visit, from the middle of August to the end of September.

Beer, wine, and coffee were in great request. The national beverage is remarkably cheap—only four kreutzers the *Halbe*. It was pleasing to see such a commingling of classes, all sitting down together, in good humour, and enjoying their holiday.

I strolled along the brink of the lake while the




Translator smoked his pipe, enjoying the view of the enclosing hills, which, reflected in the water, made it appear of unfathomable depth. Seen from below, the elevation of the castle appears too small to command prospects so wide as are beheld from its balconies.

On our return to Füssen, we found a wedding-party regaling themselves with bread and beer. They had passed us in their wagon as we entered the town in the morning, and having been ever since occupied, according to custom, in visiting one public-house after another, were now at the last, and in a state of rather heavy turgidity. The practice is for the party to separate into couples and go drinking from house to house, until they all meet under one sign. They were about to return to the inn at which they had alighted, and invited us to accompany them and share in their frolic and dancing. The bride was accompanied by her mother and two sisters, their necks adorned with gay kerchiefs, and their two long plaited tails of hair bedecked with ribands. The bridegroom, with his large, baggy trousers, glossy velveteen coat, scarlet necktie, and blue silk band round his hat, looked as smirkingly jovial as could be expected under the circumstances. We followed them to their quarters; but as they immediately sat down to another bout of eating and drinking, and the frolicking seemed remote, I preferred to go and look at the old Benedictine abbey, certain portions of which date from the seventh century. It was rebuilt about a hundred and fifty years ago, and now contains a handsome marble altar, and

statues of the Saints Magnus, Columbanus, Gallus, and Scholastica. There is an ancient likeness of Charlemagne in the choir; the paintings on the altars are by Pellegrini; and in the St. Magnus chapel are preserved the staff, silver chalice, stole, and maniple that once belonged to the holy founder. The staff has sometimes been carried round the neighbouring fields to preserve the crops from depredations of vermin. The crypt, which was discovered by accident a few years ago, having been hidden by a floor, and the remains of a Byzantine chapel, are interesting specimens of the architecture of their day.

The St. Anna chapel, restored by Baron Ponickau, the owner of the castle, is a very antiquated relic, in which you may see a few good marble monuments, a beautifully-carved crucifix, and a "Dance of Death," painted at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The town, although very quiet, presents the aspect of a little metropolis. The old gateway on the side towards Augsburg, the Franciscan Hospice, the Collector's offices, salt-stores, and other public buildings, give an air of importance to a place which numbers under two thousand inhabitants. With all this, there is something primitive about it. The one bookseller has scarcely any besides school-books on his scanty shelves, but he will get any work you order at a week's notice. The apothecary requested me to call again in two hours for a quarter-ounce of spermaceti which I wanted. The smith plies his noisy trade in the principal street, while his half-door is beset by lounging gossips. The *Para-*



solenmacher, whom I called on to put a rivet in my umbrella, was seated at a game of chess with one of his old friends, in an apartment which, though used as living-room and workshop, was a very model of tidy cleanliness. One end was occupied by his bench, tools, and stock-in-trade, the other by shelves filled with curious crockery and spoons, candlesticks and spice-box, all brightly polished; and on the wall between hung a few small prints: the whole forming just such an interior as a Dutchman would have loved to paint. The little repair was soon accomplished; and on receiving his charge of three kreutzers, the venerable-looking mender said he had once before taken money from an Englishman, very many years ago; and then he sat down to resume his game.

The Translator, feeling at a loss where to go next, resolved on accompanying me to Immenstadt. The handful of coins which he brought out when paying his bill presented a strange and shabby medley; but, as he said, "whatever is silver passes in Bavaria." And he remarked, that the Tyrolese peasantry along the frontier, tired of the Austrian paper-money, sometimes wished to transfer their allegiance from the Eagle to the Lions.

At eight, we started for Kempten. The road runs near the foot of the hills, and skirts the Weissensee—a large lake—keeping on the verge of the great plain. Twilight soon set in; but as the moon rose I could see that the houses we passed were large and barn-like, with scarcely any of the picturesque features common to the other side of the mountains. I wished for daylight, the

better to observe the change of style. One difference was painfully obvious: the roads, excellent throughout Austria, are the reverse of excellent on this side the frontier, Bavaria being as noted for bad roads as for beggars. We were shaken, jolted, pitched, and tossed with such sudden and violent jerks as if a penance of bruises were necessary to our discipline. Under such circumstances, the Translator said nothing better could be done than to go to sleep, and he soon began to snore. At times we were so near the hills as to have a steep climb, assisted by multiplied crackings of the whip, that sounded afar in the silent night, and set the dogs a-barking. We changed horses at Nesselwang, a small town at the foot of the Edelsberg; then the gleamy country again, and the *Kemptenerwald*, a scattered forest, until past one, when we clattered into Kempten, which, judging from glimpses of broad eaves and overhanging gables, has a picturesque street. On through the town, the driver blowing his horn, across the Iller, up the hill beyond to the station, indicated by a row of gleaming lamps. There was something surprising in the change from the dim, silent roads to a crowded, brilliantly-lighted waiting-room, and a buzz of conversation. Here were a hundred or more of passengers, gentle and simple, the latter most numerous, with the usual sprinkling of soldiers, seated at the tables, some drinking beer or coffee, eating seedcakes, and many smoking, while a trim and nimble waitress tripped from one table to another, supplying the demands, and charging for the refreshments according to their real

value, which is always moderate compared with the conventional one. Considering that it was but a third-class waiting-room, there was a highly commendable regard for the convenience of the passengers.

Presently a train came up for Munich, and half the number departed. At half-past two the train for Lindau arrived, and carried off the other half. Day was just beginning to peep when we got to Immenstadt, where I said farewell to the Translator, who started off at once on foot for the house of one of his friends a few miles distant, where he hoped to arrive to breakfast. We were now in a hilly, pleasant district, vines here and there on the slopes, all becoming more and more distinct as the beauty of dawn flashed into the glory of sunrise. Signs of life began to appear in the villages; women got into the train with large baskets of cherries to be sold down at the port; and farmers on their way to buy or sell produce, and a lively talk arose about prices and the weather. Both were satisfactory. Among the party was a stalwart soldier, who, as we came near Lindau, drew a small brush with a glass back from his pocket, with which he brushed his hair, eyebrows, and moustache, surveyed himself in the tiny mirror, treated himself to a lengthy stretch, a loud yawn, and a thorough shrug, and was then washed and dressed for the day. The train moved slowly over the long causeways which connect the island of Lindau with the mainland, and by half-past six our journey ended.

At the *Bayerisches Hof*, opposite the flowery custom-

house mentioned in the second chapter, I found all that could be desired for ablution and breakfast. Then a brief survey of the pleasant environs, a stroll through the town, noting its towers and Swiss-like architecture in the older parts, and then, at half-past eight, off by the *Maximilian* for Constance. Once out upon the lake, the overpowering heat was mitigated by a freshening breeze. A thin haze veiled the shores and mountains of Switzerland, but southwards I could see the hills around Bregenz and the peaks of the Vorarlberg, now no longer a mystery to me. Henceforth many scenes of that mountain-land will remain among my cherished recollections. I like thus to revisit a region after the lapse of a few weeks, when expectation has merged into realized enjoyment.

The vessel sped onwards up the middle of the lake, past the Ueberlingen See, past high-prowed fishing-boats, and men hauling their nets in the narrows; and just before noon, while the bells were jangling from all the churches, we landed at the pier of Constance. Here I was once more on Baden territory. A man asked if my knapsack contained anything for duty, and did not ask for my passport. Another steamer was to start from below the bridge for Schaffhausen in about an hour. I ate a hasty dinner, and then, as the best way of employing the short interval, mounted to the top of the minster tower. The elevation, about one hundred and fifty feet, commands a fine panoramic view. The expanse of the lake, undistinguishable from the haze in the distance—the Swiss mountains shadowed out by

denser vapours—the five territories all visible, all bright and beautiful to the north and east; and immediately beneath the ancient city, its quiet streets, in contrast with signs of business in the harbour, and the movement of vessels passing the lighthouse. You see the Rhine running deep and swift from the lake, spanned by the covered wooden bridge which connects Constance with the suburb of Petershausen, and expanding lower down into the Zeller See, and what appears a series of lakes, stretching away and curving round a distant point. In the broadest swells up the large island of Reichenau, rich in fields, and pastures, and villages. Signs of a numerous population and good cultivation are everywhere apparent. Some of the slopes are chequered with large fields of poppies, pale, blushing, and deep scarlet, which are used in the dye-works, while vines alternate with stripes of grain. And around the foot of the tower you see the antiquated roofs, dark red, and all the gardens and open places of the town: beds laid out to dry, women washing, and a few glimpses of domestic life.

The old man who passes his days making shoes on the lofty platform will point out to you the note-worthy objects. The *Kaufhaus* (town-hall), in which Huss the martyr was tried, and where a few of his relics are preserved. There is the house where he lodged, and yonder the place among the gardens and orchards where he was burnt by the Papists: for what cause and with what results we all know, though it may be that other results are yet to be developed. Down towards Reiche-

nau, on the brink of the river, you see the castle of Gottlieben, where he was imprisoned, notwithstanding the safe-conduct sent to him by Emperor Sigismund to lure him into the toils, along with his friend and disciple Jerome of Prague, who had come to Constance to advise and comfort him, and exhort him to be steadfast. It was in the same bright summer month—July 6, 1415—that Huss was burnt; and Jerome suffered a similar fate in May of the following year. Sigismund himself was afterwards shut up for a while in the same castle—an incarceration which few will bewail who now look down on the ancient walls.

I was still contemplating the glowing landscape, where beauty of scenery is enriched by historical associations, when the Schaffhausen steamer appeared in sight, coming round the distant point. After one more tour of the parapet I descended, and sauntered to the bridge, which is an interesting old structure, quite in accordance with the antiquated look of the town. Near the middle a saw-mill and flour-mill are erected, kept busy by the powerful stream running swiftly between the piers. The miller's residence looks out into the covered roadway, where openings left in the roof let in light to the flowers that adorn his little dusty windows; and you see his wife knitting at the door, and his children playing about, and hear their merry voices mingling with the busy clack and the noise of rushing water. A toll must be paid on all luggage that crosses the bridge, except such as can be carried in your hand.


Under a spreading walnut-tree on the top of a grassy

knoll, a short distance down the river, I found a numerous company, waiting for the steamer that came labouring upwards against the rapid current; while all around lay knapsacks, bandboxes, bundles, carpet-bags, and umbrellas: a primitive and very pleasant landing-place; that is, in fine weather. There was a cluster of priests, a group of peasants, a few gentlefolk, two or three tourists,—whom you would have set down as Englishmen, even without hearing them speak,—and a couple of lasses from the Black Forest, in habiliments as sombre as their country, relieved only by a red stripe across the breast. Their hair was tied with a broad black riband, which hung down behind in two streamers nearly to their feet.

Ere long the vessel came to the foot of the knoll: we went on board, and away we sped merrily down the stream. Past the island; between rows of poles, among which numerous waterfowl congregate; doubling the sharp projecting points, on each of which stands a village; stopping now and then to land and take up passengers. The water is unusually high, and on either side appear the traces of recent floods. Low hill-ranges rise in the distance, with here and there an antique tower, peering above rich woods or slopes of vines. From the advertisements I had concluded on voyaging thus pleasantly all the way to Schaffhausen; but at Stein we were stopped by another bridge, and the rest of the way was to be travelled by diligence. I climbed to the top of the vehicle—the tallest I ever saw—and got a seat among the luggage; and presently the driver

smacked his whip, and the six horses walked slowly off with us up the long ascent. Even on the level ground, a sturdy fellow, carrying a large canary-cage on his back, kept ahead of us for a considerable distance. Slowness, however, has its advantages when you are not in a hurry to be somewhere else. We could see, and sometimes hear, the rapid river nearly all the way on our right, and well-cultivated fields and orchards border the road, and there are always hills in the distance.

With all our slowness one of the fore axles grew so hot and smoked so much that we had to stop for half an hour at Diessenhofen, while buckets of water were thrown on to cool it, and fresh grease was applied. "It was so every journey," replied the driver to a passenger who complained of the delay. And so it happened again, in less than an hour: the wheel creaked, the axle smoked, and we drew up at a smithy. A couple of pine joists were fetched to prize up the diligence while the wheel was taken off, and tubs of water were brought from a neighbouring fountain to repeat the cooling. Another half-hour's delay. Some of the passengers grew impatient, and went off on foot. We were ready to start, when one of the ladies discovered that her alpaca dress was soiled by the superabundant grease from the wheel, and refused to proceed until it was cleansed. In vain the driver protested; she silenced him with her German volubility, and borrowing a piece of soap from one of the tourists, she dipped her skirt into the trough of the fountain, and rubbed



and wrung over and over again, until the stains disappeared. The other passengers meanwhile had opportunity to discover what they possessed of patience; and the driver, who ventured now and then to hint that he was about to start, was at once reduced to meekness by a short, quick volley from the lady's indignant tongue. It was seven in the evening when we arrived at Schaffhausen—twenty-nine miles from Constance.

I sauntered through the town, which, for quaint and picturesque architecture, is as remarkable, perhaps, as any in Switzerland. The old gateways and halls of the guilds are especially note-worthy. Then I walked three miles farther to the famous fall, where the Rhine breaks through the Jura mountains. The furious rapids seen here and there on the way, ridgy masses of foam in beautiful contrast with the dark-green water, show with what speed the river rushes to its headlong plunge. The fall is in full view from the road, and after viewing it from all the lower points, I mounted the slope to *Weber's Hotel*, and saw it under another aspect. A sudden thunderstorm broke, giving a touch of sublimity to the twilight, and dispersing the multitude of elegant visitors assembled on the terrace. Roar answered roar; and as the lightning flashed, fitful gleams shot across the frothy waves.

Deep and solemn sounded the voice of the fall after I lay down. In that there was no disappointment.

CHAPTER XIV.

A gloomy Morning—Swiss Agriculture—A Protestant Church—From the Canton to the Duchy—The Earthquake—Stühlingen—Grand-Ducal *Eihoagen*—Name again transmuted—The Ticket—The Black Forest—A shivering Hanoverian—Mist and Rain—Bonndorf—A Wet Fair-day—Embroidered Head-dress—Migratory Foresters—Clockmakers—Forest Scenes—Lenzkirch—A Talk in the Post-house—A Walk through the Forest—Miles of Firs—Titi See—Höllensteig—Höllenthal—Magnificent Defile—Moreau's Retreat—Stone-breakers—The Brook—The Vosges—Freiburg—The Minster and Schlossberg—The Prefect's Notice—To Carlsruhe—The Palace—The Gardens—The Market—A lazy Functionary—Waiting for an Autograph—Appenweiler—Kehl—Strasburg—The Cathedral—View from the Tower—A Lesson in the Air—About the City—Mixture of French and German: Ancient and Modern—Moonlight and Music—Lützelbourg—Nancy—Paris—Recross the Channel.

THE next morning was the only one of all my holiday that opened without sunshine. With no brilliant rays to light up the foam, the fall appeared to less advantage than on the evening before. Emerson says that we may as well stay at home as travel, for we never see anything greater than our thought. This is true, in my case, of waterfalls,—never of mountains; except that there is something imposing in the sight of a mighty torrent. I did not find half the pleasure in Schaffhausen that I had felt when gazing on some of the

comparatively insignificant falls in the valleys of Tyrol. After another survey from different points of view, I started to walk through the Black Forest to Freiburg.

The road, which a few miles on sends off a broad highway to Basel, runs through a rolling country, the higher slopes covered with wood, and below broad fields of hemp, rye, wheat, and potatoes. The maize-growing region is left behind. Vines are abundant, and pear and apple orchards. The villages have more of the German than the Swiss aspect, and most of the houses have a dung-heap at the door. Here and there a rude weather-worn painting appears between the windows; on one front an inscription runs:


Standeth house in God's name,
Safe it is from harm and flame.

And every house has its stack of firewood, in some cases a large pile of roots; but there is a look of extreme poverty about the inhabitants. Nowhere had I yet seen such an appearance of being ground down by hard work and hard fare. Although one might sympathize with their poverty, there seemed something repulsive in the sight of very ugly women and girls carrying tubs of liquid manure on their heads. Whatever beauty they had is all expended on the fields, and appears in the teeming crops. No need to ask whether you are in a Protestant region, the neglected aspect of the little church at Siblingen will tell you that. If the religious sentiment of its frequenters be equally dilapidated, so much the worse for them. Nowhere do you see the

name of the village written up; which will, perhaps, make you wish that the Austrian practice prevailed, of indicating it on a post at either end of the village. The landlord of a *Wirthshaus*, where I halted for a few minutes out of a shower, told me he had to pay sixty-three francs a year for his license, five francs "military money," and an income-tax besides. A few miles farther you cross the Wuttach, and pass from *Canton Schaffhausen* to the *Grossherzogthum Baden*—from Protestant to Catholic, and without perceiving any marked change in the landscape or the people. If there be any difference, it is in favour of the Catholic side. From a day's experience of francs and centimes, you now come once more to the use of German money. The guard, who sat in his lodge near the bridge, did not even look at me as I passed; and on Baden ground, there was no more hindrance than we find in walking about England.

The showers grew into steady rain; the day, indeed, was remarkably gloomy, and just about the time I crossed the frontier, the earthquake shock occurred which ran through Europe from Italy to Prussia, and worked great mischief in some parts of Switzerland. It traversed the district across which my walk lay, but I felt nothing of it.

Coming presently to Stühlingen, I waited for a conveyance, hoping to escape such very demonstrative weather in the course of a stage or two. I took a place for Lenzkirch in the *Grossherzoglichen Eihwagen*—how grand that sounds!—and the *Kellner* spelt my name




Pfait on the *Reise-Schein* (journey-ticket). This taking of a place is a very formal affair when compared with the mode of proceeding on our side of the Channel. The ticket, to begin with, is as large as a leaf of *Blackwood's Magazine*; it bears its name on a scroll at the top, and under this is the number, and a vignette representing an *Eilwagen* at full speed, a dog barking on the top, and a church-spire in the distance. Next comes the passenger's name, and that of the place he is journeying to; the amount of his fare; the three kreutzers for booking; the particulars of his "overweight" luggage, if he have any; then the date and hour of departure, and at the bottom a line in large capitals, GROSSHERZOGLICH BADISCHE POSTWAGEN-EXPEDITION. But this is not all; turning over, you find the back covered by a series of fourteen *Bemerkungen*—observations—closely printed, in small type, giving all the information you can possibly want; forbidding fees to driver or conductor, the conveyance of infirm people, children under three years, and dogs—and smoking, unless by permission of the passengers. So if the document be formal, it ensures your travelling in comfort, which is more than can be said of travelling by railway in England, where you are continually annoyed by selfish people, who will smoke whether or no. Why should not every train have its "smoking carriage" for those who must fumigate the atmosphere, as on the Continent?

The *Eilwagen* came punctual to its hour—three o'clock; and soon after leaving Stühlingen, we began to mount the steep hills of the Black Forest. For fellow-

traveller, I had a Hanoverian, who had got wet through in walking from Schaffhausen, and was a melancholy specimen of those tourists who undertake a journey in light clothing. He had on nothing thicker than nankeen, and shivered as if in the midst of winter, and was thoroughly miserable. I recommended him to follow my example in his future excursions, and wear light woollen garments, and carry an overcoat.

Thick mists hung on the hill-tops, so that we could see only a small dripping circle that seemed to be moving with us. At times there was a break, and we got peeps into wild patches of wood, up little by-roads, or across clearings, where patches of rye swayed in the sullen wind, and heaps of roots that stretched out long withered arms; then the mists rolled in again, and all was hidden. Here and there dark clumps of firs deepened the gloom, and filled the air with a solemn roar. It was a disappointment to pass over the hill from which the Alps and the Lake of Constance are visible, and have to forego the view. Still, there was something to compensate in the mysterious glimpses of the landscape around.

At Bonndorf, a large modern village, built on the site of one that was burnt down in 1827, they were holding the annual fair (*Jahrmarkt*), a truly melancholy spectacle, which we had time to contemplate while changing horses. Everything and everybody seemed dull, damp, and miserable. There were stalls spread with cutlery, jewelry, boots and shoes, cottons, ribands, and kerchiefs, and as many more entirely empty; for the rain fell



a downright pour. Great was the concourse of peasantry from miles around; husbands, wives, and children, all in holiday costume, and wandering about, sadly, under large blue and red umbrellas. No one smiled; no sound of merriment was heard, nothing but a confused murmur of voices, and the heavy, incessant patter of the rain. The disappointed looks of the women and children made me feel sorry that the holiday, looked forward to for months, should have turned out so unlucky.

Three passengers got in here: a good-humoured glass-merchant, with his wife and father. After a few remarks concerning the weather, costume was talked about; and he made his wife lean forwards, that we might see the horseshoe at the back of her hood, tastefully embroidered by her own hand, and how the black streamers were fastened on, and all kept in place, by the ornamental comb. He seemed as proud of her skill as of her good looks, which would have appeared to more advantage without the broad black riband worn round the head, passing under the chin. One might fancy the women to be hospital patients with mourning bandages.

Then the worthy trader told us of his wanderings. He had travelled for years in Switzerland and Italy to sell his wares, and now had a shop at Zurich, as well as a home in Lenzkirch. All the foresters migrate, trudging hither and thither as pedlars, or settling down in favourable places as clockmakers; their one thought being to return home with money in their pockets. Hence, in the villages along the high-road, many per-

sons are found able to speak two or three languages, and some foreign words are in common use. It was with French verbs and adjectives that our driver coaxed or threatened his horses. And so clockmaking flourishes in the Forest, employing hundreds of villagers, and a lively export trade is carried on with all parts of the world: not merely of common cheap clocks, for some are made worth a thousand florins.

Meanwhile the road had risen to a higher elevation. The rain gradually ceased, the horizon widened, and we could see the hills for miles around, all dark with firs—a very Black Forest. And here and there the white mists came boiling up out of the deep glens, in strange contrast with the sombre background. All the little streams we crossed were running away to the Rhine; and we could see a ridge about two hours distant on the right, from whence the brooks flow into the Danube. At times we passed a lonely house, one of the large edifices which comprise barn, stable, and dwelling under one roof, and exhibit the architectural peculiarities of the regions—picturesque and rustic, quite in keeping with the environment. Wherever a new house has been built, the red-tiled roof seems almost to gleam against the firs, and far-distant gables catch your eye, which, but for the colour, would escape notice. The tiles are an innovation required by law, in consequence of the disastrous fires that so often occurred among the shingled roofs. Any one rebuilding a house and roofing it with shingles, incurred a penalty; but the folk evaded the law by leaving one or two of

the old beams standing, whereby the renewal became a "repairing" only, and wood could be used with impunity. So numerous were the evasions, and so great the difficulty of getting tiles in some places, that, as I read in a newspaper the same evening, the government at Carlsruhe had, except as regards villages, repealed the law.

At seven o'clock we came to Lenzkirch, an important village, the head-quarters of clockmakers. It straggles for a mile or more along a pleasant valley, the gardens on one side meeting the meadows, that stretch down to a lively brook; on the other chequering the slopes, where huckleberries and wild strawberries grow thickly among the firs. Piles of shingles and stacks of firewood—pine and beech—are scattered in plenty among the houses, and the whole place has a well-to-do aspect, cheerfully rural. It maintains three breweries.

The Hanoverian would not be persuaded to tarry, and went on a stage farther. I alighted at the *Post*, a house of unpretending appearance, but thoroughly capable in matters of good entertainment. Excellent trout and mutton-cutlets were set before me for supper; and among the appointments of the table was a salt-spoon, the only one I saw in all my ramble. At one end of the dining-room hung a row of clocks, ticking away merrily: an audible advertisement to guests that they are for sale. The host combines clockmaking with his public vocation; and many a traveller, charmed by simple manners and good fare, burdens himself with a clock, which he could have bought cheaper at home;

for, as I heard later in the evening, "the old *Wirth* does not care to sell cheap." You will find a good supply of German newspapers on a table in the window recess, in which you will see that daily means every day, without regard to Sunday; seven papers being issued in the week.

When candles were lighted, I joined a party at one of the tables in the common room, who were treating themselves to their usual nightly gossip, and glasses of beer and wine. The clock-trade, as affected by the war, was the chief subject of conversation, mingled, curiously enough, with commendations of Lord John Russell. His Lordship had found favour with these honest clock-makers, because of his measures for extending the suffrage. Presently, a jolly-looking fellow asked me in English, if I knew Goswell-street. There seemed something so incongruous in such a question in the heart of the Black Forest, that I could not forbear laughing, and the more so as Mrs. Bardell, *Pickwick*, and the others, came crowding into my mind as associated with that delectable thoroughfare; in which, as it appeared, the inquirer had lived for eleven years. He told me that the wealthy people in Lenzkirch could do pretty much as they pleased on Sunday, but that poor folk who ventured to follow their example were called to account. Our talk came soon to an end, for by half-past nine every soul had departed.

The next day was as bright and breezy as heart could wish. I was early afoot, mounting the long acclivity by which the road leaves the village. Bright green is

the favourite colour for the shutters, and bright blue for the wagons. There is a showy altar in the little church on the left; but none of those profuse decorations which you see so common in Tyrol. A copper basin, hanging at the end of a long iron hook, contains the holy-water. But what the church lacks in splendour, you find in the churchyard, where dazzling crosses of blue and gold rise thickly from the graves.

The view in the rear is so pretty that you will stop more than once on the ascent to look back on it: little fields, and brooks, and mills, and bits of the village; broken, grassy undulations, all set with dark irregular borders of firs. Here and there appears the brighter foliage of orchards, and you pass long lines of cherry-trees, which ripen their small, delicious fruit in August; and if you enjoy a feast of wild berries as I do, you may gather them by pecks on the slopes where trees grow fewest. Wider views are seen from the high-ground, such as will make you wish for a few weeks' exploration of the by-ways of the Black Forest. At times you pass under the solemn shade of magnificent firs, that for acres around rise aloft in untamed vigour. One of our poets talks of a "thunder-harp of pines," and here Nature enables you to test the expression. Or you may remember what another describes: how the Wind, after his birth, went from tree to tree across the land, and

" Lastly the pine
Did he solicit; and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean-cave
Where he was born."

Then a long steep descent, from which you see yellow patches of ripening grain, long green glades, slender church spires, and white houses, nestling amid the graceful clumps of birch and beech. You descend into a valley, where a broad lake—the *Titi See*—stretches away between black and green slopes on the left; and there is a sound of music in the whisk of the scythe through the damp grass of the meadows. This being a first crop, gives us an indication of the nature of the climate. Now you are in the region known as *Himmelreich*—kingdom of Heaven, because it is approached in the other direction from the celestial antipodes by the *Höllensteig*. By-and-by you come to the edge of the precipitous *Steep*, and may look down into the valley of the awful name beneath—*Höllenthal*. It is a narrow gulf, shut in by wild and almost perpendicular slopes of rocks and firs, and you see great waves of the tree-tops rolling onwards for miles. The road descends by sharp zigzags, all of which you may avoid by a very abrupt cut-off through the wood. Once down, the road falls rapidly into a defile, where cliff, crag, and foliage combine to delight the eye with romantic scenery. The effects of light and shade produced by the furrows in the massy slopes of green, where you overlook the tree-tops, are enchanting. In places there is but scant room for the road, and the sociable little brook that sparkles along at your side. Now you are in a deep oval basin, in the full glare of the sun, with no apparent outlet. A few yards farther, and you are in a tortuous gorge, in deep cool gloom, where the brook looks green, and

damp mosses hang from the crevices of the rocks. Then a wider basin, and grimy* charcoal-burners, busy with their conical heaps; a noisy saw-mill; men loading wagons from huge piles of planks that betoken an inexhaustible supply; wagoners halting with their teams at the tavern; a few cottages, and women at work in steep gardens and steeper rye-fields,—little patches between little cherry orchards. A few yards more, and the valley narrows again, and branch valleys shoot off, approached by rustic bridges, and you can see the rough track curving away under the trees until its brown ruts, and the lively rill that attends it, disappear in the maze of greenery. And so for miles, one beautiful scene after another, all down the valley.

It was through this Höllenthal that Moreau made the retreat, by which he won more fame than some other captains have gained by a victory. He brought his army of 25,000 men safely through the zigzag way, Austrians, Bavarians, and hostile peasants notwithstanding; re-crossed the Rhine, and kept possession of two strong positions on the German bank.

The ugly yellow chip-hats worn here by some of the women complete the neutralising effect on good looks of the black bandage afore-mentioned. The horseshoed hood with the streamers is, however, the prevailing head-dress; and for the rest, a short blue petticoat, short white sleeves, and black or gray stockings. You will see many specimens, for the road-menders of both sexes and all ages are numerous. One party of half a dozen women had lit a fire to warm their meagre soup—a

decoction of cabbage—and sat drinking it from little crocks, or dipping their hard black bread into the kettle. They earn twenty kreutzers a day at stone-breaking when the stone is tender; but if it be hard, as often happens, then only fifteen kreutzers. They use a heavy, short-handled hammer, in one hand only; and nearly all complained of aching wrists, that prevented their working at home in the evenings. The men earn from twenty-four to thirty kreutzers a day. One, whom I asked why he did not work with a two-handed hammer, answered, "Because he could not use it quick enough." In winter there is no stone-breaking, and then they have to seek for work as woodcutters. In dress and capability they did not appear to be anything like equal to the poor fellows who break stones on English roads.

Deeper and deeper plunges the road between the hills. I met the *Eilwagen* from Freiburg, laden with English tourists; then four or five carriages, all crammed, and with English faces looking from the windows. The clock-making *Wirth* at Lenzkirch must have rubbed his hands at sight of such a goodly company. I made my noontide halt in one of the lonely hollows, seated on a mossy stone by the brook-side, under the shade of beech and hazel, through which a thousand flickering lights fell on the water. Here the streams are not turbid, as among the mighty mountains. How the brook babbles, as it were, in very fulness of joy!—telling secrets of the hills, of its struggles in darksome chasms of the rocks; the sunlight drawing forth the burden that remained silent in sullen pools, and amid

the gloom of the forest. How it throws itself against the smooth boulders that stud its bed, now encircling them with a ring of foam, now leaping up in mimic waves, now dashing right over with noisy splash; and where two of the gleaming stones lie near together, it makes a mill-race between them, and whirls with delight, as fir-cones, twigs, and leaves, or bits of grass, shoot swiftly through. It plays with the waifs for a while, then, letting them go, runs quickly after, to have a similar frolic a little lower down. There is coolness in the very sound. The hot sun may glow as he will, he cannot scorch me here. How his ray brightens the clear pale shallows, and the sparkle of the ripples, and the spray of the whirlpools! And yonder, where the lively current flows away into a deeper shade, and sweeps round the base of a cliff, he makes a green glimmer through the leafy canopy.

Who that has walked by the side of a brook has not felt it grow into a companion,—one to be communed with? Many thoughts come into the mind as you sit listening to its voice; and an earnest wish that those you love best could share your enjoyment. You may go away the wiser for the communings, remembering that others will follow, and haply sit musing in the same spot, when your name shall have been long forgotten.

By-and-by the valley widens; the firs give place to beech, maple, and walnut, and broad fields and meadows spread between the hills. The brook, growing to a river, is made to turn two or three spinneries. Far in the distance you see the pale blue mountainous outline

of the Vosges, and the minster-spire of Freiburg comes in sight. Near where the road begins to be bordered with trees, I saw rifle-shooting going on from a stand, as briskly as at Leermooos. I reached the town at two. There was time for a visit to the minster—an edifice dating from the twelfth century, remarkable chiefly for its tower, and stained-glass windows. In these the colours are wonderful specimens of art, throwing down gorgeous gleams on the pavement. There is a good view from the top of the tower; or you may walk to the Schlossberg beyond the Schwaben Gate, and from thence gaze over the prospect: the valley of the Drey-sam, the richly-wooded hills, the town at your feet; a panorama bounded at one extremity by the dark summits of the Black Forest, at the other by the mountains of France. A glorious farewell view! Truly, my last day's walk was delightful.

I now wished to visit Strasburg, and return home by way of France. At the railway-station I fell in with the Hanoverian, who was going on to Baden-Baden. Loudly did he regret not having waited to walk with me the whole distance from Lenzkirch. He had passed the best parts of the scenery in the dark. I was about to take a ticket for Kehl, when I saw on the wall a notice, published by the Prefect of the Bas-Rhin, to the effect that no foreigner would be permitted to enter France at Strasburg, unless his passport were signed by the French authority accredited to Baden. The signature could only be obtained at Carlsruhe; so to Carlsruhe I went, by a train that did not arrive till


near midnight, having been more than six hours travelling the eighty-three miles.

I betook myself before nine on the following morning to the residence of the "accredited authority." It is quite at the extremity of the town, as far as possible from the station; looks into a small, pleasant deer park, and has an unpleasant open gutter of dirty water running through the court-yard and entrance-hall. The hour was too early for the Imperial functionary, who does not begin work till eleven, so I took a survey of the town, which, though somewhat monotonous, is more cheerful than appears at a distance. The streets are wide and well paved, and the shops and public buildings are such as befit the seat of government. The palace looks imposing, fronted by spacious, well-planted grounds, rows of orange-trees, Schwanthaler's statue of the late Grand Duke; and to the right and left, rows of stately arcaded houses. At one side stands an elegant theatre, near which is the entrance to the Botanic Gardens, where you may freely roam and contemplate the tasteful arrangements. Among the plants are many rare specimens from the East; but some of the beds looked neglected and weedy. The extent and attractions of the garden were being increased by the addition of a large piece of ground, and the erection of a crescent-shaped pavilion, which, with its slender columns, rows of arches, light towers, and finials, forms a graceful specimen of architecture. The interior walls are faced with a mosaic of pebbles; and what with fountains and rockwork, the place will become a delightful winter-garden for

the resort of the inhabitants. There are pleasant woods behind the palace, and a pheasantry, to which admission is given by authority.

It was market-day, and the throng in the market-place presented an animated scene. Ranks of peasant women, each with her head bound in a red or blue kerchief, kneeling or squatting on the pavement, behind her basket of wares. Peaches, apricots, cherries, lettuces, and so forth, as at Innsbruck, a great number of small quantities. There were stalls of coarse rye-bread, loaves twenty inches in diameter; of second-hand clothes, printed cottons, and house utensils. There was a tempting display of tripe and sausages; and I observed that the butchers' customers bought very small portions of meat: nothing like a joint was weighed or sold. Numbers of women, in elegant morning-dress, arrived and departed continually, carrying home the purchases in their baskets. Soldiers strolled about, and a troop eight hundred strong marched through the central thoroughfare to the music of the band on their return from parade.

At eleven I went back to the Embassy. But though the official hour had struck, the minister, or rather the minister's deputy, did not make his appearance. The six or seven travellers, waiting impatiently for autographs, were not slow to murmur. The valet ran off, his long hair streaming in the wind, to find his master, and presently came running back with the news that he was out at breakfast, and couldn't come. More murmurs; the train by which I and the others wished



to depart was to arrive before noon. The valet bethought himself, and having stamped our passports, scampered off again with all the precious documents in his hand, and ere long returned, breathless, with the signatures, for which we had each to pay five francs. Such a fee ought at least to secure one from vexatious delay, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, at Paris, would do good service by inspiring the "*accrédité*" at Carlsruhe with a better sense of his duty.

Then back to Appenweier, from whence the branch-line turns off for Kehl. Here was a general dispersion, a confusion of tongues, and a scramble for the omnibuses, of which a dozen or more were in waiting. I got into one bound for Strasburg. It started forthwith, but soon stopped at the Baden Police and Customs Bureau, where a soldier looked at our passports. One young man, who said he had lost his, was detained prisoner, notwithstanding his tearful, appealing look. We crossed the long bridge; the stream running furiously beneath, and among the islets; passed the Desaix monument on the larger island, then the little Rhine, and there was the French Custom-house. Another stop, while our passports underwent what seemed a careless examination by an officer in civil uniform. I asked him whether, lacking the Carlsruhe *visa*, I should have been turned back. "*Mais, Monsieur,*" he replied, "if you are only crossing on your way to England, you would have been let to pass all the same."

A few yards farther, and we were driven into the

great Custom-house shed, for a search of the baggage; and this over, proceeded without further hindrance along a road bordered by trees, and gardens and meadows beyond. Two or three miles more, then a citadel on the right; the "polygon" on the left; the gate of Austerlitz, and we entered the ancient capital of Alsace, a city of abounding interest. It carries your thought back to the olden time—to Clovis and Charlemagne, Rudolf of Hapsburg, Gutemberg; and to Oberlin and other celebrities of later days. You are still surrounded by German architecture and costume, and hear the German speech, but all curiously intermingled with French. Having secured quarters at the *Hôtel de la Fleur*, I lost no time in seeing all that could be seen before sunset, regretting much that my unnecessary trip to Carlsruhe prevented my having a whole day in Strasburg. Simple that I was, to heed the Prefect's notification hung up in the station at Freiburg!

After a saunter through the cathedral, and a sight of the great clock which keeps so many complicated reckonings, and employs the Apostles to mark the quarters and a Death to strike the hour, I mounted the three hundred and thirty-one steps to the platform at the top of the tower. The door stands always open. You pay three sous for a ticket, at an office just above the entrance: the only fee, so says the Mayor by public advertisement, that you are required to pay. The long stair leads to a passage through the house, inhabited by the warders, two of whom are on watch all day, and

four at night. Their fire-signals are a red flag, and a brazier of burning coal. The height is two hundred and forty-one feet; and if not satisfied with the elevation, you may ascend another stair inside the spire, which springs aloft, a tapering column of fret-work. The platform, paved with stone, is spacious enough to allow of the warders having a good game at leap-frog when they incline for exercise in cold weather. There are images of saints to be seen, and among them the statue of the founder of the cathedral; the clock and bells; and on one of the slabs a record of the earthquake shock of 1728, which made the water of the reservoirs leap six feet upwards. But chief is the prospect all around! The city appears surprisingly small; it has height, not breadth. An English town of seventy-six thousand inhabitants would fill double the space, and you would see its suburbs blending gradually with the country; but here the termination is abrupt. No houses scattered among pleasant gardens, straggling out in all directions: the fields begin close to the walls, and the rural and the urban meet in what seems unnatural contrast.

What a maze is that which strikes your eye from below! Numberless serrated lines, long and short, straight and irregular, curiously interwoven, formed by the antique gables. Broad slopes of roof that appear honeycombed with many small dormer windows. Quaint bits of architecture here and there—the church towers, and military defences. And all the busy and novel life of the streets, and in the open places, where

very little men, women, and soldiers are walking up and down under the trees; and red and blue manikins everywhere, moving about in twos and threes, or in short lines that resemble caterpillars. And here and there you see a shining stripe of the Ill flowing languidly between the houses.

And the prospect around! Far and wide over the cheerful land of Alsace; a mountainous horizon towards the north; the valley of the Rhine; and you have a last glimpse of the river, and the dark, mysterious looking region of the Black Forest. Though characterized more by vastness than beauty, you will linger long to gaze upon it.

I was pacing slowly round within the parapet, when one of the warders came up and offered to give me "*des informations*." It soon appeared, however, that he was more in want of information than I; for, finding that I could make myself understood, he immediately begged for a lesson in English. There was a string of phrases which he had long been trying to pronounce for the information of my compatriots who might ascend to his airy abode; but although they seemed very good English when he recited them to himself, he was always ashamed of them in public. Some visitors did not scruple to laugh outright, which mortified his feelings; and to hear a party of English speaking together put him in despair, so unlike was what they said to what he thought they ought to say. I acceded to his request, and he proceeded to recite: "A woman

zrew herself down here—*zat* is *ze rivare*—*zere* is *ze arsenal*,” and such like, making sad work of the *th*. I showed him that he might overcome the difficulty by putting his tongue a little out of his mouth, and pressing it against his upper teeth. He made the attempt at once, and broke out into exclamations of delight at his success. Making a very long tongue, he kept on repeating *th-ere—th-at—th-rew*; occasionally relapsing into the *z*, and interrupting his practice by triumphant ejaculations. “Out of the mouth! *Mais, c’est merveilleux, tout le même!*” Then, how should he address his visitors? When was he to say *Milor*? What did that mean? Was not every Englishman a Sir? (or *Sare*, as he pronounced it), and what did that mean? I advised him to suppress *Milor* altogether, and keep his *Sare* in reserve until he was asked for it. He next introduced me to the apartment where the visitors’ book lay, in which I saw the name of *Admiral Moresby*, recently entered. “*Comment!*” exclaimed my pupil, “we have had an English admiral up here to-day, and I did not know it.” Whereupon I suggested that after such a want of discernment he need never flatter himself with the hope of discovering a *Milor*, and disappeared down the stairs before he had shaped his reply.

The statue of Gutenberg stands in the open space of the *Marché aux Herbes*, in front of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, now the Hall of Commerce. The immortal printer is represented holding in one hand a scroll, on which appear the words, *And the light was!* and in

the four bas-relief panels of the pedestal you see the introduction of printing into the four several quarters of the globe. A little farther, along a narrow street, and there is the Protestant Church of St. Thomas, famous for its monumental tomb of Marshal Saxe. The hero, cut in marble, is seen descending with undaunted look and firm step into the grave, and surrounded by emblematical figures, forms an impressive object. Perhaps from want of taste, or knowledge, I could not help thinking the tomb as much over-praised as most water-falls are. There are monuments to other celebrities around the walls, on one of which you will read the name of *Oberlin*, date 1806; and you may see two mummies—a Count of Nassau and his daughter—and a stone coffin that was once filled by the corpse of Bishop Adeloch.

In the great square, or *Place d'Armes*, stands the statue of Kléber. The attitude is defiant; the great general being represented at the moment of replying to Admiral Keith's summons to surrender by the appeal to his troops—"Such demands are answered only by victories. Prepare for battle!" In one of the bas-reliefs below is shown the battle of Altenkirchen, in the other the battle of Heliopolis.

The more I saw of Strasburg the more did I regret not having had at least the whole day for a perambulation of its streets. There are many precious and curious objects to be seen in the libraries and museums: you may find out the place where Gutemberg first set up

his press, and the ancient University where Goethe, Stilling, and Herder were once students. And the streets themselves, with their every-day life, are interesting. You will not soon weary of strolling along the arcades, noting the queer projecting windows, the antiquated shops, the numerous towers, all associated with signs of active business. Here and there one of the very old timbered, or wooden houses, such as you saw in the villages, remains standing; but the picturesque is disappearing to make way for modern improvements, and in a few years the aspect of the city will have changed from German to French. At present, the German predominates both to eye and ear.

I finished the evening at a *café*, looking out on the pleasant promenade of the *Place Broglie*. French and German newspapers lay on the tables. The *Courrier du Bas Rhin* divides itself equally between the two languages, and bears as its other heading, *Niederrheinischer Kurier*. Some of the guests drank small bowls of punch, and not one took coffee without a considerable admixture of cognac, the Alsatian temperament being apparently of a nature to which *eau sucrée* is not a sufficient stimulus. And on my way back to the hotel I saw groups of working-people eating suppers of pies or sausages under the arcades; and of all the numerous breweries not one but appeared to be thronged with guests.

So brightly did the moon look down on the ancient city that I turned aside for a stroll round the cathedral.

The effect of the massy building, rising high against the clear sky, was one not easy to escape from. A great pile of fretwork, every projection—the buttresses, mouldings, and statues edged and tipped with silver, in magical contrast with the deep dark shadows. And between each patch of gloom the shimmer of the windows, from which the eye glances upwards to the tall towers, that seem to be but unsubstantial tracery, where they spring highest towards the calm soft rays. The impression of the scene was heightened by music, for a party of singers in an upper room at one side of the *Place* were practising most exquisite choruses; and the rich harmonies rolling from the open window charmed every ear and arrested every foot. Deep and earnest was the murmur of satisfaction that broke from the listening throng as the last sounds died away. Not till near midnight could I cease my pacing from side to side of the noble building, emerging at each turn from its broad, darksome shadow into the clear, serene moonlight.

At half-past five the next morning I left Strasburg for Paris, a journey of three hundred and twelve miles. The country at first is generally level, along the valley of the Zorn. The landscape wears German features, with here and there a ruined tower in the distance; and the sight of ladder-sided wagons creeping along the high-road will remind you of the far-away mountains. Near Lützelbourg the scenery becomes hilly, and tunnels and viaducts are frequent: the entrance to one

is built to represent a feudal fortress. And now a series of charming landscapes appear, all too briefly, as the train dashes past, for we are crossing the undulating border of the Vosges. Presently we enter a tunnel nearly three thousand metres in length, having on our left the Marne and Rhine canal, and, while deep in the bosom of the mountain the railway descends, passing under the canal, which appears on the right when we emerge upon Lorraine. The charm of daylight is enhanced by the beauty of the scenery. One delightful little valley appears after another, with the railway, the high-road, and canal winding through in endless curves. To halt in one of these verdant basins would be a treat; but the train speeds on, plunging from time to time into the underground darkness. In this district France is indeed "*La belle*;" and if there were more of such it would be a pleasanter country to travel in. Then we enter the valley of the Meurthe, and cross the river two or three times; and a marked difference is perceptible in the vegetation. Crops which were green at Strasbourg are here yellow, and breadths of vines impart an aspect of luxuriance. Nancy, the capital of what was once the kingdom of Lorraine, seated amidst pleasant gardens, looks cheerful as we approach. The station is close to the place formerly covered by the ponds in which Charles the Bold perished. A cross marks the spot where his body was picked up, disfigured by gore and mud, and half frozen. The chroniclers tell us that René II., on his return to the city after the battle,

passed under a triumphal arch constructed of the bones of all the unclean animals which the citizens had eaten rather than yield. The annals of the Lorrainers, indeed, contain not a few examples of ardent patriotism. When Louis XIII. took the city, Jacques Callot refused all the magnificent offers that were made him for an engraving of the monarch's success: "I would rather cut off my thumb," he answered, "than do anything contrary to the honour of my prince and country."

At Frouard we come upon the Moselle, and travel along its banks through a pleasant vale to Liverdun, a town built on a precipitous hill, which, with the stream below the old walls and a château in ruins above, make up a pretty picture. At Pagny we touch the Meuse, and have it now flowing on one side, now on the other, till beyond Commercy: then among hills again, some of which around Bar-le-Duc are covered with vines to their summit, while the Ornain washes their base. At Vitry-le-Français the Marne appears in view, and accompanies the route for miles. Then comes the champagne district; and at Epernay station, champagne wine is sold at ten sous the glass. Château Thierry is situate in a charming spot—an amphitheatre embowered with vines—and will, perhaps, remind you of La Fontaine: and so we sped from one sunny landscape to another, till twilight dimmed the prospect; and at half-past nine in the evening we arrived in Paris.

During the journey, I had again to discover that great politeness does not always involve ordinary civi-

lity; for every time that I alighted, some person took my seat, notwithstanding that my knapsack was left to indicate possession, and very reluctantly was it given up to me.

I walked through the several departments of the *Exposition*, and could not fail to observe that in general effect, they fell below the Exhibition of 1851. The improvements which Paris had undergone since I saw it in 1853 were amazing; and looking at the new line of Quay, the new streets, and the new façade of the Louvre, all so grand and magnificent, it seemed as if the whole city were growing into one great work of art. Luxurious, indeed, must be the style of living to correspond therewith!

On the last day of July I journeyed to Dieppe, and re-crossed the Channel. I had travelled more than two thousand miles, of which four hundred and twenty on foot, and at a cost, including everything, of less than fourteen pounds. The dark sun-brown has faded from my face, but not the sunlit scenery from my memory. To travel over the ground again in imagination, with pen in hand, recording impressions and experiences—to recall the outlines of glorious landscapes, the features of chance-companions, the tones of friendly voices, has beguiled the hours of winter evenings, and renewed the charm of the first pleasure. How deep and abiding is that pleasure, is best known to those who have journeyed alone and on foot among the scenes where Nature mingles the lovely with the sublime. What Tyrol

offers to the wanderer of these two elements, I have, at best, but imperfectly made known : let all go and see for themselves,

“ Who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower, and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Thro' their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains.”

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